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SUNDRIES

COLLECTED

BY

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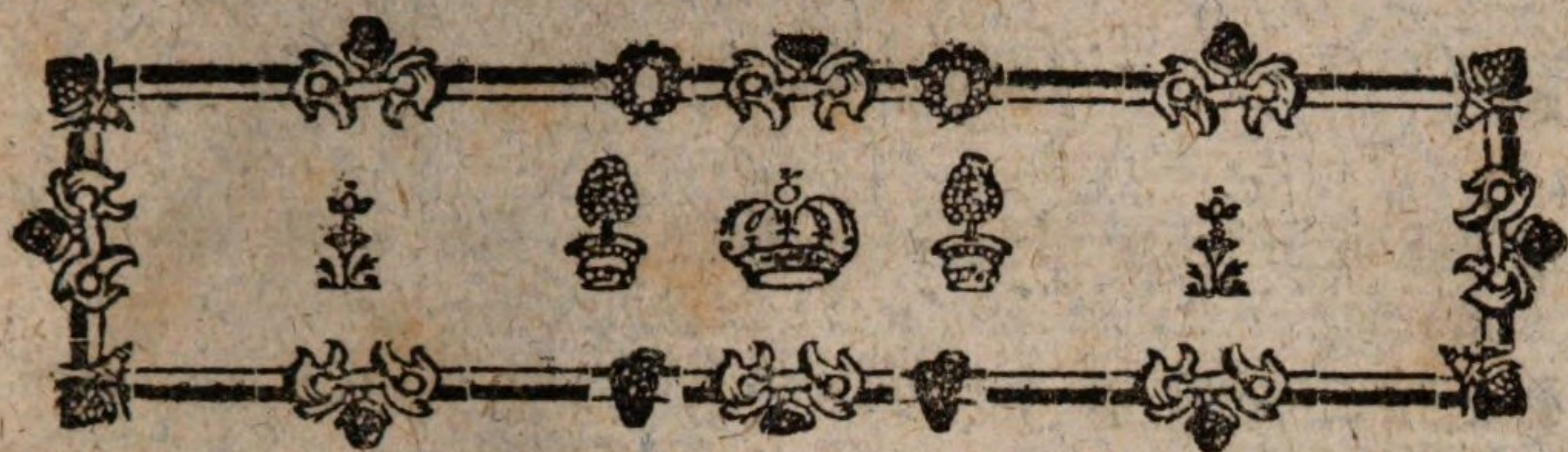
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FAMILIAR PHRASES.

I.

To ask a thing.

Pray, give me.

If you please.

Bring me.

Lend me.

I thank you.

Go and fetch.

Presently.

Dear Sir, do me that kindness or favor.

Dear Madam, grant me that favor.

I beseech you.

I intreat, or conjure you to do it.

Do me that kindness.

I beg it as a favor.

Oblige me so far.

II.

Expressions of kindness.

My life.

My dear soul.

My love.

My little darling.

My little heart.

My little hony.

My dear child.

My pretty angel.

My all.

III.

*To thank and compliment,
or show a kindness.*

I thank you.

I give you thanks.

I give, or I render you a thousand thanks.

I will do it with pleasure.

With all my heart.

Heartly.

I am obliged to you.

I am wholly yours.

I am your servant.

Your most humble servant.

You are too obliging.

You give your - self too much trouble.

I find none in serving you.

You are very obliging, or very kind, or civil.

That's very kind.

What will you please to have? I know too well what I owe you.

I desire you to be free with me. I will not forget my self so far.

Without compliment. You will have me then be guilty of rudeness.

Without ceremony. I shall do it in obedience to you.

I love you with all my heart. To please you.

And I also. I don't love so many ceremonies.

Rely, or depend upon me. I am not for ceremonies. That's the best way.

Command me. You are in the right on't.

Honor me with your commands.

Have you any commands for me?

You need but command. Dispose of your servant.

I only wait for your commands. Do but speak the word.

You do me too much honor. Let's forbear compliments, I pray.

Let's forbear ceremonies. Present, or give my service to Mr. L...

Remember me to him.

Sir, I will not fail.

Present my respects, or duty to my Lady...

Remember me kindly to Madam.

Go before, I follow you.

After you, Sir.

IV.

To affirm, deny, consent, &c.

It is true.

Is it true?

It is but too true.

To tell you the truth.

It is really so.

Who doubts it? Who questions it?

There's no doubt on't.

I believe so.

I believe, not.

I say, it is, &c.

I say, it is not, &c.

I lay it is.

I lay it is not.

Yes, faith.

In my conscience.

Upon my life.

Let

Let me die, if I tell you I am not against it.

an untruth, *or* a lie. I agree to it.

Yes, I swear. Done.

As I am a gentleman. I will not, *or* I won't.

As I am an honest man, I am against it.

or upon my word.

Upon my honor *or* credit.

V.

Believe me.

To consult, or consider.

I can tell you.

What is to be done?

I can assure you.

What shall we do?

I could lay something.

What do you advise me
to do?

Don't you jest?

Are you serious?

What redress is there for
it?

I speak, *or* am in earnest.

What course shall we take?

I warrant you.

Let's do so and so.

You have guess'd right.

Let's do one thing.

You have hit the nail on
the head.

It will be better for me
to...

I believe you.

Hold a little.

One may believe you.

Would it not be better
to ..

That is not impossible.

I had rather.

Well, let it be so, *or* well
and good.

You had best if ..

Softly, fair and softly.

Let me alone.

It is not true.

Was I in your place.

That's false.

If I was you, I...

There's no such thing.

'Tis all one.

That's a lie.

'Tis the same thing.

That's an untruth.

I did but jest.

VI.

Of Eating and Drinking.

I have a good stomach,
or appetite.

I am hungry.

I did it in jest.

I said it in jest.

Yes indeed.

I will.

I give my consent to it.

A 3

I am

I am very hungry.
 I am almost starved.
 Methinks I have eat no-
 thing these three days.
 Eat something.
 What will you eat?
 I could eat a bit of some-
 thing.
 Give me something to eat.
 I have eat enough.
 I am satisfied.
 Will you eat any more?
 I am dry.
 I am very dry.
 I am almost choak'd with
 thirst.
 I am very thirsty.
 Give me some beer.
 I thank you.
 I could drink a glass of
 wine.
 Drink then.
 I have drunk enough.
 I can drink no more.
 I am no more dry.
 I have lost my thirst.
 My thirst is quenched

VII.

*Of going, coming, stir-
ring, &c.*

From whence come you?
 Where do you go, or
 where are you going?
 I come, ... I am going.
 Come up... Come down.

Come in... Go out.
 Come on.
 Don't stir from thence.
 Stay there.
 Come near me.
 Get you gone.
 Go your ways.
 Draw back a little.
 Come hither.
 Stay a little.
 Stay for me.
 Do not go so fast.
 You go too fast.
 Get out of my sight.
 Don't touch me.
 Let that alone.
 Why?
 Because.

I am well here.
 The door is shut.
 The door is open.
 Open the door.
 Shut the door.
 Open the window.
 Shut the window.
 Come this way.
 Go that way.
 Come, or pass this way.
 Go, or pass that way.
 What do you look for, or
 what are you looking for?
 What have you lost?

VIII.

*Of speaking, saying,
doing, &c.*
 Speak out.

You

You speak too low.
 Who do you speak to?
 Do you speak to me?
 Speak to him, *or* her.
 Do you speak english?
 Can you speak english?
 I speak it a little.
 What do you say?
 What did you say?
 I say nothing.
 Hold your tongue.
 I do hold my tongue.
 She won't hold her tongue.
 She does nothing but
 prattle, *or* tattle.
 I heard it.
 I never heard it.
 I was told so.
 They say so.
 Every one says so.
 Mr. A. told it me.
 My Lady did not tell it
 me.
 Did he tell it you, *or* tell
 you so?
 Did she tell it you?
 When did you hear it?
 I heard it to day.
 Who told it you, *or* told
 you so?
 I do not believe it.
 That's a flam, *or* sham.
 What does he say?
 What does she say?
 What did he say to you?

What did she say to you?
 He said nothing to me.
 He told me no news.
 Mr. A. told me news.
 Do not tell them that.
 I will not (*or* won't) tell
 him.
 Say not (*or* don't say) a
 word.
 I will not tell them.
 Do not tell them.
 Did you not say that?
 No, I did not say it.
 Did you not say so?
 Did they not say so?
 What do you do? *or* what
 are you doing?
 What have you done?
 I do nothing.
 I have done nothing.
 Have you done?
 Have not you done?
 hav'n't, *or* han't you
 done?
 What does he do?
 What does she do?
 What will you please to
 have?
 What do you want?
 What do you ask for?
 Answer me.
 Why don't you answer?

IX.

Of bearing, hear-
kening, &c.
 Do you hear me?

I do not hear you.
 I cannot hear you.
 Speak louder.
 Hark ye, come hither.
 I hear you.
 I listen, or hearken to you.
 Be quiet, or stand still.
 Don't make a noise.
 What a noise is there?
 We can't hear one another speak.
 You make my head giddy.
 You are troublesome.

X.

Of understanding, or apprehending.

Do you understand him?
 Did you understand what he said?
 Do you understand what he says?
 I understand you very well.
 I do not understand you.
 Do you understand english?
 I don't understand it?
 I understand it pretty well.
 Does the gentleman understand it?

He does not understand it.

Did you understand me?

I did not understand you.

I understood you very well.

Did you understand him?

Did you understand her?

Did you understand them?

Do you not understand me?

Do you not (or don't you) understand him, or her?

Do you not understand them?

XI.

To ask a question.

How do you say?

What's that? or what's the matter?

What do they say?

What does that mean?

What do you mean?

To what purpose that?

what's that good for?

What do you think?

To what purpose did he say that?

Tell me, may a body know?

May a body ask you?

What do you ask?

How, Sir?

What's to be done?

XII.

Of knowing, or having knowledge of.

Do you know that?

I don't

I don't know, *or* I know
not.

I don't know it.

I know nothing on't.

She knew of it.

Did he not know it?

Suppose I knew it.

He shall know nothing
on't.

Did he know on't?

He never knew any thing
of it.

I knew it before you.

Not that I know of.

XIII.

*Of knowing, or being ac-
quainted with, forgetting,
and remembering.*

Do you know him?

Do you know her?

Do you know them?

I know him.

I do not know them.

We know one another, *or*
we are acquainted.

We do not know one an-
other.

Do not you know him?

I believe I know him.

I knew her.

We knew one another.

I know him by sight.

I have heard of her.

He knew me very well.

Do you know me?

I have forgot your name.

Does she know you?

Does the gentleman know
you?

He does not know me.

The gentleman knows me
very well.

He knows me no more.

He has forgot me.

She knows me no more.

I have the honor to be
known to him.

Do you remember it.

I do not remember it.

I remember it very well.

XIV.

Of age, life, death, &c.

How old are you?

How old is your brother?

I am twenty five years, *or*

I am five and twenty.

He is five and twenty
years old.

You are older than I.

He begins to grow old.

How old may you be?

I am well, that is the chief
thing.

Are you married?

How often have you been
married?

How many wives have
you had?

A 5

Are

Are your father and mother still living?

Is your father alive?

His father and mother are dead.

My father has been dead these two years.

My mother is married again.

How many children have you?

I have four.

Sons or daughters?

I have one son and three daughters.

How many brothers have you?

I have none alive.

They are all dead.

We are all mortal.

XV.

Of walking.

It is very fine weather.

This clear and serene day invites to walk.

There's not the least cloud to be seen.

Let us walk out.

Let us go and take the air.

Will you go and take a turn?

Will you go along with me?

Answer, tell me yes or no.

I shall wait on you, or

I'll wait upon you.

Whither shall we go?

Let's go to the park.

Let's go into the meadows, or fields.

Shall we take a coach?

As you please.

As you will.

Let's go on foot, or let's walk it.

You are in the right.

That's good for one's health.

Walking gets one a stomach.

Cheer up, come on, let's walk.

Which way shall we go?

Which way do you go?

Which way you please.

This way, or that way.

Let's go this way.

Will you go by water?

Where is the boat? where are the watermen?

Step into the boat.

Do you take a sculler, or oars?

We will only cross the water.

The water is very smooth and calm.

It begins to grow rough.

Where will you land?

We are very near the shore.

Stop

Stop the boat.	You go too fast.
Let's view those fields and meadows.	I can not follow you.
How beautiful this green is !	I can not go so fast.
These meadows are enamell'd with a thousand fine flowers.	I can not keep pace with you.
That's a fine prospect.	Don't go so fast.
This is a very pleasant place.	You are a sorry walker.
The trees are in blossom.	Pray go a little softer.
The rose-bushes begin to bud.	Let us rest a little.
These roses are not yet blown.	'Tis not worth the while.
The corn comes up.	Are you weary ?
There's a good show of corn.	I am mighty weary, or tired.
The ears are very long.	Let us lie down upon the grass.
The corn is ripe.	Be ware of that.
This is a fine plain.	'Tis very unwholesome.
These shades are very pleasant.	The grass is moist and wet.
How fair all things are here !	Let's strike into that wood.
Methinks I am in an earthly paradise.	Let's go into that grove.
Do you not hear the sweet melody of the birds ?	What a pleasant place this is !
The sweet singing, or warbling of the nightingale.	How fit for study !
Do not I hear the cuckoo.	Here are three walks.
No, we are not yet in May.	How well these trees are planted, or set !
	They seem to kiss one another.
	These trees make a fine shade.
	How tufted these trees are.
	The sun-beams cannot pierce through them.
	Here are fine orchards.
	There's

There's a great deal of fruit.
 I see apples, pears, nuts, filberds, cherries.
 I had rather have wallnuts and chesnuts.
 Those apricocks and peaches make my mouth water.
 I could eat some of those plumbs.
 what are cherries a pound?
 Two pence.
 Let's buy some.
 I am afraid we shall be wet.
 I see the weather begins to be cloudy.
 Let's go back again.
 It grows late.
 The sun sets, or is going down.
 Don't go so fast.
 Stay for me.
 Come, come if you be weary, you will rest your self at supper.

XVI.

To walk in a flower garden.
 Here is a very fine flower-garden.
 Let's take a turn in this walk.
 Those are very fine flowers
 What's the name of that flower?

It is a tuberoſe.
 There are fine violets and jessamins.
 Let us gather pinks and roſes.
 Let us make a noſegay of them.
 Make me a noſegay.
 This noſegay ſmells well.
 Give me that tulip.
 What roſe-buſh is that?
 Give me a roſe.
 Take one.
 Let's go into that arbor.
 Let us go into that ſummer-houſe.
 Let us retire into the ſhade.
 Here is a fine graſs-plot.

XVII.

Of the weather.

How is the weather?
 Is it fine weather?
 Is it bad, or foul weather?
 Is it hot?
 Is it cold?
 Does the ſun ſhine?
 It is fine weather.
 'Tis ugly weather.
 'Tis dry, wet, rainy, ſtormy, windy, or ſnowy weather.
 It is hot.
 It is cold.
 It is very hot, or very cold.

'Tis

'Tis clear and serene weather.	It snows.
The sun shines.	Does it snow?
'Tis dark weather.	It snows in great flakes.
'Tis cloudy, gloomy weather.	It freezes.
The clouds are very thick.	It thaws.
Does it rain?	I think it freezes very hard.
I don't believe it.	'Tis a hard frost.
It rains.	The frost is broke.
It does not rain.	The snow melts away.
It rains as fast as it can	It is a great storm.
pour.	It thunders.
'Tis but a shower.	The thunder roars.
'Twill be over presently.	It lightens.
I am afraid we shall have	One can see nothing but
rain.	flashes of lightning.
Never fear.	The wind blows.
'Tis only a flying cloud.	The wind blows hard, or
It begins to rain.	the wind is high.
It will rain all day long.	The wind blows cold.
I question it.	The wind is chang'd, or
The rain will soon be over.	turn'd.
Let us shelter our selves.	The wind falls.
'Tis not worth the while.	The storm is over.
'Tis nothing but water.	It clears up.
Are you afraid of water?	The sky begins to clear up.
Not at all.	It begins to be fair again.
I'm only afraid of spoiling	The clouds divide, or
my clothes.	break afunder, and disappear by degrees.
It rains already.	The sun begins to shine.
It rains apace, or very fast.	I see the rain-bow.
We must not go out in	It is a sign of fair weather.
such weather.	There is a great fog, or
It hails.	mist.
It hails very hard.	There's a very thick mist.

We

We cannot see one another.

There's a fog rising.

The sun begins to dissipate, *or* disperse it.

'Tis a stinking fog.

XVIII.

Of the time of the day.

What's a clock?

See what a clock it is.

Tell me what a clock it is.

Do not you know what's a clock?

It is early.

It is not late.

Shall we go home again?

Time enough.

'Tis but twelve a clock

(*or*) 'tis but noon.

It is near one.

The clock struck one just

now, *or* it struck one

but just now.

It is a quarter past one.

It is half an hour past one.

It is three quarters past

one.

It is near two, *or* it is

upon the stroke of two.

It has not struck one yet.

I have not hear'd the clock.

It is past six.

'Tis seven by the sun.

It struck seven just now.

It has struck eight.

About ten of the clock.

'Tis e'en twelve a clock
(at night), *or* 'tis near
midnight.

How do you know?

The clock strikes.

Do you hear it strike?

I think it is not so late.

Look on your watch.

It goes too fast.

It goes too slow.

It does not go, it is down.

Wind it up.

See what a clock it is by
the sun-dial.

See by the sun.

The sun - dials do not
agree.

The hand is broke.

Where is your hour-glass?

XIX.

Of the seasons.

What season pleases you
best, *or* do you like best?

The spring is the most
pleasant of all the seasons.

Every thing smiles in nature.

The weather is very mild.

The air is temperate.

It is neither too hot, nor
too cold.

All creatures then make
love.

We

We have no spring this year.
 The seasons are out of order.
 We have had no spring. we have had a little winter.
 Nothing is forward.
 We have a very hot summer.
 How hot it is!
 'Tis excessive hot.
 'Tis faint weather.
 'Tis sultry hot.
 I cannot endure heat.
 I sweat, I sweat all over, or
 I am all over in a sweat.
 I am extreme hot.
 I never felt such heat, or
 such hot weather.
 I am ready to faint with heat.
 'Tis very fine weather for
 the fruits of the earth.
 We shall have a great deal
 of hay, and good after-
 grafs.
 We shall have a plentiful
 harvest.
 There is abundance of
 fruit.
 All the trees are full of
 fruit.
 We want a little rain.
 Harvest time draws near.
 They begin to cut down
 the corn.

The meadows are mow'd.
 We must get in the corn.
 We are in the dog-days.
 The summer is gone.
 Autumn, or the fall of the
 leaf has taken its place.
 Vintage draws near.
 There's a very fine vintage.
 We shall gather grapes
 (to make wine) in three
 or four days.
 Wines will be good this
 year.
 The vines have born very
 well.
 Wine will be cheap.
 We must gather the fruits
 of the latter-season.
 Winter apples and pears.
 The days are very much
 shortened.
 The mornings are cold.
 The winter comes on, or
 draws near.
 The evenings are long.
 Fire begins to smell well.
 'Tis good to be near the
 fire.
 Winter does not please me.
 It is soon night.
 The days are very short.
 'Tis no longer day light at
 five o' clock.
 One cannot see at five o'
 clock now.
 The twilight begins at four.
 One

One cannot tell how to spend one's time.	The days begin to leng- then.
This is a very cold, or very sharp winter.	The days are a little long- er.
Do you remember the hard winter.	We have had hardly any winter.
I never felt so cold a win- ter.	The spring will soon cheer or revive nature.



FAMILIAR DIALOGUES.

Dialogue I.

*To salute and enquire after
one's health.*

Good morrow, Sir.

Your fervant.

I am your humble fervant.

I am yours.

I thank you.

How do you do this mor-
ning?

Very well.

At your service.

How is it with your health?

How is it with you?

Ready to do you service.

How do you do, Sir?

Very well, thank God.

I am well to serve you.

Pretty well, so, so.

I am over-joyc'd, or I am
very glad to see you.

I am glad to see you in
good health.

I most humbly thank you.

I am obliged to you.

How does your brother do?

He is well, God be thank-
ed.

I believe he is well.

He was well last night.

He was well the last time
I saw him.

I rejoyce at it.

Where is he?

In the country.

In town.

At home.

He is gone out.

He would be glad to see
you.

I am his fervant.

How does my Lady?

She is well.

She

She is not well.

She is sick.

I am sorry for it.

She was ill yesterday morning.

Here she is a coming.

Madam, I am your most humble servant.

Sir, I am your servant.

How have you done since

I saw you last?

Mighty well, Sir.

How do you find yourself?

Exceeding well.

I am very glad of it.

I thanck you heartily.

With all my heart.

But how is it with you?

Pretty well, indifferent well.

As I am went.

I was a little indisposed, or out of order last night.

Truly, I am very sorry for it.

How do all with you, or at your house?

Our friends at court, in the country, in the city, are they all well?

They are all well, except my mother.

What ails her, or what's the matter with her?

What distemper has she?

What's her disease?

She has an ague, the cholic, a cough.

She has the head-ake.

I am very sorry for it.

How long has she been ill?

Not very long.

I wish her recovery.

She is oblig'd to you.

She is your servant.

She will be glad to see you.

I am her most humble servant.

I am sorry I have not time to see her to day.

Sit down a little.

Indeed I cannot.

You are in great haste.

I'll come again to morrow.

Pray, stay a little.

Will you be gone so soon?

I have earnest business.

I must return home.

I only came to know how you did.

Present my service to your brother.

Commend, or recommend me to your sister.

Present my respects to my Lady your mother.

Tell her I am sorry to hear she is ill.

I will not fail.

Farewel, Sir.

B

I thank

I thank you for this visit. Because that name befits
 Good night, Sir. you.

Good night, Madam.

Good night.

I wish you a good night.

I wish you a good night's
 rest.

Dialogue II.

*Before going to bed, and
 after one is in bed.*

Have you made my bed?

Night comes on, or it
 grows towards night,
 or 'tis almost night.

Is my bed made?

The bed is ill made.

It grows dark.

Make the bed up again.

It is very late.

Beat up the feather-bed.

It is time to go to bed.

Turn down the bed-
 clothes.

You come home very late.

Draw the curtains.

They sit up till mid-night.

Open them.

I go to bed betimes.

Give me a night-cap.

You go to bed before sun
 set.

Prithee, put it on.

Undress your-self, or pull
 off your clothes.

I am quite asleep.

Rise, or get up and go to
 bed.

Pull off your shoes and
 stockings.

Go with me.

Help me pull off my coat.

Why would you have him
 go with you?

Lay all your clothes in or-
 der, that you may find
 them in the morning.

He is my bed-fellow, or
 he lies with me.

Take my breeches, and
 lay them on the table.

Are you afraid of sprights,
 or spirits?

Come anon to fetch the
 candle.

No, 'tis because the bed is
 cold.

Take away the candle.

Get it warm'd.

Leave the candle.

Where's the warming-pan?

I love to read in bed.

I will go to bed.

Put out the candle.

Sit up as long as you will.

I'll put it out.

You are a sleepy fellow.

Call me to morrow beti-
 mes.

Why do you call me so?

Will

Will you remember to wake me? You have got my pillow.

Yes, yes, I'll wake you. Lay your head on the

Do not fail. The fleas bite me.

I must rise y break of day. Give me the chamber-pot.

Go to your own chamber. We have never a one.

Let me sleep. Why do you leap out of bed?

I am very sleepy.

You hinder me from sleeping. I must go to the close-stool.

He sleeps like a pig.

Put on your shoes, lest you catch cold.

He sleeps soundly: he is in a deep, or dead sleep.

I cannot sleep.

Do you come to bed at this time of night? I cannot lie awake any longer.

I sat up at study.

Let us fall asleep together.

Light a candle.

Snuff the candle.

Have you brought the tinderbox? Put it out.

There's no tinder in it.

What noise do I hear?

I have no matches.

Some body knocks at the door.

The steel is good for nothing. It is very dark yet.

The flints are gone, or lost.

Dialogue III.

Rising in the morning.

Shall we lie together.

Who knocks at the door?

I love to lie alone.

Who is there?

I love to have a bed-fellow. Are you a bed still?

Do you sleep?

You are an ill bed-fellow. Are you asleep?

You do nothing but kick about. Awake.

I am awake

You pull all the bed-clothes off. Who wak'd you?

My brother.

I have no clothes.

Rise.

B 2

Up,

Up, up.
 Is it time to rise?
 'Tis broad day.
 'Tis eight a clock.
 'Tis break of day, *or* the
 day begins to peep.
 Open the door.
 It is lock'd.
 The key is in the door.
 Lift up the latch.
 The door is bolted.
 Stay a little.
 I am going to rise.
 I am rising.
 How loth he is to rise!
 Why don't you rise quick-
 ly?
 What time do you use to
 rise?
 At seven a clock
 I was fast asleep.
 I sat up late, last night.
 I went to bed very late.
 I did not get a wink of
 sleep all last night.
 You are a lazy body, *or*
 a sluggard.
 And you, at what a clock
 did you rise?
 I rose at break of day.
 At sun-rise.
 Is the sun up already?
 I get up before sun-rise.
 For my part, I think that
 the morning-sleep is the
 best of all.

If you won't rise, I'll pull
 off your bed-clothes.
 You see I am rising.
 Good morrow, good mor-
 row.

Dialogue IV.

To dress one's self.

Dress your-self.
 Why do you not make
 haste and dress your-self?
 Boy, light a candle.
 Make a fire.
 Bid the maid bring me a
 clean shirt.
 Hold, you need not.
 This is clean enough.
 Pray, reach, *or* give me
 my breeches.
 Will you have your night-
 gown, *or* morning-gown?
 Yes, and my stockings.
 Which, the silk stockings,
 or the worsted one's?
 Give me the thread stoc-
 kings, because it is hot.
 Give me my socks.
 Out upon the lazy body!
 do you dress your-self
 in bed?
 Give me my garters.
 Tie up your stockings.
 My stockings have holes
 in them.
 There's a stitch down, *or*
 fallen.

Take

Take it up.

Stitch, *or* mend those stockings a little.

There are your shoes.

Clean, *or* wipe my shoes.

Give me my slippers.

Get my shoes mended.

Put on your shoes.

Put on your stockings.

Do it your self.

I cannot stoop.

Comb your head.

Comb my wig, *or* periwig.

The combs are not clean.

Will you have a horn-comb, *or* a box comb?

Lend me your ivory-comb.

Some body has broke five or six teeth out of my comb.

Put some essence in that wig.

Put some powder in it, *or* powder it.

Comb the powder off, *or* out.

I must wash my hands, my mouth, and my face.

This cross wench has brought me no water.

Call her presently.

Give, *or* reach me the basin.

Give me a little soap.

Where is your wash ball?

I have lost it.

Wipe, *or* dry your hands on the towel.

My hands were very dirty.

Where is my shirt?

Here it is.

It is not clean.

It is foul, *or* dirty.

This shirt is not warm.

It is quite (*or* perfectly) cold still.

I'll warm (*or* air) it if you please.

No, no, 'tis no matter.

I'll put it on as it is.

Give me a handkerchief, *or* handkercher.

There's a clean one.

Perfume, *or* sweeten that handkerchief.

Give me the hankerchief that is in my coat pocket.

I gave it to the washer woman, it was foul.

You did well.

Has she brought my linen?

Yes, Sir, there wants nothing, *or* there's nothing wanting, *or* missing.

What cravat, *or* neckcloth do you put on to day?

A plain neckcloth.

Plait, *or* gather that neck-cloth.

You rumple it all over.

Where are my cuffs, or
ruffles?

Give me my clothes.

What suit, Sir?

That I had on yesterday.

Do not you put on your
new suit?

Why?

Because to day is the
king's birth-day.

I am in the wrong, I was
mistaken.

You are in the right.

Truly I had forgot it.

'Tis well you put me in
mind of it.

Now I am almost ready.

I only want my gloves, my
hat, and my sword.

Brush my clothes, and my
hat well.

Where's the brush?

'Tis out of the way.

Why don't you button
your waistcoat?

I love to go open breasted.

That's the fashion.

Where is your cloak?

Here it is.

Who waits (or who is)
there?

What do you want, Sir?

Some body knocks at the
door, see who it is.

'Tis the taylor.

Call him up.

Let him come in.

Dialogue V.

*Between a Lady and her
waiting woman.*

Who is there?

Do you call, Madam?

Yes, what's a clock?

I do not know, Madam.

See by my watch.

It does not go, or it is down.

Give it me, that I may
wind it up.

There it is, Madam.

Go and see what o' clock
it is by the clock in the
parlor.

Madam, it is half an hour
past ten.

Is it so late?

Yes, Madam.

Well, give me my shift.

It is not warm.

I am going to warm it.

Is there a good fire in my
closet?

A very good one.

Take care you don't burn
my shift.

Give me my waistcoat
again.

Give me my morning-
gown.

Here it is, Madam.

Give me my slippers, my
stockings,

stockings, and my garters. I cannot find the garters. No, Madam.
 What have you done with them? Then she shall have my custom no longer.
 What's become of them? She neglects her customers too much.
 I cannot tell. Give me my tippet, my gloves, my muff, my fan, and my mask.
 Look for them. I do look for them every where.
 You leave all things in disorder. Give me a clean handkerchief.
 I have found the garters. Sweeten, or perfume that handkerchief.
 Spread the toilet. Where is the patch-box?
 Wipe that looking-glass a little, it is all dirty. There it is, Madam.
 Reach me a chair. Open the powder-box.
 Stir the fire. Give me the puff to powder my hair.
 Make it burn. How do you like me?
 Give me my combing cloth. Very well.
 Cleanse my combs. You look very well.
 They are clean, Madam. Go and bid the coachman put the horses to the coach.
 Comb my head. To the chariot?
 Softly, how you go to work! Madam, the coach is ready, it is before the door.
 I believe you have taken the skin off my head. Lay up all my cloaths, and put all things in order.
 Give me a pin. There's the pin-cushion.
 Help me put my stays on. Lace me very tight, or very close.
 Where are my ruffles. Has the milliner brought the stomacher of ribbons which I bespoke yesterday?
 A friend, open the door.

Where's thy Master?
 He's a bed.
 Is he asleep still?
 No, Sir, he is awake.
 Is he up?
 Is he stirring?
 Not yet, will you be pleas'd
 to step into his chamber?
 How now! are you a bed
 still?
 I went to bed so late last
 night, that I could not
 get up betimes, or early.
 What did you do after
 supper?
 How did you spend the
 evening?
 We play'd at cards, or we
 went to cards.
 What game did you play
 at?
 At picket.
 'Tis a game very much
 in fashion.
 After that we went to the
 ball.
 How long were you there?
 Till twelve o'clock at night.
 What time did you go to
 bed?
 At one in the morning.
 I don't wonder you rise
 so late.
 What is it o' clock?
 What o' clock do you take
 it to be?

It has struck ten.
 Rise as fast as you can.
 We'll go and take a turn
 round the park when
 you are drest.

Dialogue VII.

To breakfast.

Will you go to break-fast?
 Is it break-fast time?
 What will you have for
 break-fast?
 Reach the gentleman a
 seat.
 Take a chair, and sit
 down.
 Sit by the fire.
 I am very well here, I am
 not cold.

Dialogue VIII.

Before dinner.

Is it dinner time?
 It is near upon twelve o'
 clock.
 It is time to go to dinner.
 Dinner was put off to day
 till one a clock.
 At what a clock do you
 use to dine?
 At two.
 Pray take a dinner with
 us to day.
 Lay the cloth.
 Bring the table-cloth.
 The cloth is laid.

Spread

Spread the table.
 Serve up, *or* set on the meat.
 Set the salt-feller and plates upon the table.
 Rinse, *or* wash the glasses.
 Set them upon the cupboard.
 Cut slices of bread.
 Cut some crust and crum together.
 Set the chairs in order round the table, and put cushions on them.
 Who serves us with water?
 Wash your hands in the basin, and wipe them with that napkin, *or* towel.
 Who waits at table?
 Are all the guests (company, *or* friends) come?
 Not yet.
 Where are the knives, forks, and spoons?
 I invite you to dinner, only to enjoy your good company.
 I shall entertain, *or* treat you with mean, *or* ordinary fare.
 Call for dinner.
 It is not ready yet.
 The meat is serv'd up *or* on the table.

Sir, they only stay for you.
 They have rung the bell.
 Who says grace.
 Say grace.
 Sit down to table.
 Why don't you sit down?
 Sit you down in the first place.
 Take your place.
 I won't suffer you to sit at the lower end of the table.
 You shall sit at the upper end.
 Indeed, I shan't *or* I won't.
 Let's forbear compliments I pray.
 Why do you make such ceremonies?
 Friends live freely together.
 Sit farther and make a little room.
 Sit on the bench, and I shall sit on the stool.
 We have more company than I thought we should.
 Here want two covers.
 Boy, go and fetch two napkins, all the rest is here.

Dialogue IX.

At dinner.

Do you love french soup?
 Yes, provided the broth be well made.

B 5

Bring

Bring some household bread.	I'll pledge you.
Take some white bread.	Sir, I thank you.
I love brown bread better.	I am your servant.
This bread is mouldy.	Sir, to the honor of your acquaintance.
This is stale.	To all that you love, or wish.
Give us some new bread.	Your inclinations.
This bread is very savory.	You are very civil.
Boy, chip the bread.	How do you like that beer or wine?
Shall I cut you some of the upper, or under crust?	I like the beer pretty well.
Shall I help you to some of this boil'd meat?	Let me taste it.
As you please.	I think it is too bitter.
I'll help my-self.	I'll complain to the brewer about it.
Give us the dish.	Take away all these things.
This meat is very juicy.	Serve up, or bring in the second course.
Sir, you eat nothing.	You are a great drinker, and a small eater.
I beg, or ask your pardon.	You see I eat and drink very well.
I eat as much as two others.	Cut the meat, do not tear it in pieces.
That's a very fine first course.	Sir, you don't eat.
For my part, I commend this meat by eating well.	Excuse me, I eat heartily.
But, Sir, you have not drunk yet.	Come, Sir, eat what you like best.
Boy, give the gentleman some drink.	I have no stomach.
Fill some drink.	What do you say to that neat's tongue? to that minced meat? to that fricassée.
Fill a glass.	
Fill it up to the brim.	
You must drink a bumper, or brimmer.	
Madam, I drink your health; Sir, my service to you.	Shall I help you to some partridge, to some capon,

pon, to some chicken, I know your palate.
 to some woodcock? You have a very nice pa-
 E'en as you please. late.
 What do you love best, You carve for all, and eat
 the wing *or* the leg? nothing your self.
 'Tis all one to me. Take away this dish, and
 Eat some radishes, to whet set on the other.
or sharpen your stomach. What! dainty dishes, after
 Hunger is the best sauce. so magnificent a second
 I have eat too much al- course?
 ready. You give us a king's feast,
 Give us some mustard. instead of a friendly
 Where's the mustard-pot? meal.
 You see what a table we Eat some artichocks.
 keep. Lend me your knife.
 This is our commons, *or* This meat is quite cold.
 our daily fare. Set it on the chafing-dish,
 We have no dainties. and heat it.
 I am very dry. Pray, give me a piece of
 I am very thirsty. pudding.
 Give me a glass of wine. This meat is raw.
 Come, Sir, I drink the Cut me a bit of beef.
 queen's health to you. I make but two meals a
 I'll pledge you, with all day.
 my heart. For my part, I break-fast
 Drink about. every day, but I seldom
 There's excellent wine. eat any supper.
 How do you like that pid- Will you have mutton,
 geon-pye? beef or veal?
 It is very good, very well What you please, Sir.
 feason'd. Will you have roasted *or*
 Are you a good carver, boil'd meat?
or do you carve well? Eat some carrots, some
 I carve pretty well. turnips, some parsnips,
 I'll help you. *or* some cabbage.
 I know what you like. Take some mustard.

This

This is rusty bacon.
 Shall I help you to some
 of the shoul-der, leg or
 neck of mutton.
 I had rather have a bit of
 the loin of veal.
 Let this dish go about the
 table.
 Sir, you see our cheer, or
 you see how we fare.
 'Tis but ordinary cheer,
 or fare, but you are
 heartily welcome.
 I give you thanks.
 This is the best dish at
 table.
 Much good may't do you.
 Do you love boil'd, or
 curdled milk?
 I love curds, cream, and
 new cheese.
 I don't love cheese that
 has eyes in it.
 Taste that custard.
 Eat some of that stewed
 meat.
 That makes me vomit.
 The sops dipt in the drip-
 ping pan have taken
 away my stomach.
 What hodge-podge is that?
 Meat pies nourish more
 than apple pies.
 There's a very fine dessert.
 The dessert (or fruit) an-
 swers all the rest.

You have gather'd the
 most exquisite fruits the
 season affords.
 This pastry-work is very
 well made.
 You make me blush, to
 prevent, by your com-
 mendations, the excu-
 ses I owe you for inter-
 taining you so ill.
 This is an excellent tart.
 Eat some fritters.
 I am very dry.
 Give me some strong beer.
 This is small beer.
 It is full of dregs.
 This beer is dead, or pal-
 led.
 Tap, or broach another
 vessel.
 Give a clean plate to the
 gentleman.
 Eat your belly full.
 I am sorry we have no
 better cheer.
 If I had known of your co-
 ming, I would have pro-
 vided something better.
 I have dined very well.
 I think every body has
 done.
 If every body has done
 let's rise from table.
 Are not you weary with
 sitting so long?
 Take away.

Let's

Let's say grace.

Let's take a turn round the garden, and then we will come and drink tea.

Dialogue VI.

To speak english.

Do you learn english?

Yes, Sir.

You do very well.

For 'tis a language very much in fashion.

'Tis now-a-days the universal tongue.

Every body speaks english

All persons of quality speak english.

English is spoken in all the courts of Europe.

I confess it, but it is a very difficult language.

I believe the german is not so difficult.

Pardon me, it is a great deal harder.

Thô : french is sweeter than english.

No Sir! besides it is neither so copious nor so emphatical.

Are you very well versed in the english tongue?

Not much, I know nothing almost.

'Tis said, however that you speak very well.

I know enough of it to tell you, I am your most humble servant.

Do you understand what you read?

I understand better than I can speak.

Tell me, how do you call that?

I believe they call it...

Very well; and this?

You learn very well.

I thank you for encouraging me.

Do I pronounce well?

Pretty well, indifferent well.

You only want a little practice.

There's nothing to be got without pains.

If you take pains, you will learn english.

I am convinc'd, or sensible of that.

I was told that you are very learned in the english tongue.

I wish it was true.

I should know what I do not.

It will be true if you will.

What do you mean by that?

I mean that it is in your own power to learn english.

The

The easiest method to learn english is to speak it often.
 But to speak it, a body must know something of it.
 You know enough of it already.
 I know but twenty or thirty words, and some little phrases which I have got by heart.
 That's enough, or that suffices to begin to speak.
 Were it so, I should become a great scholar, in a little time.
 Do not doubt it.
 Do not you understand what I say to you?
 I understand and apprehend it very well.
 But I find it hard to speak.
 I have not the facility of speaking.
 That will come in time.
 Do not be discouraged for that.
 I am a little impatient.
 Is it long since you began to learn?
 It is two months since.
 That's a very little time.
 Does not your master tell you, that you must always speak?

Yes, Sir, he tells me so very often.
 Why don't you speak then?
 Who will you have me speak with?
 With all those that speak to you.
 I would fain speak, but I dare not.
 Believe me, be confident, and speak without minding whether you speak well or ill.
 If I speak so, every body will laugh at me.
 Do not fear that.
 Do not you know, that to learn to speak well, one begins by speaking ill?
 I shall then follow your advice.
 You will do very well.

Dialogue XI.

To speak english.

Sir, are you a French man?

Yes, Sir, at your service.

What province of France are you of?

Of the Isle of France, of Tourain, of Anjou, &c.

Of

Of what city.

Of Paris, Blois, Saumur,
Orleans, Tours, &c.

How long have you been
in England.

A year.

Do you speak english?

I speak a little.

I understand it better than
I can speak it.

The english tongue is ve-
ry hard for French men
to learn.

The french is far more dif-
ficult to English men.

I am persuaded of the
contrary.

I can hardly believe it.

Experience shows it us
every day.

The pronunciation of the
french is far more easie
than that of the english.

I know many English men
who pronounce french
perfectly well.

And one can hardly find a
French man in a hun-
dred, who can pro-
nounce english indiffe-
rently well.

The french clip most of
their words in english.

And yet I know some
French men, who pro-
nounce english almost

as well as the english
themselves.

Then they must have co-
me very young into
England.

'Tis likely, for they have
been here a long time.

Dialogue XII.

To buy books.

Sir, have you any new
books?

Yes, Sir; what sort of
books would you please
to have?

Will you have books of
History, Mathematicks,
Philosophy, Divinity,
Physick, or Law?

No, I am looking for books
of Poetry.

I can furnish you with
them, in all sorts of
languages.

For I have all the greek,
latin, spanish, italian,
french, and english
poets.

I have a great many of
them too.

What poets have you then
a mind to buy?

Virgil in latin, for the use
of the Dauphin; Boi-
leau's poems, and Mr.
Dryden's works.

I have

I have all those books.
Let me see them, if you please.

Will you have them bound
in sheep's, calve's, or
turky leather.

In calve's.

Will you have them gilt
on the back, and titled?

Yes, surely.

Must they be gilt on the
leaves?

There is no occasion for it.

There they are, as you
desire them.

This binding is not good.

This book is not well
fow'd.

There's another for that.

What do you ask for this
book?

It will cost you two crowns.

That's too much.

'Tis a set price.

I'll give you nine shillings
for it.

It stands me in more than
you bid me for it.

I can hardly believe it.

I assure you it cost me three
half crowns in quires,
and two shillings for the
binding.

You would not have me
sell my books to loss.

Far from it, I would have
you get something.

Then you must give me
ten shillings for it.

There they are, I will not
stand on so small a mat-
ter.

Do you want no other
books?

Not for the present.

But I have occasion for
writing-paper, pens,
ink, sealing-wax, and
wafers.

I sell nothing of all that,
but you will find it at
the stationer's who keeps
the next shop.

Farewel, Sir.

Sir, I am your most hum-
ble servant.

I thank you for your cus-
tom.

Dialogue XIII.

To hire a lodging.

Sir, will you be pleased
to do me a favor?

With all my heart, what
would you please to have?
I would have you go along
with me, to hire a lod-
ging.

I shall wait on you wher-
ever you please.

Let's

Let's go into St. Jame's-
 street.
 I follow you.
 Stay, here is a bill at this
 door, there are rooms
 to be let.
 Knock at the door.
 Who is there?
 A friend.
 Who do you want to
 speak with?
 With the master or mis-
 tress of the house.
 Here is my mistress.
 Madam, have you any
 rooms to let?
 Yes, Sir, will you be plea-
 sed to see them?
 I am come on purpose.
 How many must you ha-
 ve?
 I want a dining room, and
 a bed-chamber, with a
 closet to it, for my self,
 and a garret for my man.
 Must your rooms be fur-
 nished, or unfurnished?
 Furnished.
 Be so kind as to stay a
 moment in this parlor,
 and I will go and fetch
 the keys.
 Well, Madam, I'll stay for
 you.
 Will you take the pains to
 come up.
 We follow you, Madam.
 Here is the apartment you
 desire to have on the
 first story.
 There's a very good bed,
 I pass my word for it.
 And you see that there are
 all things necessary in a
 furnish'd room.
 A table, hanging-shelf,
 looking-glass, stands,
 chairs, easie-chairs, and
 fine hangings.
 But where is the closet?
 Here it is.
 This fits me well enough.
 I like this apartment very
 well.
 I am glad of it.
 How much do you ask for
 it a week?
 I never let my chambers
 but by the month, or
 the quarter.
 Well, I shall take them by
 month; what will you
 have for them?
 I never had less than fifty
 shillings a month for
 these two rooms.
 That's too much.
 You ought to consider
 that this is the finest
 part of the town.
 And that you are within
 a step of the court
 C Well,

Well, to shew you that I don't love haggling, I'll give forty for them. That's too little, you don't know what rent I pay for this house. It is no business of mine to know it. But in a word, as well as in a thousand, if you will, we shall divide the difference. I assure you, I lose by it, but I am loth to turn you away. And for my man's garret, how much will you have for it a month? You shall give me ten shillings for it. I will give you but eight for it. It is not enough, but upon your account, I consent to it. 'Tis not worth one's while to haggle for so small a matter. But now I think on't, may I not board at your house? Yes, you may. How much do you take for each boarder a week? At the rate of thirty pounds a year.

How much does that come to? To about twelve shillings a week. And what do you take for the chamber and board together? Twelve pounds a quarter. Well, I shall begin to morrow. When you please. Good night, Madam. Good night, Sir.

Dialogue XIV.

To enquire after one.

Who is that gentleman? He is an English-man. I took him for a French-man. Then you mistook. Where does he live? He lives in Suffolk-street. Does he keep house? No, Sir, he lives in lodgings. At whose house does he lodge? He lodges at Mr. — at the sign of... How old is he? I believe he is five and twenty years old. I do not take him to be so old.

He

He cannot be much younger.

Is he married?

No, Sir, he is a bachelor. Are his father and mother alive?

His mother is alive still, but his father has been dead these two years.

Has he any brothers and sisters?

He has two brothers and a sister.

Is his sister married?

Yes, Sir.

To whom?

To the Earl of . . .

She was a rich match then, or a great fortune.

She had fifteen thousand pounds for her portion.

Is she handsome?

She is not ugly.

She is pretty enough.

She is a little pitted with the small pox.

But she has an infinite deal of wit.

She is very witty.

Pray, tell me, the gentleman we speak of, does he speak french?

Although he be an Englishman, he speaks french, italian, spanish, and german, so well

that among the French, they think him a French man.

He speaks italian as the Italians themselves.

They take him for a Spaniard among the Spaniards, and he passes or goes for a German among the Germans.

How can he be master of so many different languages?

He has a happy memory and has been a great traveller.

He has been two years at Paris, six months at Madrid, a year and a half in Italy, and a year in Germany.

He has seen all the courts of Europe.

Is it long since you know him?

It is about three years since I had the honor to be first acquainted with him.

Where came you acquainted with him?

I got acquainted with him at Rome.

He is of a fine proper size.

He is neither too tall, nor too low.

His shape is easie and free.

One may call him a hand-
som man.

He goes always very neat
and very fine.

He dresses very well.

He is very genteel, he
has a good air.

He has a fine presence,
and a noble gate.

He has nothing disagree-
able in his ways.

He is civil, courteous and
complaisant to every
body.

He has a great deal of wit,
and is very sprightly in
conversation

He dances neatly, he fen-
ces, and rides very
well.

He plays on the flute, the
lute, the guitar, and se-
veral other instruments.

In a word, he is an ac-
complish'd gentleman.

You draw his picture to so
much advantage, that
you make me have a
mind to know him.

I shall make you acquaint-
ed with him.

I shall be obliged to you
for it.

When will you have us
go and wait upon him
together?

When you please.

At what a clock may one
see him at home?

I can see him at any time,
for he is my intimate
friend.

Let's go then and see him
to morrow morning.

With all my heart.

At your leisure.

When it is convenient for
you.

When you can spare time.

Farewel, Sir.

I am your servant.

I am yours.

I wish you a good night.

I wish you the same.

Dialogue XV.

Sir, I am going to take my
leave of you.

Why will you be gone?

Because it is almost din-
ner time.

Can't you dine with us?

Sir, I give you thanks, I
cannot stay do day.

Why, what business have
you?

I have not much business,
but I must needs dine at
home.

Have you invited any bo-
dy to dine with you?

No, but I promised a
French

French gentleman, who does not understand english, to go along with him into the city to help him to buy something.

At what hour do you expect him?

I look for him at two o'clock.

Are you sure he will come?

I am not sure of it, but since I promised him,

I must needs be there. You are in the right.

I will not keep you here then.

Farewel, your servant. I am yours.

Boy, go and open the door.

I can open it my-self. But you have not the key.

How! do you lock your door?

'Tis our custom.

Pray, present my service to your sister.

Sir, I will.

She's very much your servant.

When shall we see one another again?

To morrow please God.

I will come and see you. Pray do.

Dialogue XVI.

Of news.

What's the best news?

I know none.

What news is there abroad?

Do you hear any news.

What news do you hear?

None at all.

I have heard no news.

What do they say about town, or abroad?

There's no talk of any thing.

I was told, or I heard that...

That is a very good piece of news.

This is ill news.

Did you hear any thing of the war?

I heard nothing of it.

There's a talk of a siege.

They say B — is besieg'd.

They say they have rais'd the siege.

They say there has been a sea-fight.

They said so, but that report has proved false.

On the contrary, they talk of a battle.

That news wants confirmation.

Who have you it from?

I have it from good hands.

Mr. N... is my author.

I name you my author.

Do you think we shall have a peace?

There's a likelihood of it.

I believe we shall.

For my part I believe not.

What grounds have you for it?

Because I see the minds of both parties are little inclined that way.

Every body wants peace however.

Especially merchants and traders.

The war is a great hindrance to trade.

Without question. Peace is always advantageous to trade.

What do they say at court?

They talk of fitting out a fleet of fourscore men of war.

They talk of a journey.

When do they suppose the king will go?

It is not known, they say nothing of it.

Where do they say the Princess will go?

Some say to Tunbridge, others to Windsor.

And what says the gazette?

I have not read it.

And to speak freely with you, the designs of the court are kept so secret, that I believe the news-writers know nothing of them.

And after all, I trouble myself very little about state affairs.

I never take upon me to settle the nation.

And I never speak positively of any thing.

Let's talk of private news. How does Mr.?

When did you see him?

I saw him yesterday.

Is that true what is reported of him?

What of him?

They say he had a quarrel at play.

With whom?

With a French gentleman.

Did they fight?

Yes, Sir.

Is he wounded?

They say he is mortally wounded.

I am sorry for't, he was an honest man.

Upon what account did they quarrel?

I know

I know nothing on't.
 They say he gave him the
 lie.
 I don't believe it.
 Nor I neither.
 That may be.
 Whatever be in it 'twill be
 quickly known.
 I'll enquire about it at his
 house.

Dialogue XVII.

Between two young gentlewomen.

Where's my Lady?
 She's in her chamber.
 Are you sure of it?
 I believe so.
 Did you see my brother?
 No, Madam.
 Where's your sister?
 She's gone out.
 She dines abroad.
 Where do you go?
 Into my chamber.
 Will you go with me?
 Will you play?
 At what game?
 At cards.
 I cannot play.
 I am the most unfortunate
 in the world at gaming.
 I never win.
 I always lose.

Let's take a walk then.
 Where shall we go?
 Where you will.
 It is too hot.
 Let us stay a little.
 Are you hot?
 Yes, indeed.
 What do you look for?
 I look for my mask.
 Will you come down?
 Presently.
 Stay a little.
 What Lady is that?
 'Tis the Countess of...
 Do you know her particularly?
 I have that honor.
 You have great acquaintance at court.
 Do me a favor.
 With all my heart.
 Command me.
 What do you desire of me?
 To carry me to that Lady?
 I'll do it with a great deal of pleasure.
 She will be very glad to be acquainted with you.
 My dear, I am infinitely obliged to you.
 I am wholly yours.
 And I yours.

Dialogue XVIII.

Between two gentlewomen.

Madam, I am your most
humble servant.

I am yours.

How do you do?

Are you well?

Yes, thank God, but I am
under great affliction.

Why?

Because my brother is not
well.

What ails him? or what is
the matter with him?

He has got an ague, or a
fever.

He has a pain in his head.

How long has he been
sick?

Since yesterday morning.

How does your aunt do?

She is a little out of order.

May not I see her?

I do not know.

Does she keep her cham-
ber?

Yes, Madam.

Is she a bed?

Is she asleep?

I am going to see.

She desires you to excuse
her.

She cannot speak to any
body.

She endeavors to rest.

Where is your sister?

She's in her chamber.

She has company with her.

I hope she is well.

Not very well.

What's the matter with
her?

She has got a little cold.

I am sorry for it.

Where's your cousin?

She's gone to St. James's
Park.

When will she come back?

She will return presently.

I should be glad to see her.

She will not tarry.

What will you do after
dinner?

What you please, if my
aunt be better.

Will you come along with
me?

Whither will you go?

To take a turn in the gar-
den.

Come, I will.

I love walking.

Go before, I'll follow.

Dialogue XIX.

Between two friends.

How! is it you?

How comes it that you
don't look on me?

Indeed I did not take no-
tice of you.

I did

I did not see you.

That's a good one ! you pass just by me, you touch me with your elbow, and yet you do not see me!

I was thinking of something.

Perhaps you was thinking of your mistress.

I have other business in my head.

What business?

Being in want of money, I am going to see for one that owes me some.

And I was thinking whether I should arrest him, in case he did not pay me.

Does he live a great way (or far) off?

Four steps from this place.

Are you sure to find him at home?

I believe I shall find him about this time.

Will you tarry long there?

Not a quarter of an hour.

Make haste then, I'll go and stay for you in that coffee-house.

I'll be with you presently.

Are you returned already?

As you see.

Did you find your man?

Yes.

Has he paid you?

Yes, thank God.

I am glad of it.

But if he had not paid you, I would have lent you money.

You should not have wanted money.

My purse had been at your service.

I am obliged to you.

Shall we stay here?

No, let us go and drink a bottle to pass half an hour together.

With all my heart, but I will treat you.

We will talk of that, when we have drunk it.

Let's go out.

I follow you.

Dialogue XX.

To write a letter.

Is not this post-day?

Why?

Because I have a letter to write.

Who do you write to?

To my brother.

Is not he in town?

No, Sir, he is in the country.

In what part of the coun- What wax shall I put to it?
 try? Put either red or blak,
 He is at Tunbridge wells. no matter which.
 How long has he been Mayn't I put wafers to it?
 there? 'Tis all one.
 A fortnight. Have you put the date?
 Give me a sheet of gilt I believe I have, but I ha-
 paper, a pen, and a ve not subscribed it.
 little ink. What day of the month
 Step into my closet, you'll is this?
 find upon the table all The tenth, the twen-
 that you have occasion tieth, &c.
 for. Fold up, or do up that
 There are no pens. letter.
 There are some in the Put the superscription to it.
 inkhorn or standish. Make up the cover, and
 They are good for nothing seal it.
 There are some others. Where's the powder?
 These pens are not made, You have neither powder
 or these are but quills. nor sand.
 Where is your pen-knife? There's some in the pow-
 Can you make pens? der (or sand) box.
 I make them my own way, Dry your writing with
 or after a fashion. blotting paper.
 This is not bad. How do you convey your
 It is pretty good. letters?
 While I make an end of I send them by the car-
 this letter, be so kind as, rier, or the post.
 or do me the favor, to My man shall carry them
 make a packet of that to the post, if you will
 copy of verses and that trust him with them.
 pamphlet. Carry the gentleman's let-
 What seal will you have ters to the post office,
 me put to it? and do not forget to
 Seal it with my coat of pay postage.
 arms, or with my cypher. I have no mony.
 There

There is some, go quickly
and make haste back
again.

I'll be here back again in
less than half a quarter
of an hour.

Is the post come?

Yes, Sir.

Are there any letters for
me?

I believe there are.

Why did not you bring
them?

They don't give them out
yet.

Dialogue XXI.

To make an exchange.

Will you truck, or ex-
change your watch?

For what?

For my sword.

With all my heart, but
how much will you give
me to boot.

How much do you ask
me?

Two guineas.

What do you value your
watch at?

Six guineas.

It is not worth so much.

'Tis an old watch.

I own it, but it goes right
for all that.

I will give you nothing
to boot.

My sword is as good as
your watch.

Truly, you banter me.

Far from it.

What sword is it?

'Tis a sword I bought just
now at the sword-cut-
ler's.

Is the hilt of it gilt cop-
per?

A fine question indeed!
Don't you see it is sil-
ver gilt?

Is the handle silver?

Without doubt.

How much did your
sword cost you?

What does it stand you
in?

It cost me five pounds
sterling.

You must give me six
crowns to boot then.

I'll not do it.

I'll take care of that.

I'll be sure not to do it.

Well, chuse.

See whether you will
change even hands.

Truly, you tell me fine
stories!

I am not so easie, as you
think, to be bubbled.

Look

Look for bubbles elsewhe-
re.

Well, I'll change or truck
with you even hands.

Done.

Dialogue XXII.

*Of playing or gaming in
general, and first of
playing at dice.*

Do you play sometimes?

Yes, Sir, but I never play
but for diversion's sake.

But, methinks, gaming is
a very dangerous di-
version.

Yes, where one plays
deep, or high.

But when I play, I al-
ways play for a small
matter.

And so the loss or win-
nings are not very con-
siderable.

Do you play at games of
chance, or at games of
skill?

What do you mean by ga-
mes of chance?

Games at dice, cards, &c.

And by games of skill?

Chess, draughts, tennis,
bowls, billiards, &c.

Do you often play at dice?

Very seldom.

Why?

Because a man runs the
risque of being often
cheated, or bubbled.

There are in London,
especially about Covent-
garden, a thousand ve-
ry dexterous sharpers.

Those sharpers are the
more dangerous, as they
appear like gentleman.

And besides, they have
setters to decoy coun-
try-squires and forei-
gners.

They cog the dice, or else
they play with loaded
dice.

Let's play with mathema-
tical dice.

Do you love dicing?

What play shall we play
at?

At hazard.

Throw a main.

Seven is the main.

Six is my chance.

Throw out the dice.

Don't slide the dice.

I bar the dice.

I hung, or I brought seven.

I have nick'd the main.

You are lucky.

I play with very much ill
luck.

I have a very ill run at play.

Let's play at quinquenove.

I had

I had rather play at pas-
sage, or at tick tack.

And I at raffle, or pair-
royal.

'Tis all one to me.

That's a good throw, or
cast.

I have brought, or thrown
two aces, or an ambface,
two twos, or two duces,
two threes, two fours,
two fives, two fixes.

Dialogue XXIII.

*To play at cards, and
particularly at picket.*

Shall we play at cards?

As you will.

What game shall we play
at?

Let's play at beast or loo,
at ombre, at basset, or
at picket.

I let's play at picket.

'Tis a game very much in
fashion.

Even among the ladies.

Give us two packs of cards
and some counters.

How much shall we play a
game?

Let's play for a crown, to
pass away the time.

Do we play lurches?

E'en as you please.

What odds do you give
me?

You ask me odds, and
you play as well as I.

Is this a whole pack of
cards?

No, there wants a card.

Throw out the small cards.

Let's see who shall deal.

Cut, or lift for deal.

I have the hand, I am to
play first, I am elder
hand.

You are to deal, you are
younger hand.

Shuffle the cards.

All the court cards are
together.

Don't pack the cards.

Deal away.

I want a card.

There's one too many in
the stock.

Deal again.

Cut.

Have you your cards?

I believe I have.

Have you discarded, or
put out?

How many do you take in?

I take all.

I leave one.

I have bad cards.

I have the worst cards in
the pack.

You must needs have
good

good cards, since I have I have seven triks.
 nothing. I have lost.
 My game, or my cards You have won.
 puzzle me. You owe me a crown.
 Call your game, or call You owed it me.
 what you have. We are quits, or even.
 Tell your point. Give me my revenge.
 Fifty, fixty, &c. With all my heart.
 'Tis good, or they are
 good.
 They are not good.
 I have laid out the game.
 I am a bungler, or novice How shall we spend the
 at play. afternoon?
 A fixieme major, a quint Let's play a game at chess.
 to or from the king, a I will.
 fourth to or from the But you play better than I.
 queen, a tierce to the You are an over match for
 knave or ten. me.
 I have as much, that's equal Not at all.
 Are three aces, three You always beat me.
 kings, &c. good? I'll play no more with
 No, I have a quatorze. you, unless you give
 I am fourteen by queens. me some odds.
 Play away. You must give me a bishop
 I play a heart, a spade, a and the move.
 diamond, a club. Indeed, I can't, you play
 The ace, the king, the as well as I.
 queen, the knave, the See whether you have a
 ten, the nine, the eight, mind to play even.
 the seven. Well, I'll do't for once.
 I made a peek, a repeek, What shall we play for?
 a capot. I never play but for a very
 I have peek'd, repeek'd, small matter.
 and capotted you. Let's play for half a crown
 I win, or I have the cards. a game.

Dialogue XXIV.

To play at chess and draughts.

I have

I have the move.

Play then.

I take this pawn.

I am glad of it, for I am
going to take this bi-
shop and check you.

I castle.

You'll get nothing by that,
there's your rook I take
with my knight.

But how will you save
your queen?

By check-mate you with
my bishop and my rook.

I have lost the game, I
cannot move the king.

You owe me half a crown
then.

I grant it.

But you ow'd it me before.

Then we are quits.

Take away that chess-
board, and all the chess-
men.

Give us a board to play at
draughts.

Let's play a game at
draughts.

I give you the move.

I huff you, or I huff this
man.

King that man.

How many kings have
you?

I have two.

I have as many.

'Tis a draw-game.

No body has won.

Dialogue XXV.

To play at tennis.

See what a fine day it is.

Let us make use of this
fair day.

What shall we do to day?

The fine weather invites
us to play, or to walk.

What play shall we play at?

Tennis is the best for exer-
cise.

But 'tis a play fitter for
winter than summer.

We shall sweat less if we
play with rackets.

Let's go to the tennis-
court.

We'll play with battle-
dores.

Let us make the match.

Let's draw cuts.

You are with me.

We are together.

It is no matter who and
who is together.

He is on our side.

I am on the weaker side.

You are a better gamester
than I.

Let every one stand to his
place.

Stand behind me, and
catch the ball.

It went above me.
 I catch'd it in the air, or
 flying.
 Strike the ball back.
 You are an ill second.
 You have twisted the cord
 with the ball.
 Give a bricol.
 Strike the ball with a back-
 stroke.
 That is not a back-stroke.
 Marker, mark the chase.
 I won the chase.
 I put his ball into the ha-
 zard, or the gallery.
 You have not beat me yet.
 I have the first game.
 How many games up?
 Three.
 You may lose yet.
 We have the better of it.
 You will not have it
 long.
 I take my bisk.
 You have lost.
 We have won.
 What did we play for?
 A crown.
 Did you stake?
 No, but there's my mo-
 ny.
 'Tis all one.
 To morrow we shall give
 you your revenge.
 When you please.

Dialogue XXVI.

To play at bowls.

Let's play at bowls.
 How many shall we be?
 Six, three against three.
 How shall we make the
 match?
 Chance shall decide it.
 Let's play cross and pile.
 You have the best bowler.
 I cannot cope with him.
 He is stronger than I.
 I cannot help it.
 Chance has made the
 match.
 Let us play for some what.
 What shall we play for?
 Let's play for half a guinea
 rubbers.
 Stake.
 Who shall hold the stakes?
 I, if you will.
 Let us match the bowls.
 How many up.
 Five.
 We are equal.
 The match is very equal.
 Who shall lead, or play
 first.
 You must lead.
 You know the ground.
 This bowling green is not
 well kept.
 This green is even or level
 in some places.

And

And rough or full of rubs in others.
 Keep your stand, or stand fair.
 Play at the bowl.
 You play'd too hard.
 Come, will you play?
 'Tis a great cast.
 He has hit the jack.
 Have at all.
 You have better luck than he.
 He plays better than you.
 I don't fear him.
 Provided he play fair.
 Your bowl is short, it is not home.
 Your bowl is gone.
 You play wide, or narrow.
 Let me play my own play.
 I have laid a block in your way.
 I will knock you away presently.
 Have I not given you a remove?
 You are in the ditch.
 You may throw a hundred times, and not throw so again.
 I lay I hit you once in three throws.
 Done.
 Whose is the cast?
 The lookers on, or the standers by shall judge.

Let the cast be measured.
 I have won.
 You have lost.

 Dialogue XXVII.
To play at billiards.
 Let's play a game at billiards.
 Shall we play with the port and the king, or shall we play at passing and hitting the king.
 As you please.
 I have the lead.
 Lead, or play first.
 I am pass'd and repass'd.
 I have hit the king.
 You have hit the king down.
 You lose one.
 I am the first one.
 How many up?
 Five.
 How are we?
 Two all, three all, &c.
 I shall king you.
 Let's play the french way, without the port and king, or at hit and miss.
 Done.
 How many games up?
 Twelve.
 This billiard table is not even.
 The hazards are too big.
 And the balls too little.
 D I have

I have a close ball, I can
not play with the stick.

Play with a round stick.

You have miss'd me twice,
and I have hazarded
you thrice.

And I have put four balls
into the hazard.

We are eight at ten.

You have mist me, and put
your own ball into the
hazard.

Set, or I am set.

Let's play la guerre, or
at poole.

Stake.

I have won the poole.

Dialogue XXVIII.
*Of country diversions, or
sports, especially of
hunting and fishing.*

Sir, I am overjoy'd to see
you. Where have you
been this long while?

Where do you stay?

We have been these two
months at a country-
house.

Are you come to town for
good and all?

No, Sir, I go back to mor-
row morning.

How do you enjoy your-
self in the country?

How do you pass away
the time?

I bestow part of it upon
books.

But what are your diver-
sions after your serious
business?

I go sometimes a hunting.

What do you hunt?

Sometimes we hunt a stag,
and sometimes we hunt
a hare.

Have you good dogs?

We have a pack of hounds.

Two greyhound dogs,
two greyhound bitches;
four terriers, and three
setting dogs.

Do you never go a fow-
ling?

Pardon me.

Do you go a shooting so-
metimes?

Yes, Sir?

What do you shoot?

All manner of game, par-
tridges, pheasants, wood-
cocks, wood-hens, thru-
shes, rabbits, &c.

Do you shoot flying, or
running?

I do both.

How do you catch rab-
bits?

Sometimes with purse nets
and a ferret, and some-
times

times we kill them with
a gun.

And quails?

We catch them, most
commonly, with a net
and a setting dog.

Do you hawk?

Now and then.

Have you good hawks?

We have casts of hawks
for all manner of game.

Do you love fishing?

Extreamly.

Do you fish oft with a net?

But seldom.

Why? or what's the rea-
son on't?

Because we are a great way
from the river.

But we have a fish-pond
where we fish with a
line and a hook.

Is your pond well stock'd
with fish?

Very well.

What do you when you
neither hunt nor fish?

We play at bowls, at bil-
liards, nine-pins, &c.

As far as I see, your time
is so well employed,
that you cannot be tired
with the country.

You think so, and yet 'tis
quite otherwise.

I begin already to long for

the town. True it is,
that men grow weary of
every thing!

Dialogue XXIX.

To play at nine-pins.

Let's play at nine-pins.

I don't much love nine-
pins, and I never play
but out of complaisance.

'Tis too great a trouble to
set up the pins, when
they are down.

We shall get some-body
to set them up.

How shall we make the
match?

Every one must throw a
pin at the bowl, the near-
est must be together.

Agreed.

You are nearest, but I shall
give your pin a remove.

This square is too little.

I lay I beat down, or I tip
all the pins.

How shall we play?

He that gets one and
thirty pins first, wins
the set.

He that passes one and
thirty, comes back to
eighteen.

Play.

You don't stand fair, or
home.

You are a wrangler.
 You make a wrangling
 about nothing.
 I won't be cheated.
 How many pins have you
 got?
 I carry'd or bowl'd three,
 and tip'd six.
 You are a great man at
 nine-pins.
 You beat down nine-pins
 as fast as any thing.
 We have play'd long
 enough.

Dialogue XXX.

At jumping and running.

Come, will you go jumping?

It is not good to jump
 presently after dinner.

What sort of leaping do
 you like best?

The usualest leaping is
 with one's feet close
 together.

Shall we hop with one
 leg?

As you please.

There's a very great leap.
 How many feet have you
 leapt?

Fifteen.

I lay I leap clearly over
 that ditch.

You jump with a pole, or
 a long stick.

You jump farther than I.
 We have enough of jumping.

Let us run races.

Shall we run on foot or
 horse-back?

Both ways.

Appoint the race, or
 course.

This shall be the starting
 place.

That tree shall be the
 goal.

I have run three times,
 from the stake to the
 standard.

You did not stay for the
 signal to start.

That horse has run his
 race very well.

How many heats has he
 run?

Three.

You win the plate.

Dialogue XXXI.

To swim.

It is very hot.

No wonder, it is now
 midsummer.

Let's go to bathe our-selves.

Let's go a swimming.

I don't love to dabble.

I'd

I'd rather look on the swimmers, than swim my-self.

Does he swim well?

He swims like a fish.

He swims on his back, and under water.

I learn to swim with bul-rushes.

And I swim upon cork.

It is dangerous to swim with bladders.

Because they may burst.

Yesterday I had like to have been drow'nd.

I tremble to think on't.

I am scarce come to myself yet.

You are very fearful.

You are afraid of your own shadow.

Dialogue XXXII.

To go to see a play.

They say there's a new play acted to night.

Is it a comedy, a tragedy, an opera, or a farce?

'Tis a tragedy.

What's its name?

The —

Who is the author of it?

Mr. —

Is this the first time it is acted?

No, Sir, this is the third time, this is the poet's night.

How did it take the first and second time it was presented, or acted?

It was acted with universal applause.

Mr. — was already famous by his comedies.

And this last play gains him the reputation of a great tragick poet.

Shall we go and see it?

With all my heart.

I'll go and bid the coachman get the coach ready, and we'll go immediately.

Shall we go take a box?

I'll do what you please but I had rather go into the pit.

Why?

Because we may pass away the time in talking with the masks, before the curtain is drawn up.

What do you say to that symphony?

How do you like that musick?

Methinks 'tis very fine.

Don't you take notice of that hautboy and trumpet?

They found very well She's a perfect beauty.
 among the violins and Do you know her?
 harpsicords. I have that honor.
 The galleries are all full She has a fine easie shape.
 already. Have you taken notice of
 And as you see, we are her complexion.
 very much crowded in 'Tis the finest complexion
 the pit. in the world.
 And the boxes are as full She has teeth as white as
 of Ladies as they can snow.
 hold. Wherever she casts her
 I never saw the house so eyes, they are the
 full. center of the amorous
 There's abundance of ogles of all the beaux.
 people. I believe she has a great
 I love the sight of those deal of wit.
 fine Ladies who grace Beauty indeed may be
 the boxes almost as seen, but not wit.
 much as the play. Had she as much wit as
 That's a fine prospect. beauty, she might be
 They are very fine, or said to be an abridge-
 very finely drest. ment of all perfections.
 They join the beauties But the curtain is draw-
 and charms of the body, ing, let's hear.
 to the richness of the at- They play is done.
 tire and the brightness The curtain is let down.
 of their jewels. Let's return home.
 Do you take notice of
 that Lady who sits in
 the king's box?
 Yes, I see her, she's
 pretty.
 How, pretty! You should
 say that she's as hand-
 som as an angel.
 She's perfectly handsom. I believe we shall be nine.
 Well,

Dialogue XXXIII.

About cookery.

Cook, I have company
at dinner to day.

How many will you be
at table?

I believe we shall be nine.
Well,

Well, Sir, what will you please to have got ready? Two soups, one with meat, the other with crawfish. For the first, there must be a good knuckle of veal, a pullet stuffed, beef, mutton, and salt-pork. For the first service *or* course, *or* for the boil'd meat, besides the soup, there must be two pullets with sprouts and bacon, and a leg of mutton, with caper-sauce. Would you have me put anchovies too? Yes that whets the stomach. Besides that, there must be a good dish of fish. A turbot, a thorn-back, *or* a fresh cod, boiled with oysters, and shrimps, and two pair of soles, and two dozen of smelts well fried and crisp. There should be also a carp well stewed in claret. What must there be for the second course, *or* roast meat?

A young turkey. Four partridges with a pheasant. A pig. And a dozen of larks. And for by-courses and ragoos? A fricassée of chickens, a pigeon pie, a westphalia ham, and a ragoo of a sweet-bread of veal with artichokes, and another with pease, beans, and bacon. And for the fruit, *or* dessert? Bid the house-keeper get good cheese, a plate of apples, and pears, another of apricocks and peaches, grapes both white and black, and nuts and almonds. Will not you have a fallet? Without doubt, go quickly to market to the butcher's, the poulterer's, the fishmonger's, and the herbwoman, to fetch all that you want. Lay out the money, write down what you spend, and I will pay it you again at the end of the week.

Jack, kill this pig immediately, broil his feet; put him in water boiling hot, and hang him on the hook.

And you Mary, scour the great pot, fill it with clean water, and put it on the pot-hanger.

Pick that young turkey, draw it, and truss it up as it should be.

Lard very neatly those partridges, with the least larding-pin.

Shell these pease and beans, and let them boil for a quarter of an hour.

Give me the spit.

Help me put these larks on the spit.

Wind up the jack.

Stir up the fire.

Put the dripping-pan under the meat.

Baste the meat with butter.

Put the soap upon the stove to let it soak.

Dish up the pottages.

Take the pudding out of the baking-pan.

The bell rings, serve up dinner.

Dialogue XXXIV.

Between a gentleman, a taylor, and a woollen draper.

Master Harry, I have a suit of clothes to make.

Sir, I am always ready to serve you.

What will you make it of? Of some fine english cloth. Of what color?

Black, for I have a mind to go into mourning with the court.

Will you be pleased to buy the cloth, or shall I buy it my-felf?

I am going to buy it along with you, carry me to a woollen draper.

Will you go to Covent-garden, Fleet-street, or St. Paul's?

Let's go to the nearest.

What do you want, Sir?

I want a good and fine cloth.

Give your-felf the trouble to come into my shop, and I will shew you the finest cloth in London.

Shew me the best you have.

There's

There's a superfine one.
But it does not feel soft.
See whether this will
please you better.

It is good, but the color
seems not so to me.

Look on that cloth in the
light, you never saw
one of a finer black.

I like this color well, but
the cloth is too thin, it
is not strong, or thick
enough, it has not bo-
dy enough.

Here's another piece.

This will do my business.
How much do you ask
for it?

What do you sell it a
yard?

The nearest price, is twen-
ty shillings a yard.

That's too much.

You do not consider the
goodness and fineness
of the cloth.

This cloth will wear well,
and do you a great deal
of service.

Shop-keepers are never
wanting in praising their
commodities.

Without exacting a penny
of you, I assure you
this cloth is worth twen-
ty shillings.

I am not used to haggle,
tell me your last word.
I told you, Sir, it is worth
so much.

What do you bid me for it?
I will give you eighteen
for it.

That's too little, I cannot
bate a penny of twenty
shillings.

That's too dear.

And at eighteen shillings,
'tis too cheap.

We must then divide the
difference.

I consent to it, and I assure
you I sell it you for the
same price I bought it
myself.

Come, come, cut me what
I want of it.

How much must you have
of it?

Ask my taylor.

I must have three yards
for the coat, and two
yards, and a quarter for
the waistcoat and bree-
ches.

Tailors always ask more
stuff than they have
occasion for, cut but
five yards of it.

There they are, Sir, and
good measure into the
bargain.

How much does that
amount to?

To four pounds fifteen
shillings.

Here is your mony; see
whether I have misre-
ckon'd, for I would not
wrong you of a penny.

Sir, the mony is right, it
is good and well told.

Return home with me to
take my measure.

Shall I find the trimming?
That's to be understood.

Line the coat with some
Indian stuff, the vast-
coat with the same, and
the breeches with skins
well drefs'd.

You shall be obey'd.

Take a most special care
that my suit be well ma-
de, neat, and modish.

I will not fail.

Remember I must have
my suit of clothes for
Sunday.

I promise you, you shall
have it without fail.

Do not break your word.

Trust me for once.

Dialogue XXXV.

*Between a gentleman and
a taylor.*

Where's my suit of clo-
thes?

It is not made yet.

Did not you promise me
as to day?

To promise and to per-
form are two things.

Why do you promise then,
if you cannot keep your
word.

I did not expect so much
work.

Sir, other people will be
served as well as you.

And I as well as others.

My mony is as good as
theirs.

Sir, I cannot please every
body.

You have had my cloth
a great while.

True, but I have had that
of Mr... longer still.

Well, when shall I have
my suit of clothes?

The day after to morrow.

Can't I have it to morrow?

'Tis impossible for me.

Have a little patience.

Stay till after to morrow.

Shall I have it without fail?

I promise you, you shall.

I pass

I pass my word for it.
If you deceive me, you
shall work no more for
me.

Dialogue XXXVI.

Between the same.

Do you bring my suit of
clothes?

Yes, Sir, here it is.

I stay'd for you, try it on.

Will you be pleas'd to try
the coat on?

Let's see if it be well made.

I hope it will please you.

It is very long methinks.

They don't wear them
now so short as they
did before.

They wear them long now.

Button me.

It is too strait.

To be well made, it ought
to be tight.

That suit makes you a ve-
ry good shape.

Are not the sleeves too
wide?

No, Sir, they fit very
well.

They wear them very
wide, and very long.

The breeches are very
narrow.

That is the fashion.

Give me the waistcoat.

That suit becomes you
mighty well.

You are very fine.

Your suit is very beauish.

But the stockings do not
match my cloth.

No matter, such things are
not so nicely observed.

What do you say to my
hat?

'Tis a very fine beaver.

You are mistaken.

'Tis a caroline hat.

Is this a cloth hat?

Yes, Sir.

What hatband do you put
to it?

A gold galoon, with a
diamond buckle.

That's out of fashion.

Let it be laced with a silver
lace.

Did you not buy me a
cravat-string?

Pardon me, here it is.

What's the ell of this rib-
band?

They don't sell it by the ell,
they sell it by the yard.

How much?

Eighteen pence, or a shil-
ling and six pence.

That's cheap enough.

That is not too much.

That is not dear.

Where's my sword-knot?

Here

Here it is.
 I believe I have all that I
 wanted.
 Have you made your bill?
 I had not time.
 Bring it to morrow, I shall
 pay you.

Dialogue XXXVII.
To speak to the shoemaker.

Is the shoemaker come?
 No, Sir, he is not come.
 Run then to him, and bid
 him bring my shoes.
 Sir, here he is, I met him
 by the way.
 Are these my shoes?
 Yes, Sir.
 Try them on me,
 Put them on.
 They are too strait.
 They pinch me a little.
 Put them on the last, to
 make them wider.
 They grow wide enough
 by wearing.
 This leather stretches like
 a glove.
 I feel very well that they
 will hurt me.
 My corns will suffer for it.
 My feet are in the stocks.
 The upper leather of this
 shoe is good for nothing.
 The heel is too low.

The soles are not strong,
 or thick enough.
 You bring me square shoes
 and I had bespoke round
 ones.
 Make me some others.
 You are very difficult.
 You are hard to please.
 Will you please to try
 another pair, which I
 brought by chance?

I will.
 I believe they will fit you.
 My foot is more at ease.
 What are these shoes
 worth.
 How do you sell them?
 Five shillings or a crown.
 That's too much.
 'Tis a set price.
 'Tis a shoe well made and
 well stitch'd.
 Make me another pair
 like these.
 Take my measure.
 There's your mony.

Dialogue XXXVIII.
To buy a perwig.

Sir, I want a wig.
 Sir, what color will you
 have it of?
 Of the color of my eye-
 brows.
 Neither fair nor black.
 Of a light brown.

Your

Your eye-brows are of a
 chesnut brown.
 Will you have a wig with
 a full bottom, a cam-
 paign wig, a spanish
 wig, or a bob?
 I must have a full bottom-
 ed wig, and a bob.
 I believe I have a long wig
 that will very well fit
 you.
 Shew it me.
 Here it is.
 'Tis not full enough.
 They don't wear them so
 full as they did.
 Is it made of live hair?
 I warrant them such.
 The foretop seems to me
 a little too low.
 That's the fashion.
 Is not the hind-lock a little
 too long?
 That may be easily reme-
 died.
 There is no need on't, for
 I don't like the color.
 Here's another wich I'm
 sure you will like.
 What do you ask for this?
 Four pound-sterling.
 That's a little too much.
 Pardon me, 'tis very
 cheap.
 Look well upon that per-
 riwig.

Feel this hair.
 This is a round hair, and
 as strong as horse hair.
 Comb it out.
 See how easily this hair
 combs.
 Put it on your head.
 See your-self in the glass.
 Does it not become you?
 I like it well enough.
 But I find it a little too
 short.
 'Tis, perhaps, because I
 made a buckle at the
 bottom.
 Well, tell me your last
 word.
 Sir, I make but one word.
 Will you sell it for three
 pounds?
 The hair cost me as much.
 I have refused three
 pounds five shilling for it.
 If you give me three
 pounds ten for it, it is
 yours.
 Can't you afford it for
 less?
 No, Sir, not to my own
 brother.
 Well, there are four gui-
 neas, give me the rest.
 There it is.
 Mend this old wig for me.
 Put drops to it, and twist
 it.

Twisted

Twisted wigs are out of fashion.

No matter, this is but a campaign wig.

I'll only use it to ride on horseback.

Dialogue XXXIX.

Betwixt a sick body, a physician, and a surgeon.

Sir, I sent for you.

What ails you, Sir?

I am ill.

You look as if you were.

You look ill.

You do not look well.

What ails you? or where is your ailment?

I have a pain in my head, in my breast, and in my stomach.

How long since?

Since last night.

Did you rest last night?

No, I did not sleep.

I did not sleep a wink all the night long.

Have you a stomach?

Not at all.

Let me feel your pulse.

Shew me your tongue.

You have a fever.

Your pulse does not beat even.

Your pulse is high.

Your pulse is very quick.

I feel a heaviness all over my body.

You must be let blood.

You must have a vein opened.

I was let blood last week.

No matter, to morrow you shall take physick.

Will you not prescribe for me?

I will, bid some body give me a pen and ink.

Here, there is my prescription, send it to the apothecary.

Do not go out.

Keep your chamber.

Keep a bed.

What diet must I keep?

Take new-laid eggs and chicken-broths.

Have you a nurse?

No, Sir.

Send for one.

Some-body asks for me, I must go and see a patient.

Take courage.

I hope the letting of blood will do you good.

Are you going away?

Yes, I am going away.

Pray come and see me again to morrow.

I will not fail.

Nurse

Nurse, let some-body go I have one foot already in
for a surgeon. the grave.

Whom will you have? I am gone, I decay very
The same who let me sensibly.

blood the other day. I grow weaker every day.

What's his name? I am consumptive, my dis-
I know not, ask below. ease is past recovery.

Sir, give me your right You make your disease
arm. worse than it is.

Have you a good lancet? I dare promise you that
You will not feel it. you will recover.

You bind my arm too I must die, my disease is
hard. too inveterate.

Make a great orifice. Believe me, 'twill be no-
The blood comes as it thing, you are not in
should. danger.

There's the fillet and the Have you been let blood?
bolster. Yes, Sir, I was let blood

Make a good ligature. yesterday.

Dialogue XL.

Between the same.

Where is your blood?

It is in three porringers
upon the window.

You want to be let blood
again.

Your blood is very hot,
and corrupted.

Did your physick work
well?

Very well.

How many stools have
you had?

How many times were
you at stool?

Eight or nine.

How do you find your-
self now?

You are very careful.
A physician ought to be
careful and punctual.

How do you find your-
self to day?

I am very ill.

I am almost spent.

I am a dying.

I linger, or I pine away.

Cheer up, be not cast
down, for so small a
matter.

Oh! Sir, you little know
how ill I am.

I find

I find my-self (*or* I am) a little better, I thank God.
 Your fever is gone.
 Does your head ache still?
 No, Sir.
 So much the better.
 You must take a glister, to keep your belly loose, (*or* your body open).
 You shall take, the day after to morrow, another purge.
 I shall do whatever you prescribe (*or* order) me.
 Keep your self warm.
 Have you no better stomach?
 Yes, Sir, I could eat a chicken?
 You may eat it.
 There's no danger.
 What must I drink?
 Some small beer, with a toast.
 Mayn't I drink a drop of wine.
 Drink some, but with water.
 Endeavor to rest, to morrow I shall call (*or* come again) this way.
 Does all go well to day?
 Sir, I am a great deal better.

Did you sleep well last night?
 Perfectly well.
 Your fever is quite gone.
 In two or three days you may go abroad.
 Have you a good stomach now?
 I am very hungry.
 You may eat, but moderately.
 Take a little wine.
 What wine?
 What you please.
 White or red no matter which.
 Do not you visit Mr...?
 I come from him.
 How does he do?
 He is very ill.
 Is he in danger?
 Is there no hopes?
 There is none.
 He is a dead man.
 How long has he been sick?
 These three months.
 What's his distemper? *or* what ails him?
 He is in a consumption.
 'Tis an incurable disease.
 If afs's milk does not cure him, nothing will.
 But it is time for me to go.
 Sir, I thank you for your care and trouble.

I am

I am wholly at your service, but wish you may have no more occasion for me.

I am infinitely obliged to you.

Dialogue XLI.

Of a christening, a wedding, and a burial.

Whither do you go so fast? Home.

What business have you there?

We have a christening to day.

Is your mother brought to bed?

She's brought to bed of a boy.

She has got a boy.

I thought 'twas a girl.

Where will he be christened?

At our house.

Who are the god-fathers and god-mothers?

Are the he-gossips and the she-gossips come?

Are the midwife, the wet-nurse and dry-nurse there?

Yes, they only stay for the minister to christen the child.

Do you stand god-father to the child?

Is your sister married?

No, but she is betroth'd.

When was she betroth'd?

'Tis eight days since she enter'd into articles of matrimony.

Who does she marry?

She marries Mr. A.

That's a good match.

She marries, or matches into a good family.

What portion does your father give her? or how much does your father give her in marriage?

Ten thousand pounds sterling.

That's a good portion.

When will the wedding or marriage be solemnized?

To morrow will be the wedding day.

The wedding-ring and favors are already bought.

The bridegroom and the bride have put on their wedding clothes.

Who is to marry them?

Our chaplain.

What's the reason your cousin is so much afflicted?

He has lost his mother.

His mother is dead.

When did she die?

E

She

She died yesterday morning. I know you sing very well.

So his father is now a widower. How do you know it, Madam?

I fear he will not be so long. Your singing-master told me so.

He will soon marry again. He says so for his own credit.

Who will take care of the burial, or funeral. He must not be believed.

My brother. You may deny it as long

Who shall hold up the pall? as you please. I am persuaded you sing very

Where will she be buried? well, and that you have a fine voice.

In St. James's church. Why are you persuaded of it?

Will it be a magnificent funeral? Because all good singers love to be much

Without doubt. treated to sing.

Will there be a funeral sermon? There's no rule without exception.

Yes, Sir. You refuse me then the pleasure of hearing you sing?

The burying goes by. Madam, I have a mind to leave you in the good opinion you have of my voice.

There are thirty mourning coaches. You will encrease it, if you please to oblige me.

Dialogue XLII. The certainty I have of the contrary will keep me silent.

To desire one to sing. You disoblige me for ever, if you don't sing.

Sir, will you be pleas'd to sing us a little song? That

Madam, I would do it with all my heart, if I could sing.

Why do you tell me you cannot sing?

I tell you nothing but the truth.

That threat is sufficient to oblige me to sing.
 But I am very hoarse.
 I shall grate your ears.
 Pshaw, pshaw! all these excuses are good for nothing.
 Well, Madam, since you must be obey'd, what tune will you have me sing?
 Which you please.
 Sir, I thank you.
 You sing very well.
 I am very glad I have heard you sing.

Give him his oats.
 Walk him.
 Give him some bran.
 Has he drank?
 Has he eat his oats?
 Give him some straw.
 Give him some hay.
 Bridle my horse.
 Saddle him.
 Bring him to me.
 Take him by the bridle.
 Do not make him run.
 Do not over-heat him.
 Is he weary?
 Unbridle him.
 Unsaddle him.

Madam, you are very obliging, so kindly to excuse the defect of my voice, and my small skill in singing.

Dialogue XLIII.

To speak to a groom.

Curry my horse.
 Rub him with a wisp of straw.
 My horse is unshod.
 He wants two shoes.
 Carry him to the farrier, or smith.
 Get him shod.
 Carry him to the river.
 Wash him.
 Have you watered him?
 Yes, Sir.

Dialogue XLIV.

Going upon a journey.

Where are you going, Sir?
 I am going to Dover.
 When do you go away?
 Presently.
 Do you go thither in a coach, or on horseback?
 On horseback.
 Boy, bring out my horse.
 Here he is, Sir.
 Is he well curried?
 Yes, Sir.
 How many miles is this place from...?
 Thirty miles.
 Are they long miles?
 No, Sir, they are the shortest in England.

Do you think we can go so far to day?	Must we not go up the hill?
Without doubt, it is not late.	No, Sir, you must leave it on the left.
It is upon the stroke of twelve.	Is it a difficult way through the wood?
You have then time e- nough to arrive there before the sun sets.	Not at all, go strait along, you cannot lose your way.
Is the way good?	Where do we meet with a river?
Very fine.	As you come out the wood.
'Tis a carpet-way.	May one ford it over? Is it fordable?
You meet with no quag- mire upon the road.	No, Sir, they go over it in a ferry, or they ferry it over.
But you have woods to go through, and rivers to go over.	Come, gentlemen, let's go on horseback, or let's take horse.
Is there any danger upon the high way?	Let's begin our journey.
There's no talk of it.	Farewel, gentlemen, fa- rewel.
They say nothing of it.	I wish you a good journey.
Do you hear whether there be any high-way- men in the woods?	I thank you with all my heart.
There's nothing to be feared, either by day or night.	Will you not take the stir- rup-cup?
'Tis a high road where a man meets with people every moment.	As you please.
Which way must one take?	Sir, to your good journey, and happy (or safe) re- turn.
When you come near the next village, you must take to the right hand.	

Dialogue XLV.

In an inn.

Where is the best inn in town?

At the sign of the white horse.

In what part of the town is it?

Near the great church.

Can we lodge here?

Yes, Sir, we have good chambers, and good beds.

Let's alight, gentlemen.

Where's the ostler?

Here I am, Sir.

Take our horses.

Carry them into the stable.

Take care of them.

Now let's see, what will you give us for supper?

See your-selves, Gentlemen, what you have a mind to.

Give us half a dozen pigeons, a brace of partridges, six quails, a good capon, and a large fallet.

I shall take care of all, do not trouble your-selves.

Will you have nothing else?

No, that's enough, but let's have good wine, and some fruit.

I shall content you, I warrant you.

Will you go and see your chambers?

Yes, call your chamberlain.

Light the Gentlemen up stairs.

Let's have our supper as soon as possible.

Before your boots are pull'd off, supper will be got ready.

Where are our footmen?

There they are a coming up with your portmantles.

Have you brought our pistols?

Yes, Sir, there they are.

Pull off my boots, and then go and look after our horses.

Bid them serve up supper, or call for supper.

Gentlemen, supper is ready, the meat is on the table.

Let's go to supper, gentlemen, that we may go to bed betimes.

Let's sit down, gentlemen, let's sit down to table.

You eat nothing, what ails you?

I have no stomach, I am weary and tired.

I am bruised all over.

'Twill be better for me to
be in bed than at table.

You must take courage.
If you find your-self ill,
go to bed.

Get your bed warm'd.

Let me not hinder you
from your supper, I am
going to endeavor to
rest, (or try to sleep.)

Do you want nothing?

I want nothing but rest.

I wish you a good night.

Bring the deffart, and go
and bid the landlady co-
me to speak with us.

Here she's a coming.

Gentlemen, are you satis-
fied with your supper?

Yes, Mistrefs, but we must
satisfie you too.

What have we had?

What have we to pay?

The rekoning is not great.

See what you must have
for us, our men, and
our horses.

For the supper, bed, and
breakfast.

I must have thirty shillings

Methinks you ask too
much.

On the contrary, I am
very reasonable.

Reckon your-felves, and
you will find that I do

not ask you more than
I should.

We don't love to haggle.

We shall pay you to mor-
row morning after
breakfast.

As you please.

Now I think on't, let's
have clean sheets.

The sheets you shall have
are lye-washed.

Good night, Mistrefs,

Good night, Gentlemen,
I am your servant

Dialogue XLVI.

*To embark in the pac-
ket-boat.*

Friend, are you a French-
man?

No, Sir, I am an English-
man, at your service.

Do jo return to Calais?

Yes, Sir, when the wind
serves.

Have you many passen-
gers?

I have ten or twelve alrea-
dy.

Have you a good boat?

Will you see it?

When will you go away?

To morrow, or perhaps to
night.

How much do you ask for
my passage?

Sir,

Sir, you shall give me... No body in the world.
 if you please. Truly, I wonder we have
 I'll give you as much as both been alone this day.
 other people. I wonder at it too, for we
 Where do you lodge? are seldom so; and your
 At the sign of... house, thank heaven,
 I know where it is. is the sanctuary of all
 Be ready, I will call you idle courtiers.
 when 'tis time. To tell truth, this after-
 Pray do. noon seem'd very long
 Must I carry any victuals, to me.
 or provision? And I found it very short.
 As you please. Great wits, cousin, love
 Sir, the wind serves. solitude.
 Let us go then. I am a most humble ser-
 Step into the boat. vant to wit, you know
 I will pay you at Calais. 'tis what I don't pretend
 'Tis all one. to.
 Where do you lodge? For my part, I love com-
 I know not. pany, I confess.
 I have no acquaintance I love it too, but I love
 here? it select; and the great
 Where is the best inn? number of nauseous vi-
 At the sign of the silver sits one is obliged to
 lion. entertain amongst the
 Carry my things thither others makes me often
 then. delight to be by myself.
 How much must you have? They are over nice, who
 I must have so much... can bear with none but
 Hold, there's your mony. outpick'd persons.
 Sir, I thank you.

Dialogue XLVII.

Of visits.

How, cousin, is no body
 come to visit you to day? I relish those that are rea-
 E. 4 sonable,

sonable, and laugh at
fops and impertinents.

Truly, impertinents grow
soon tedious, and most
of them please no more
at the second visit.

Madam, there's *Climene*,
that comes to wait on
your Ladyship.

O Lord! what a visiter?

You was complaining for
being alone, so heaven
punishes you for it.

Quickly, go and tell her
I am not at home.

She was told already that
you are.

And what blockhead told
her so?

I Madam.

Dewce take the little boo-
by, I'll teach you to
make answers of your
own head.

Madam, I'll go and tell
her you have a mind
not to be at home.

Stay, beast, and let her
come up, since the fol-
ly is done already.

Why do you fall a laugh-
ing?

I laugh at your lackey's
simplicity.

Ah! cousin, how this vi-
sit perplexes me now.

No matter, it must go
down with you.

Dialogue XLVIII.

Concerning marriage.

Which way do you go, Sir?

You are very much in
haste.

I don't walk, I fly, tho'
I be on the earth.

I am very glad of it; but
what gives you wings?
and whence is this trans-
port?

I am going to marry the
most lovely woman in
the world.

What, Sir, had you not
evils enough before,
but you must go in
search of others?

Is marriage then so great
an evil?

Yes, without doubt, for
several reasons, if we
will believe *Thales the*
Milesian.

As for my part I believe
nothing of it; and am
resolved to try what it
is. Pray, what said that
philosopher, or rather,
that learned dreamer?

When his mother ask'd
him, whether he would
not marry? Adding,
that

that she would procure him a wife with numberless accomplishments, he shook his head, and did not make her any answer; but once as she pressed him to answer, he reply'd, he was too young.

And what did he say when he was older.

He said he was too old.

And what reasons did he give?

He was then very difficult on the article of marriage.

This is his way of reasoning: were I to marry a rich woman, such a one would be mistress; if I were to marry an ugly person, I should not love her, and if she was handsome, she would perhaps suffer herself to be amus'd with idle love tales.

An other time he said: He loved children too well; (*that is, could not bear their loss or degeneracy.*)

He was a fool, his silly whim shall not hinder me from marrying. An

honest woman is always subject to her husband, tho she be handsome and wealthy.

But hear, what were the thoughts of an other. One telling to his friend, he might procure for his son good fortune, the other reply'd, my son is yet too young; he must grow *wise* first before he can marry. O! answered the other; If you'll stay with him till he grows wise, then he never shall marry. Yet a little wiser seems to me the answer of him, who being asked by an other, whether he should marry or no? reply'd: you may chuse which you will, and you'll repent of either.

But to deal fairly with you, Sir, I would not divert you from your laudable design. What I have said to you, was purely out of joke.

I know that, Sir, for I see plainly you will shortly follow my example.

I hope so Sir. If wives are evils,

evils; they are but necessary evils. *For mi-
ves must be bad, be they
good or bad.* But the
lady your mistress, is
a woman of great merit.
Sir, I am the happiest man
in the world, in having
the good fortune to
marry her.

Sir, I wish you both all
imaginable prosperity!

Sir, you oblige us infinitely.

So, I find you are going
to wait upon her, and
from thence to church.

Very true, Sir. Farewell,
till I have the honor
of seeing you again.

Dialogue XLIX.

*Of the country, and after-
wards of the english
nation.*

Ah! dear friend, what was
become of you?

Here I am, my dear, at
your service.

I am glad to see you again
in good health.

My joy does not come
short of yours, to see
you look so well.

You are a great stranger
at our house! why do

you neglect your
friends?

Methinks 'tis not long
since we parted.

How! do you reckon se-
ven or eight days ab-
sence nothing amongst
friends? for my part as
I have a great love for
you, I wish I could see
you continually.

Sir, I am very sensible of
the honor you do me.

Have you been sick, that
we have not seen you?

No, thank God!

What's then the reason,
you were not to be seen?

I have been in the country
with my good friend
Mr. Trueheart.

Has he a fine country-
house?

Very fine.

How far from London.

About twenty miles.

The weather has been ve-
ry fine for the country.

It has certainly been the
finest weather in the
world to be there.

Has your friend a fine gar-
den?

He has a very fine and
large one, parterre (or
flower-garden) well de-
sign'd,

sign'd, full of plants, and
all sorts of flowers.

Is there a kitchen garden?

Yes, Sir, and a very pretty
grove made starwise.

But you do not tell me,
whether there be water
in the garden.

Oh! I had forgot to tell
you, there is a fine fish-
pond, and a fountain
adorn'd with several fi-
gures (or statues.)

Do all the statues spout out
water?

No, Sir. Only that of
Neptune through his
trident.

What do the other figures
represent?

One represents *Jupiter*
with his thunder-bolts;
another *Mercury* with
his wand; there is also
that of *Bacchus* with a
bowl in his hand; the
good old man *Silenus*,
and several satyrs in a
drinking posture.

These are all statues of
gods.

There are also some god-
deses.

Which?

The figure of *Juno*, who

with jealous eyes loocks
upon her husband.

That of *Venus*, who smi-
les upon *Mars*.

There one sees *Diana* with
her dogs, her dart, her
bow, and her quiver;
and *Flora* lying upon
a bed of flowers.

According to your relation
that must be a very plea-
sant sight.

It is not to be expressed;
besides the figures I
told you of, there are
several works made with
sea-shells.

Sir, did you ever see *Chats-
Worth-house*, the noble
seat of the Duke of *De-
vonsshire*, which is one
of the wonders of the
Peak, (in *Derbysire*)
where, besides the sta-
teliness of the edifice,
and curiosities within it,
too many to be descri-
bed, there are pleasant
gardens adorned with
exquisite water-works.
1. *Neptune* with his sea-
nymphs, which seem to
sport themselves in the
waters, which appear
to fall upon sea-weeds.
2. A pond, where sea-
horses

horses continually do roll. 3. A tree, exactly resembling a willow, made of copper, of which (by turning a cock) every leaf continually distils drops of water, and so lively represents a shower of rain. 4. A grove of cypresses, and a cascade, at the top of which stand two sea-nymphs, with each a jar under her arm, from whence the water falling upon the cascade, produces a loud rumbling noise, like the *egyptian* or *indian* cataracts. 5. At the bottom of this cascade, is another pond in which is an artificial rose, thro' which the water ascends and hangs suspended in the air, in the figure of that flower. 6. There is another pond, where there is *Mercury* pointing at the gods, and throwing up water. 7. There are several fine statues of gladiators, and other curiosities. These are great curiosities, and wonders indeed,

but I never have seen them.

Has your friend a fine warren?

He has one with a great store of rabbits, and a park full of deer.

Is the country very fine?

Very fine, and very pleasant.

Is there a good shew of corn?

The corn can not be finer than it is.

The crop will then be plentiful?

We hope so, and may God vouchsafe not to disappoint our hopes.

How long is it, since you came back?

Since last night, and I would not let this morning pass, without waiting upon you.

You do me a great deal of honor; but the weather being fair, you ought to have staid longer in the country.

I'll tell you the reason of my return: One of our company fell sick, and so we were fain to come back to conduct him.

What

What ails that friend?

He complains of a little pain in his head; but what troubles us most is, that he has a fever. That will be nothing perhaps; but suppose the worst, there are here good physicians, so that he shall be well look'd after.

Good physicians! I would not be under their hands.

We say so when we are well, but when we are sick, we are then forced to make use of them.

Physicians do oftentimes kill us without noise, and without any other weapon than a prescription.

But you cannot deny but that they do often restore us to our health.

'Tis true; I do not deny it, but it is generally by chance. Methinks, Dr. *Diet*, Dr. *Quiet*, and Dr. *Merry-man*, are the best physician.

Let it be how it will, it is with physicians much the same as it is with the women; we often

rail most bitterly at them, and yet we cannot be without them.

We must confess the truth, there are here very able physicians.

All arts and sciences do now flourish in England.

Our nation ought to do justice to the great king *William*, of glorious memory, and own, that he has revived the military art in England.

That's partly true: But we must at the same time acknowledge, that in the preceding reigns the english valor has been conspicuous on several occasions.

You are in the right. For if we speak of land-forces, there have been great captains, good officers, and brave english soldiers, who have signalized themselves in France, against the Germans, in Hungary against the Turks, and in Flanders against the French.

Every body knows it.

Now, if we speak of naval-forces, our nation did

did always maintain the
sovereignty of the O-
cean.

That's indisputable : For
what place in the world
is there , whither our
merchant-fleets do not
go, under the protection
of our men of war?

You may add, that they
bring home immense
riches, which joined to
those of our own
growth, make England,
the richest and most
powerful nation of Eu-
rope.

Without contradiction :
And that which is an
evident proof of it, are
the burthenfom wars
we have so often main-
tain'd for many years
together.

England did ever hold the
balance of Europe, and
her Monarchs were
ever the umpires of
peace and war.

No body can doubt the
truth of what you say:
but let's now come to
men of learning.

Since we speak of learn-
ing, we see here ve-
ry good orators in both

houses of Parliament,
and very able and ex-
perienced Magistrates.

'Tis true, our lawyers are
very learned.

If we look into the church,
we find Prelates and
Doctors , who under-
stand Divinity , and all
sciences in a perfect
degree.

Do not forget the many
famous preachers we
have.

I know it very well: And
I have the good for-
tune of being acquaint-
ed with some of them.

As for poets, there's no
nation that can come in
competition with ours.

'Tis true: for we have a
Pindar in Cowley, *Old-
ham* , and *Philips* ; a
Terence in Ben *John-
son* ; a *Sophocles* in *Sha-
kespear* ; an *Ovide* in
Waller : a *Statius* and
Lucanus in *Milton* ; a
Juvenal in *Dryden* ; an
Euripides and *Maro* in
Addison ; an *Homer* in
Pope ; an *Horace* in
Swift ; and the incom-
parable *Mr. Young* a-
lone, by his heavenly
and

and christian-like strains,
in my opinion, almost
surpasses them all.

But then in recompence
we have a great many
poetafters.

Those are animals, who
infest every where the
common wealth of
learning.

If we have a mind to speak
of liberal arts, we shall
find in England, good
grammarians, excellent
musicians, famous pain-
ters, carvers and in-
gravers, and all the rest
in the highest perfection.

You say nothing of ma-
thematicians and natu-
ralists?

'Tis true; our Royal Socie-
ty cultivates & impro-
ves every day the ma-
thematticks and natural
philosophy.

Finally, riches, arms and
learning set the english
nation above all the na-
tions of Europe.

Pray, tell me how comes
England to have all
these advantages?

That proceeds partly from
the temperature of its
climate, and chiefly

from the liberty every
one enjoys here.

But what still heightens
the more the glory of
this fortunate island, is
the beauty of our wo-
men.

One may say, without
flattery, that the english
ladies are the handsom-
est, the most char-
ming, and the most ac-
complished in the uni-
verse.

They have a fine comple-
xion, a free easy shape,
they dress to the best
advantage, have a great
deal of wit, and extre-
me engaging ways.

Do not engage in the par-
ticulars of their perfe-
ctions, that's too large
a field, and which would
carry us to far.

You say right: But I can-
not forbear mentioning
that which is the honor
of their sex, and the
shame of ours.

What do you mean by
that?

The art of governing.

How! are you for petty-
coats government?

Yes, certainly.

Then

Then you would not see the *Salic* law establish'd in England?

God forbid! for it may be said to the glory of women, that the english nation was never so flourishing as when a Princess fill'd the throne.

I confess the reign of the famous queen *Elizabeth* has been most happy; that she supported the protestant religion not only in these three kingdoms, but also in France, Germany, and the Netherlands; and that she humbled the pride of Spain.

And have we not seen on the throne the august, and triumphing queen *Anna*, who was mistress of all royal virtues in the most eminent degree?

I own it.

She was a Princess as much beloved by her subjects, as fear'd by her enemies, and admired by all Europe; she did know how to punish, and how to reward;

and this was the reason, that she was well serv'd, and that her enterprises were crown'd with success.

Besides the prudence, with which they were laid, the justice on which they were grounded, one may say that the good success of those enterprises was chiefly owing to the blessing of heaven, which her Majesty drew down upon her arms by her piety, her charity, and all the christian virtues that shin'd in her. 'Tis true, her Majesty had suffered very much for her religion; that she has ever been the foremost support of the church of England, and if I may so speak, the foster-mother of the poor.

The happy reigns of the great *Georges*, and the extraordinary virtues of the royal consort the immortal queen *Carolina*, of bless'd memory, let's involve in a most reverential and awful silence, and leave it

to

to the after-ages to rehearse them.

Well, don't you now confess, that England is happy to be govern'd by such great kings and queens?

A man must be out of his wits to deny it.

I am glad you are of my opinion.

Sir, I am your servant.

Are you for going?

Yes, Sir, unless your commands keep me here.

I humbly kiss your hands;

I return you a thousand thanks.

Have you nothing to command me where in I may serve you?

I only desire you to remember me, for I am yours entirely.

Adieu, till we meet again!

Farewell, my dear!

Dialogue L.

*Between an Englishman
and a stranger.*

Sir, how do you like England?

It is the finest and happiest country in the world.

Well, but now pray, tell me, what do you think

of our nation in general?

Why generally speaking, Englishmen are handsome, witty, sociable, good humor'd, amorous, and great friends to merry-making and feasting; but withal they are naturally capricious, proud, and haughty, chiefly with strangers, and I have observed some among you of the most sordid avarice, which disgraces all their other virtues. And methinks, the author of the *True born Englishman* in his preface, and in several places of his satyr, does no great wrong to a great many amongst them. Yet besides all that, I like best of all the judgment a certain author gives of them, when he says:

„Other nations are as
„cucumbers, there are
„many good, but they
„are but indifferently
„good; but the Eng-
„lish are as melons,
„there are few good,
„but those that are
„good, are very good,

F

„(1

„(I may add) good
 „to perfection : The
 French say : *Les Anglois*
sont extremes en tout.

And what do you say of
 our women?

Why, I take them, for
 the most part, to be the
 finest in the world, by
 reason that they have
 the three properties to
 make them so, which
 are, to be fair in per-
 fection, red to an ex-
 cellence, and to have
 very good shapes.

They are obliged to you
 for the good character
 you give them, for we
 English are naturally
 apt to speak against
 them, which is one of
 our excellencies that
 you forgot. And I think
 by the whole, you had
 best take care of them.

Why, Sir.

Because they are very en-
 ticing and charming.

This shall not keep me
 from their conversation.

But you must avoid ill
 company.

So I shall, Sir, and thank
 you for your good ad-
 vice.

Gentleman, I must now
 take leave of you, but
 hope as long as you con-
 tinue in this kingdom,
 you'll command me as
 your servant.

I thank you, Sir: Gentle-
 man your servant!

Dialogue LI.

Between two gentlemen.

I wish you had been here
 about a quarter of an
 hour ago, you would
 have seen a kind of a
 miracle.

Sir, many do not believe
 in any such thing: what
 miracle is this?

'Tis a government esta-
 blished among insects
 which is so constant,
 that it shames that of
 men.

What government is it?

'Tis that of the bees, which
 in policy, surpasses that
 of kings and emperors,
 and in the manner of
 living.

'Tis the opinion of many
 people; but how do you
 know their king?

Very easily. For he has a
 larger body, more beau-
 tiful,

tiful, and more shining than the rest.

Did you ever see any of their kings?

Very seldom; for his subjects flock continually about him, and never abandon him; and if by chance he happens to fly far from them, they seek him out with care, by their smell, which they have in great perfection.

What weapons has he to make himself be dreaded by his subjects?

None at all; and indeed princes must govern by clemency rather than by rigor.

Does no disorder ever happen among them?

Never; they are faithful to their prince; they love him with passion, and always expose their own life to save his.

I am surpriz'd at this excellent order; but what art do they make use of to lodge themselves?

An admirable one; for they fortify themselves against their enemies, when they build their dwelling.

In what manner, pray?

As they know, that their hony is delicate and sweet, and that both wasps and spiders are prodigiously fond of it; they for fear they should come and plunder the fruits of their labor, build their hives with a substance composed of rue and warm-wood.

Is the king's palace in these fortifications, and can it be distinguish'd from the rest?

Very well; for he is encompassed with a bulwark and a bastion, to give the greater splendor to his authority, and that his repose be less interrupted.

Where are the rest lodged?

Each in his own house, its chamber, and its closet, where they withdraw, bring up their little ones, and keep the provision of their hony.

Are all the subjects of that monarchy equal?

There is a great difference betwixt them; for each works in a different

rent manner, and servants are likewise found amongst them.

What is their employment?

Some are employed to build their little tenements, others to seek provender; some receive it, and others refine their honey.

Which are those you call servants?

They are the largest sort amongst them, which go and fetch provender; some bringing water to those that stay at home, either in their mouths, or in their hair, which suck in water like sponges.

Are those little creatures never idle?

Never.

What do they then, when 'tis bad weather?

They are employed in carrying the excrements out of the house; to cleanse the filth, and to cast it out of the hive.

How do they do for their meals?

They all eat at the same hour, and all in a body;

and their portion is so equal, that one has no more than the other.

Is there as much regularity with respect to night as the day?

Their government is uniform at all times: with the beginning of the night they all retire to their respective apartments.

In what manner is notice given them, when 'tis time to withdraw?

One of their company gives three or four great signals, like the sounding of a horn, which are the signs of the retreat.

How long does that silence hold?

Till morning then the same bee awakes them.

Are there no punishments among them?

They kill such as are idle, Indeed that's wonderful.

Sir, this is no more than a meer abstract of what I could say of them; but I am afraid I should be tedious, if I proceeded any farther.

Your readiness (kindness) to

to oblige me cannot but impress my mind with the obligation which I cannot at present testify better than that I am sincerely your respectful and most obedient servant.

Dialogue I.II.

Between a lady and a countryman.

Did you ever see so beautiful a rainbow before?
Yes, Madam, and more beautiful than this you see.

Can you explain to me in what manner this lovely meteor is formed?

How would you have it to be formed? 't is formed in the air.

I know that very well; but I am inquisitive to know whence it draws its origin, that is, what matter it is composed of?

Don't you see that 'tis composed of several colors, of blue, red, green, and several others?

'Tis true; but I shall not be satisfied with knowing that it has several colors, except you instruct me in the manner how they are formed in the air?

Very easily, Madam, for I myself form the same phenomenon every day, when I please.

In what manner?

I take water in my mouth, then turning my face upwards towards the sun, I spout it with force into the air.

What does this do?

It forms as beautiful a rainbow, as ever you saw in your life.

O the mighty man!

Friend, you are mistaken, the rainbow is formed in clouds, and not on drops of water.

If this be your opinion, 'tis not mine; you believe what others tell you, but I know it by experience.

If that were true, there would follow, that it should rain every time we see the rain-bow.

So it does.

I have often observed it not rain in the place from whence I saw the rain-bow.

That may be; but that is no argument it does not rain in other places: 'Tis enough if it rains in the place whence we discover the rain-bow.

Are you of opinion, that two different persons may see the same rain-bow.

I can't answer yes, or no. You are then not certain, that the same object strikes the eyes of all its spectators alike?

It may so happen, that what I see, does not present it self to me in the same manner as it appears to another.

Why?

Because a woman my neighbor, who has but one eye, tells me often, that our meadows are of a gray color, when I perceive nothing but green.

'Tis not so with the rain-bow.

'Tis exactly the same thing.

Farewell, Friend!

Farewell, Madam!

Long life to you! The beggars blessing to you!

Dialogue LIII.

Between an ignorant fool, a bantering wag, and one that is a friend to both.

My dear Roger, what news?

O abundance — The great Turk, they say, is turned Moor, and Venice now floats in water, and moreover, what is something of a secret, the Great-Duke of * * has lain with the Queen of * * as also has done the Earl of Flanders with the Queen of Spain.

How? all this news?

Yes, just arrived by an express.

Great lies commonly come a far off.

Well, that may be; but however this is as true as the light, and if you live, you'll see stranger wonders.

What

What wonders prithce?

Why, that the great luminary that God created at the beginning to preside over the day, will be greater than that part we live upon.

Pray, what is the great luminary, and what's the part we live upon?

Don't you know what's the sun and what's the earth? Why, the sun will be greater than the whole earth.

Indeed! Is it possible?

Yes, more than possible, 'tis certain. And likewise, that the moon should be seen every night in a different form; and that the planets shall have no light but what they borrow from the sun; that all the rivers shall run into the sea, and many mountains blaze with fire. That there will be a huge mortality of cattle of all kinds; and lastly, in every city there will be several monsters that shall cast forth flames from their

mouths, and that those men, who do not eat what they vomit, shall die.

Mercy on us: This must needs be all lies.

By no means, for the sun and moon shall sooner fail than these things not happen.

Why, then all people must die; for how is it possible, that any should ever digest what ever those monsters you speak of, disgorge?

Why, thou hast digested a whole ass already, and dost thou boggle at this.

If I am an ass, you are a mule, and that's near of kin.

Well — But come, tell me, if every fool were to be tax'd for his folly, would not your quantum run high, think you?

Not so high as yours, unless you were not above a quarter fells'd.

Come, come peace for shame, gentlemen, you

have railed at one another enough!

What! to be called fool, and I know not what, do you call that railery?

In my mind he might very well call you fool, when he has made so great a one of you.

How do you mean?

Why, by puzzling you with his wonders.

Do you understand them better then?

Yes, I think I do.

I should be glad to be inform'd; Sir, pray, please to begin.

Why, in the first place he told you, that the Turk was turned Moor: How the devil should he do otherwise, when he has all along been a Mahometan by profession? Next that *Venice floated in water*: truly that might very well happen, since it is built in the sea.

Well, I could easily have guess'd at this: But as to the *Great Duke of* **

lying with the *Queen of* ** and the *Earl of Flanders* with the *Queen of Spain*, how can you make that out?

Why, thou oaf thou! art thou arrived to these years, and dost thou not know, that the *Great-Duke of* ** is the *Queen's of* ** consort, and that the king of Spain is the only *Earl of Flanders*?

Faith, I did not think of that; but prithee go on.

Why, then he said, *that the sun should be greater than the whole earth*: and even so it is nineteen times, (some say 166 times, others, 300 times) as it is easily to be proved. Next, *that the moon should appear every night in a different form*; and so it will as long as it always either increases or decreases.

Then for *mountains blazing with fire*, there are many instances in the

the world, such as Aetna, Vesuvius &c. And for *cattle dying in great abundance*, it were impossible we should live else.

Why, all this may be, but
I can't imagine how
you can make out the
monsters that *vomit* *fi-*
re, which we are to eat
to save our lives?

He did not say you were to eat the fire, but said only you must eat what the monsters cast forth, or you should die. That is, bread, child, bread, or you would soon kick up, take my word for't: for these monsters he spoke of to you, were no other than ovens— Well, what think you now?

Think ! why I think you are in the right, and I have been a codshead to be puzzled all this while with a tale of a tub, a thing of no depth. O! I could almost knock my brains out, if I had any, for being so great a numskull.

Hold, be not so rash, for certainly as great wits as you, have been puzzled with trifles before now. What think you of the old *Grecian* bard *Homer*, who walking one day by a river's side, after he was blind, and hearing some fishermen, who were lousing themselves, call to their fellows who were on the other side, and asking them, *what they caught*, they answering, *that what they caught they lost*, and looked only after *what they had*, he was so astonish'd at the mystery, that he immediately went home and died. What sayest thou to tis now?

Say? why, if I could believe the story, I should think him a great fool.

Well, but however you
need not trouble your
self about this case; I
suppose you are not like
to die of the same dis-
temper.

Faith, I believe not; all
F 5 our

our family, I'll say that
for them, have done
me justice, to leave the
world without much
thinking; and so fare-
well *Oedipus*.

Farewell ignorance; and
when we meet next,
d'ye hear, let it be at
a feast of flames, with
a huge mortality of
cattle, and mountains

blazing with fiery zests,
rivers running with
claret; and lastly, the
fun to light us by day,
and the moon and stars
to wait upon us by
night.

Go to, you're a wag, and
so I leave you.

And you are an ass, and
so I leave you.



C A T O.

A

T R A G E D Y.

By Mr. ADDISON.

Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

CATO.

Lucius, *a Senator.*

Sempronius, *a Senator.*

Juba, *Prince of Numidia.*

Syphax, *General of the Numidians.*

Portius, } *Sons of Cato.*

Marcus, }

Decius, *Ambassador from Cæsar.*

Mutineers, Guards, &c.

W O M E N.

Marcia, *Daughter to Cato.*

Lucia, *Daughter to Lucius.*

SCENE, *a large hall in the Governor's
Palace of Utica.*

PRO-

PROLOGUE,

By Mr. POPE.

To wake the soul by tender strokes of art,
 To raise the genius, and to mend the heart,
 To make mankind in conscious virtue bold,
 Live o'er each scene, and be what they behold:
 For this the tragick-muse first trod the stage,
 Commanding tears to stream thro' every age;
 Tyrants no more their savage nature kept,
 And foes to virtue wonder'd how they wept.
 Our author shuns by vulgar springs to move
 The hero's glory, or the virgin's love;
 In pitying love we but our weakness shew,
 And wild ambition well deserves its woe.
 Here tears shall flow from a more gen'rous cause,
 Such tears as patriots shed for dying laws:
 He bids your breasts with ancient ardor rise,
 And calls forth, Roman drops from British eyes.
 Virtue confess'd in human shape he draws,
 What Plato thought, and god-like Cato was:
 No common object to your sight displays,
 But what with pleasure heav'n itself surveys;
 A brave man struggling in the storms of fate,
 And greatly falling with a falling state!
 While Cato gives his little Senate laws,
 What bosom beats not in his country's cause?

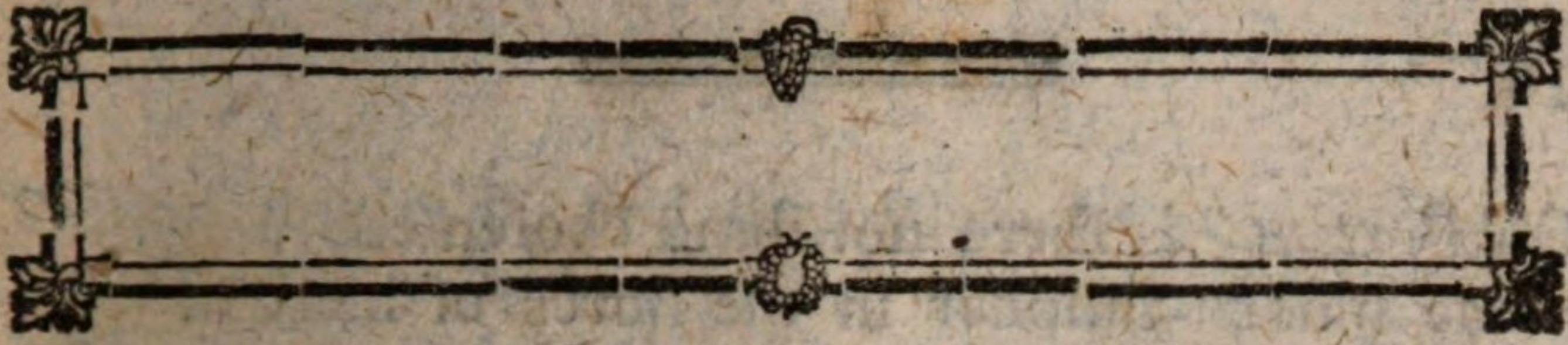
Who

Who sees him act, but envies ev'ry deed?
 Who hears him groan, and does not wish to bleed?
 Ev'n when proud Cæsar midst triumphal cars,
 The spoils of nations, and the pomp of wars,
 Ignobly vain, and impotently great,
 Shew'd Rome her Cato's figure drawn in state,
 As her dead father's rever'nd image past,
 The pomp was darken'd, and the day o'ercast,
 The triumph ceas'd — Tears gush'd from ev'ry eye,
 The world's great victor pass'd unheeded by:
 Her last good man dejected Rome ador'd,
 And honor'd Cæsar's less than Cato's sword.

Britons attend: Be worth like this approv'd
 And shew you have the virtue to be mov'd.
 With honest scorn the first fam'd Cato view'd
 Rome learning arts from Greece, whom she subdu'd:
 Our scene precariously subsists too long
 On french translation and italian song.
 Dare to have sense your selves; assert the stage,
 Be justly warm'd with your own native rage,
 Such plays alone should please a british ear,
 As Cato's self had not disdain'd to hear.



CATO.



C A T O.

A C T. I. S C E N E I.

PORTIUS, MARCUS.

Portius.

The dawn is overcast, the morning low'rs.
And heavily in clouds brings on the day,
The great, th' important day, big with the fate
Of *Cato* and of *Rome* — Our father's death
Would fill up all the guilt of civil war,
And close the scene of blood. Already *Cæsar*
Has ravaged more than half the globe, and sees
Mankind grown thin by his destructive sword:
Should he go farther, numbers would be wanting
To form new battles, and support his crimes.
Ye Gods what havock dos ambition make
Among your works!

Marc. Thy steady temper, *Portius*,
Can look on guilt, rebellion, fraud, and *Cæsar*,
In the calm lights of mild philosophy;
I'm tortur'd, even to madness, when I think
On the proud victor: ev'ry time he's nam'd
Pharsalia rises to my view! — I see
Th' insulting tyrant prancing o'er the field
Strow'd with *Rome's* citizens, and drench'd in
slaughter,
His horse's hoofs wet with patrician blood!

Oh

Oh *Portius*, is there not some chosen curse,
Some hidden thunder in the stores of heav'n,
Red with uncommon wrath, to blast the man,
Who owes his greatness to his country's ruin?

Port. Believe me, *Marcus*, 'tis an impious greatness,
And mix'd with too much horror to be envy'd:
How dos the lustre of our father's actions,
Through the dark cloud of ills that cover him,
Break out, and burn with more triumphant brightness!
His suff'rings shine, and spread a glory round him,
Greatly unfortunate, he fights the cause
Of honor, virtue, liberty, and *Rome*.
His sword ne'er fell but on the guilty head;
Oppression, tyranny, and power usurp'd,
Draw all the vengeance of his arm upon em.

Marc. Who knows not this? But what can *Cato* do
Against a world, a base degen'rate world,
That courts the yoke, and bows the neck to *Cæsar*?
Pent up in *Utica*, he vainly forms
A poor epitome of *Roman* greatness,
And, cover'd with *Numidian* guards, directs
A feeble army, and an empty senate,
Remnants of mighty battles fought in vain.
By heav'ns, such virtues, join'd with such success,
Distract my very soul: Our father's fortune
Would almost tempt us to renounce his precepts.

Port. Remember what our father oft has told us:
The ways of heav'n are dark and intricate;
Puzzled in mazes, and perplex'd with errors;
Our understanding traces 'em in vain,
Lost and bewilder'd in the fruitless search;
Nor sees with how much art the windings run,
Nor where the regular confusion ends.

Marc. These are suggestions of a mind at ease:
Oh *Portius*, didst thou taste but half the griefs
That wring my soul, thou cou'dst not talk thus coldly,
Passion

Passion unpity'd, and successless love,
Plant daggers in my heart, and aggravate
My other griefs. Were but my *Lucia* kind! —

Port. Marcus, thy virtue's on the proof:
Put forth thy utmost strength, work ev'ry nerve,
And call up all thy father in thy soul:
To quell the tyrant love, and guard thy heart
On this weak side, where most our nature fails,
Would be a conquest worthy *Cato's* son.

Marc. Portius, the counsel which I cannot take,
Instead of healing, but upbraids my weakness.
Bid me for honor plunge into a war
Of thickest foes, and rush on certain death,
Then shalt thou see that *Marcus* is not slow
To follow glory, and confess his father.
Love is not to be reason'd down, or lost
In high ambition, and a thirst of greatness;
'Tis second life, it grows into the soul,
Warms ev'ry vein, and beats in ev'ry pulse,
I feel it here: My resolution melts —

Port. Behold young *Juba*, the *Numidian* prince!
With how much care he forms himself to glory,
And breaks the fierceness of his native temper
To copy out our father's bright example.
He loves our sister *Marcia*, greatly loves her,
His eyes, his looks, his actions all betray it:
But still the smother'd fondness burns within him.
When most it swells, and labors for a vent,
The sense of honor and desire of fame
Drive the big passion back into his heart.
What! shall an *African*, shall *Juba's* heir
Reproach great *Cato's* son, and shew the world
A virtue wanting in a *Roman* soul?

Marc. Portius, no more! your words leave stings
behind 'em.

When-e'er did *Juba*, or did *Portius*, shew

A virtue that has cast me at a distance,
And thrown me out in the pursuits of honor!

Port. *Marcus*, I know thy gen'rous temper well;
Fling but th' appearance of dishonor on it,
It straight takes fire, and mounts into a blaze.

Marc. A brother's suff'rings claim a brother's pity.

Port. Heav'n knows I pity thee: behold my eyes
Ev'n whilst I speak — Do they not swim in tears?

Were but my heart as naked to thy view,

Marcus would see it bleed in his behalf.

Marc. Why then dost treat me with rebukes,
instead

Of kind condoling cares, and friendly sorrow!

Port. O *Marcus*, did I know the way to ease
Thy troubled heart, and mitigate thy pains,

Marcus, believe me, I could die to do it.

Marc. Thou best of brothers, and thou best of
friends!

Pardon a weak distemper'd soul, that swells
With sudden gusts, and sinks as soon in calms,
The sport of passions: — But *Sempronius* comes:
He must not find this softness hanging on me.

(*Exit.*)

SCENE II.

Enter SEMPRONIUS.

Sempronius.

Good morrow, *Portius*! let us once embrace,
Once more embrace; whilst yet we both are free.
To-morrow shou'd we thus express our friendship,
Each might receive a slave into his arms:
This sun perhaps, this morning sun's the last,
That e'er shall rise on *Roman* liberty.

Port. My father has this morning call'd together
To

To this poor hall his little *Roman* Senate,
 (The leavings of *Pharsalia*) to consult
 If yet he can oppose the mighty torrent
 That bears down *Rome*, and all her gods before it,
 Or must at length give up the world to *Cæsar*.

Semp. Not all the pomp and majesty of *Rome*
 Can raise her senate more than *Cato's* presence.
 His virtues render our assembly awful,
 They strike with something like religious fear,
 And make ev'n *Cæsar* tremble at the head
 Of armies flush'd with conquest. O my *Portius*,
 Could I but call that wondrous man my father,
 Wou'd but thy sister *Marcia* be propitious
 To thy friend's vows, I might be bless'd indeed!

Port. Alas! *Sempronius*, wou'dst thou talk of love
 To *Marcia*, whilst her father's life's in danger?
 Thou might'st as well court the pale trembling vestal,
 When she beholds the holy flame expiring.

Semp. The more I see the wonders of thy race,
 The more I'm charm'd. Thou must take heed, my
Portius!

The world has all its eyes on *Cato's* son.
 Thy father's merit sets thee up to view,
 And shews thee in the fairest point of light,
 To make thy virtues, or thy faults, conspicuous.

Port. Well dost thou seem to check my lingring here
 On this important hour — I'll straight away,
 And while the fathers of the senate meet
 In close debate to weigh the events of war,
 I'll animate the soldiers drooping courage,
 With love of freedom, and contempt of life:
 I'll thunder in their ears their country's cause.
 And try to rouse up all that's *Roman* in 'em.
 'Tis not in mortals to command success:
 But we'll do more, *Sempronius*; we'll deserve it.

(*Excit.*)

S C E N E III.

SYPHAX, SEMPRONIUS.

Syphax.

Sempronius, all is ready,
I've founded my *Numidians*, man by man,
And find 'em ripe for a revolt: They all
Complain aloud of *Cato's* discipline,
And wait but the command to change their master.

Semp. Believe me, *Syphax*, there's no time to
waste;

Even whilst we speak our conqueror comes on,
And gathers ground upon us ev'ry moment.
Alas! thou know'st not *Cæsar's* active soul,
With what a dreadful course he rushes on
From war to war? In vain has nature form'd
Mountains and oceans to oppose his passage;
He bounds o'er all, victorious in his march;
The *Alps* and *Pyreneans* sink before him,
Through winds and waves, and storms he works
his way,

Impatient for the battle; one day more
Will set the victor thund'ring at our gates.
But tell me, hast thou yet drawn o'er young *Juba*?
That still would recommend thee more to *Cæsar*,
And challenge better terms.

Syph. Alas! he's lost,
He's lost, *Sempronius*; all his thoughts are full
Of *Cato's* virtues — But I'll try once more
(For ev'ry instant I expect him here,)
If yet I can subdue those stubborn principles
Of faith, of honor, and I know not what,
That have corrupted his *Numidian* temper,
And struck th' infection into all his soul.

Semp. Be sure to press upon him ev'ry motive.
Juba's surrender, since his father's death,
Would

Would give up *Africk* into *Cæsar*'s hands,
And make him Lord of half the burning zone.

Syph. But is it true, *Sempronius*, that your senate
Is call'd together? Gods! Thou must be cautious!
Cato has piercing eyes, and will discern
Our frauds, unless they're cover'd thick with art.

Semp. Let me alone, good *Syphax*, I'll conceal
My thoughts in passion ('tis the surest way;)
I'll bellow out for *Rome*, and for my country,
And mouth at *Cæsar* 'till I shake the Senate.

Your cold hypocrisy's a stale device,
A worn-out trick: Would'st thou be thought in earnest?
Clothe thy feign'd zeal in rage, in fire, in fury!

Syph. In troth, thou'rt able to instruct gray-hairs,
And teach the wily *African* deceit!

Semp. Once more, be sure to try thy skill on *Juba*.
Mean while I'll hasten to my *Roman* soldiers,
Inflame the mutiny, and underhand
Blow up their discontents, 'till they break out
Unlook'd for, and discharge themselves on *Cato*.
Remember, *Syphax*, we must work in haste:
O think what anxious moments pass between
The birth of plots, and their last fatal periods.
Oh! 'tis a dreadful interval of time,
Fill'd up with horror all, and big with death!
Destruction hangs on ev'ry word we speak,
On ev'ry thought, 'till the concluding stroke
Determines all, and closes our design. (Exit.)

SCENE IV.

JUBA, SYPHAX.

Juba. *Syphax*, I joy to meet thee thus alone.
I have observed of late thy looks are fall'n,
O'ercast with gloomy cares and discontent;
Then tell me, *Syphax*, I conjure thee, tell me,

What are the thoughts that knit thy brow in frowns,
And turn thine eye thus coldly on thy prince?

Syph. 'Tis not my talent to conceal my thoughts,
Or carry smiles and sun-shine in my face,
When discontent sits heavy at my heart.

I have not yet so much the *Roman* in me.

Iub. Why dost thou cast out such ungen'rous terms
Against the lords and sov'reigns of the world?
Dost thou not see mankind fall down before them,
And own the force of their superior virtue?

Is there a nation in the wilds of *Africk*,
Amidst our barren rocks, and burning sands,
That does not tremble at the *Roman* name?

Syph. Gods! where's the worth that sets this
people up

Above your own *Numidia's* tawny sons!
Do they with tougher sinews bend the bow?

Or flies the jav'lin swifter to its mark,
Launch'd from the vigor of a *Roman* arm!

Who like our active *African* instructs
The fiery steed, and trains him to his hand?

Or guides in troops th' embattled elephant,
Loaden with war? These, these are arts, my Prince,
In which your *Zama* does not stoop to *Rome*.

Iub. These all are virtues of a meaner rank,
Perfections that are plac'd in bones and nerves.

A *Roman* soul is bent on higher views:

To civilize the rude unpolish'd world,

To lay it under the restraint of laws;

To make man mild, and sociable to man;

To cultivate the wild licentious savage

With wisdom, discipline, and lib'ral arts;

Th' embellishments of life: Virtues like these,

Make human nature shine, reform the soul,

And break our fierce barbarians into men.

Syph.

Syph. Patience, kind heav'ns! — Excuse an old
man's warmth.

What are these wond'rous civilizing arts,
This *Roman* polish, and this smooth behavior,
That render man thus tractable and tame?
Are they not only to disguise our passions,
To set our looks at variance with our thoughts,
To check the starts and fallies of the soul,
And break off all its commerce with the tongue;
In short, to change us into other creatures,
Than what our nature and the gods design'd us?

Iub. To strike thee dumb: Turn up thy eyes
to *Cato*!

There may'st thou see to what a godlike height
The *Roman* virtues lift up mortal man.
While good, and just, and anxious for his friends,
He's still severely bent against himself;
Renouncing sleep, and rest, and food, and ease,
He strives with thirst and hunger, toil and heat,
And when his fortune sets before him all
The pomps and pleasures that his soul can wish,
His rigid virtue will accept of none.

Syph. Believe me, Prince, there's not an *African*
That traverses our vast *Numidian* desarts
In quest of prey, and lives upon his bow,
But better practises these boasted virtues.
Coarse are his meals, the fortune of the chase,
Amidst the running stream he slakes his thirst,
Toils all the day, and at th' approach of night
On the first friendly bank he throws him down,
Or rests his head upon a rock 'till morn:
Then rises fresh, pursues his wonted game,
And if the following day he chance to find
A new repast, or an untasted spring,
Blesses his stars, and thinks it luxury.

Iub. Thy prejudices, *Syphax*, won't discern
G 4 What

What virtues grow from ignorance and choice,
 Nor how the heroe differs from the brute.
 But grant that others cou'd with equal glory
 Look down on pleasures, and the baits of sense;
 Where shall we find the man that bears affliction,
 Great and majestick in his griefs, like *Cato*?
 Heav'ns! with what strength, what steadiness of mind,
 He triumphs in the midst of all his suff'rings!
 How does he rise against a load of woes,
 And thank the gods that throw the weight upon him!
Syph. 'Tis pride, rank pride, and haughtiness of
 soul:

I think the *Romans* call it *Stoicism*.
 Had not your royal father thought so highly
 Of *Roman* virtue, and of *Cato's* cause,
 He had not fall'n by a slave's hand, inglorious:
 Nor would his slaughter'd army now have lain
 On *Africk* sands, disfigur'd with their wounds,
 To gorge the wolves and vultures of *Numidia*.

Iub. Why didst thou call my sorrows up afresh?
 My father's name brings tears into my eyes.

Syph. Oh, that you'd profit by your father's ills!

Iub. What wou'dst thou have me do?

Syph. Abandon *Cato*.

Iub. *Syphax*, I shou'd be more than twice an orphan
 By such a loss.

Syph. Ay, there's the tie that binds you!
 You long to call him father. *Marcia's* charms
 Work in your heart unseen, and plead for *Cato*.
 No wonder you are deaf to all I say.

Iub. *Syphax*, your zeal becomes importunate;
 I've hitherto permitted it to rave,
 And talk at large; but learn to keep it in,
 Lest it should take more freedom than I'll give it.

Syph. Sir, your great father never us'd me thus.
 Alas, he's dead! But can you e'er forget

The

The tender sorrows and the pangs of nature,
 The fond embraces, and repeated blessings,
 Which you drew from him in your last farewell?
 Still must I cherish the dear, sad remembrance,
 At once to torture, and to please my soul.
 The good old king at parting wrung my hand,
 (His eyes brim full of tears) then sighing cry'd,
 Pr'ythee be careful of my son! — his grief
 Swell'd up so high he could not utter more.

Iub. Alas, the story melts away my soul.
 That best of fathers! how shall I discharge
 The gratitude and duty which I owe him!

Syph. By laying up his counsels in your heart.

Iub. His counsels bade me yield to thy directions:
 Then, *Syphax*, chide me in severest terms,
 Vent all thy passion, and I'll stand its shock,
 Calm and unruffled as a summer sea,
 When not a breath of wind flies o'er its surface.

Syph. Alas, my Prince, I'd guide you to your safety.

Iub. I do believe thou wou'dst: but tell me how?

Syph. Fly from the fate that follows *Cæsar's* foes.

Iub. My father scorn'd to do it.

Syph. And therefore dy'd.

Iub. Better to die ten thousand thousand deaths,
 Than wound my honor.

Syph. Rather say your love.

Iub. *Syphax*, I've promis'd to preserve my temper,
 Why wilt thou urge me to confess a flame,
 I long have stifled, and wou'd fain conceal?

Syph. Believe me, Prince, tho' hard to conker love,
 'Tis easy to divert and break its force:
 Absence might cure it, or a second mistress
 Light up another flame, and put out this.
 The glowing dames of *Zama's* royal court
 Have faces flusht with more exalted charms;
 The sun that rolls his chariot o'er their heads,

Works up more fire and color in their cheeks:
Were you with these, my Prince, you'd soon forget
The pale, unripen'd, beauties of the *North*.

Iub. 'Tis not a set of features, or complexion,
The tincture of a skin that I admire.

Beauty soon grows familiar to the lover,
Fades in his eye, and palls upon the sense.

The virtuous *Marcia* tow'rs above her sex:

True, she is fair, (Oh, how divinely fair!)

But still the lovely maid improves her charms,

With inward greatness, unaffected wisdom,

And sanctity of manners. *Cato's* soul

Shines out in every thing she acts or speaks,

While winning mildness and attractive smiles

Dwell in her looks, and with becoming grace

Softens the rigor of her father's virtues.

Syph. How does your tongue grow wanton in her
praise!

But on my knees I beg you would consider —

Enter *Marcia* and *Lucia*.

Iub. Hah! *Syphax*, is't not she! — She moves
this way:

And with her *Lucia*, *Lucius's* fair daughter.

My heart beats thick — I pr'ythee, *Syphax*, leave me.

S C E N E V.

JUBA, MARCIA, LUCIA.

Iub. Hail, charming maid! how does thy beauty
smooth

The face of war, and make ev'n horror smile!

At sight of thee my heart shakes off its sorrows;

I feel a dawn of joy break in upon me,

And for a while forget th' approach of *Cæsar*.

Marc.

Marc. I shou'd be griev'd, young Prince, to think
my presence

Unbent your thoughts, and slaken'd 'em to arms,
While warm with slaughter, our victorious foe
Threatens aloud, and calls you to the field.

Iub. O *Marcia*, let me hope thy kind concerns
And gentle wishes follow me to battle!

The thought will give new vigor to my arms,
Add strength and weight to my descending sword,
And drive it in a tempest on the foe.

Marc. My pray'rs and wishes always shall attend
The friends of *Rome*, the glorious cause of virtue,
And men approv'd of by the gods and *Cato*.

Iub. That *Iuba* may deserve thy pious cares,
I'll gaze for ever on thy godlike father,
Transplanting, one by one, into my life
His bright perfections, 'till I shine like him.

Marc. My father never at a time like this
Wou'd lay out his great soul in words, and waste
Such precious moments.

Iub. Thy reproofs are just,
Thou virtuous maid; I'll hasten to my troops,
And fire their languid souls with *Cato's* virtue.
If e'er I lead them to the field, when all
The war shall stand ranged in its just array,
And dreadful pomp: Then will I think on thee!
O lovely maid, then will I think on thee!
And in the shock of charging hosts, remember
What glorious deeds shou'd grace the man, who hopes
For *Marcia's* love. (Exit.)

SCENE VI.

LUCIA, MARCIA.

Luc. *Marcia*, you're too severe:
How cou'd you chide the young good natured Prince,
And

And drive him from you with so stern an air,
A Prince that loves and dotes on you to death?

Marc. 'Tis therefore, *Lucia*, that I chide him
from me.

His air, his voice, his looks, his honest soul
Speak all so movingly in his behalf,
I dare not trust myself to hear him talk.

Luc. Why will you fight against so sweet a passion,
And steel your heart to such a world of charms?

Marc. How, *Lucia*, woud'st thou have me sink away
In pleasing dreams, and lose myself in love,
When ev'ry moment *Cato's* life's at stake?

Cæsar comes arm'd with terror and revenge,
And aims his thunder at my father's head:
Shou'd not the sad occasion swallow up
My other cares, and draw them all into it?

Luc. Why have not I this constancy of mind,
Who have so many griefs to try its force?
Sure, nature form'd me of her softed mould,
Enfeebled all my soul with tender passions,
And sunk me even below my own weak sex:
Pity, and love, by turns oppress my heart.

Marc. *Lucia*, disburden all thy cares on me,
And let me share thy most retired distress;
Tell me who raises up this conflict in thee?

Luc. I need not blush to name them, when I tell thee
They're *Marcia's* brothers, and the sons of *Cato*,

Marc. They both behold thee with their sister's
eyes:

And often have reveal'd their passion to me.
But tell me, whose address thou fav'rest most?
I long to know, and yet I dread to hear it.

Luc. Which is it *Marcia* wishes for?

Marc. For neither —

And yet for both — The youths have equal share
In

In *Marcia's* wishes, and divides their sister:
But tell me, which of them is *Lucia's* choice?

Luc. *Marcia*, they both are high in my esteem,
But in my love — why wilt thou make me name him!
Thou know'st it is a blind, and foolish passion,
Pleas'd, and disgusted with it knows not what —

Marc. O *Lucia*, I'm perplex'd, o tell me whom
I must hereafter call my happy brother?

Luc. Suppose 'twere *Portius*, could you blame
my choice?

— O *Portius*, thou hast stol'n away my soul!
With what a graceful tenderness he loves!
And breathes the softest, the sincerest vows!
Complacency, and truth, and manly sweetness
Dwell ever on his tongue, and smooth his thoughts,
Marcus is over-warm, his fond complaints
Have so much earnestness and passion in them,
I hear him with a secret kind of horror,
And tremble at his vehemence of temper.

Marc. Alas, poor youth! how canst thou throw
him from thee?

Lucia, thou know'st not half the love he bears thee!
Whene'er he speaks of thee, his heart's in flames,
He sends out all his soul in ev'ry word,
And thinks, and talks, and looks like one transported.
Unhappy youth! how will thy coldness raise
Tempests and storms in his afflicted bosom!
I dread the consequence.

Luc. You seem to plead
Against your brother *Portius*.

Marc. Heav'n forbid!
Had *Portius* been the unsuccessful lover,
The same compassion wou'd have fall'n on him.

Luc. Was ever virgin love distress'd like mine!
Portius himself oft falls in tears before me,
As if he mourn'd his rivals ill success,

Then

Then bids me hide the motions of my heart,
Nor shew which way it turns. So much he fears
The sad effects, that it would have on *Marcus*.

Marc. He knows too well how easily he's fired,
And wou'd not plunge his brother in despair,
But waits for happier times, and kinder moments.

Luc. Alas, too late I find my self involved
In endless griefs, and labyrinths of woe,
Born to afflict my *Marcia's* family,
And sow dissension in the hearts of brothers,
Tormenting thought! it cuts into my soul.

Marc. Let us not, *Lucia*, aggravate our sorrows,
But to the gods permit th' event of things.
Our lives, discolored with our present woes,
May still grow bright, and smile with happier hours.

So the pure limpid stream, when foul with stains
Of rushing torrents, and descending rains,
Works it self clear, and as it runs, refines;
'Till by degrees the floating mirror shines,
Reflects each flow'r that on the border grows,
And a new heav'n in its fair bosom shews.

(*Exeunt.*)

The End of the first act.

A C T. II. S C E N E I.

The SENATE.

Sempronius.

ROME still survives in this assembled Senate!
Let us remember we are *Cato's* friends,
And act like men who claim that glorious title.

Luc. *Cato* will soon be here and open to us

Th'

Th' occasion of our meeting. Hark! he comes!
(*A found of trumpets.*)

May all the guardian gods of *Rome* direct him!

Enter Cato.

Cato. Fathers, we once again are met in council.
Cæsar's approach has summon'd us together,
And *Rome* attends her fate from our resolves:
How shall we treat this bold aspiring man?
Success still follows him, and backs his crimes:
Pharsalia gave him *Rome*, *Egypt* has since
Receiv'd his yoke, and the whole *Nile* is *Cæsar's*.
Why should I mention *Juba's* overthrow,
And *Scipio's* death? *Numidia's* burning sands
Still smoke with blood, 'tis time we should decree
What course to take. Our foe advances on us,
And envies us even *Libya's* sultry desarts.
Fathers, pronounce your thoughts, are they still fixt
To hold it out, and fight it to the last?
Or are your hearts subdu'd at length, and wrought
By time, and ill success to a submission?
Sempronius, speak.

Semp. My voice is still for war.
Gods! can a *Roman* Senate long debate
Which of the two to choose, slav'ry or death!
No, let us rise at once, gird on our swords,
And at the head of our remaining troops,
Attak the foe, break through the thick array
Of his throng'd legions, and charge home upon him.
Perhaps some arm, more lucky than the rest,
May reach his heart, and free the world from bondage.
Rise, fathers, rise! 'tis *Rome* demands your help;
Rise, and revenge her slaughter'd citizens,
Or share their fate! the corps of half her senate
Manure the fields of *Theffaly*, while we
Sit here delib'rating in cold debates,

If

If we should sacrifice our lives to honor,
 Or wear them put in servitude and chains.
 Rouse up for shame! our brothers of *Pharsalia*
 Point at their wounds, and cry aloud — to battle!
 Great *Pompey's* shade complains that we are slow,
 And *Scipio's* ghost walks unrevenged amongst us!

Cato. Let not a torrent of impetuous zeal
 Transport thee thus beyond the bounds of reason:
 True fortitude is seen in great exploits
 That justice warrants, and that wisdom guides,
 All else is tow'ring frenzy and distraction,
 Are not the lives of those who draw the sword
 In *Rome's* defence intrusted to our care?
 Should we thus lead them to a field of slaughter,
 Might not th' impartial world with reason say,
 We lavish'd at our deaths the blood of thousands,
 To grace our fall, and make our ruin glorious?

Lucius, we next would know what's your opinion.

Luc. My thoughts I must confess are turn'd on peace.
 Already have our quarrels fill'd the world
 With widows, and with orphans: *Scythia* mourns
 Our guilty wars, and earth's remotest regions
 Lie half unpeopled by the feuds of *Rome*:
 'Tis time to sheath the sword, and spare mankind.
 It is not *Cæsar*, but the gods, my fathers,
 The gods declare against us, and repel
 Our vain attempts. To urge the foe to battle,
 (Prompted by blind revenge and wild despair)
 Were to refuse th' awards of providence,
 And not to rest in heav'n's determination.
 Already have we shewn our love to *Rome*,
 Now let us shew submission to the gods.
 We took up arms, not to revenge ourselves,
 But free the commonwealth; when this end fails,
 Arms have no farther use: Our country's cause,
 That drew our swords, now wrests 'em from our hands,
 And

And bids us not delight in *Roman* blood,
Unprofitably shed; what men could do
Is done already: heav'n and earth will witness,
If *Rome* must fall, that we are innocent.

Cato. Let us appear nor rash nor diffident:
Immoderate valor swells into a fault;
And fear, admitted into publick councils,
Betrays like treason. Let us shun 'em both.
Fathers, I cannot see that our affairs
Are grown thus desp'rate, we have bulwarks round us:
Within our walls are troops endured to toil
In *Africk's* heats, and season'd to the sun;
Numidia's spacious kingdom lies behind us,
Ready to rise at its young Prince's call.
While there is hope, do not distrust the gods:
But wait at least 'till *Cæsar's* near approach
Force us to yield. 'Twill never be too late
To sue for chains, and own a conqueror.
Why should *Rome* fall a moment ere her time?
No, let us draw her term of freedom out
In its full length, and spin it to the last,
So shall we gain still one day's liberty;
And let me perish, but in *Cato's* judgment
A day, an hour of virtuous liberty,
Is worth a whole eternity in bondage.

Enter Marcus.

Marc. Fathers, this moment, as I watch'd the gates
Lodg'd on my post, a herald is arriv'd
From *Cæsar's* camp, and with him comes old *Decius*,
The *Roman* knight; he carries in his looks
Impatience, and demands to speak with *Cato*.

Cato. By permission, fathers, bid him enter.

(*Exit Marcus.*)

Decius was once my friend, but other prospects
Have loosed those ties, and bound him fast to *Cæsar*,
His message may determine our resolves.

H

SCE-

S C E N E II.

*Enter DECIVS.**Cæsar* sends health to *Cato*. —*Cato*. Cou'd he send itTo *Cato's* slaughter'd friends, it would be welcome.
Are not your ordres to address the Senate?*Dec.* My business is with *Cato*; *Cæsar* sees
The straits, to which you're driv'n; and, as he knows
Cato's high worth, is anxious for your life.*Cato*. My life is grafted on the fate of *Rome*:
Wou'd he save *Cato*? Bid him spare his country.
Tell your Dictator this: and tell him, *Cato*
Disdains a life, which he has power to offer.*Dec.* *Rome* and her senators submit to *Cæsar*;
Her Gen'als and her Consuls are no more,
Who check'd his conquests, and denied his triumphs.
Why will not *Cato* be this *Cæsar's* friend?*Cato*. Those very reasons thou hast urged, forbid it.*Dec.* *Cato*, I've orders to expostulate,
And reason with you, as from friend to friend:
Think on the storm that gathers o'er your head,
And threatens ev'ry hour to burst upon it;
Still may you stand high in your country's honors,
Do but comply, and make your peace with *Cæsar*.
Rome will rejoice, and cast its eyes on *Cato*,
As on the second of mankind.*Cato*. No more:
I must not think of life on such conditions.*Dec.* *Cæsar* is well acquainted with your virtues,
And therefore sets this value on your life:
Let him but know the price of *Cato's* friendship,
And name your terms.*Cato*. Bid him disband his legions,
Restore the commonwealth to liberty,
Submit his actions to the publick censure,

And

And stand the judgment of a Roman Senate.

Bid him do this, and *Cato* is his friend.

Dec. *Cato*, the world talks loudly of your wisdom —

Cato. Nay more, tho' *Cato's* voice was ne'er employ'd

To clear the guilty, and to varnish crimes,
Myself will mount the *rostrum* in his favor,
And strive to gain his pardon from the people.

Dec. A stile, like this, becomes a conqueror.

Cato. *Decius*, a stile, like this, becomes a Roman.

Dec. What is a Roman, that is *Cæsar's* foe?

Cato. Greater than *Cæsar*: he's a friend to virtue.

Dec. Consider, *Cato*, you're in *Utica*,
And at the head of your own little Senate;
You don't now thunder in the Capitol,
With all the mouths of Rome to second you.

Cato Let him consider that, who drives us hither?
'Tis *Cæsar's* sword has made Rome's Senate little,
And thinn'd its ranks. Alas, thy dazzled eye
Beholds this man in a false glaring light,
Which conquest and success have thrown upon him;
Didst thou but view him right, thou'dst see him black
With murder, treason, sacrilege, and crimes,
That strike my soul with horror but to name 'em.
I know thou look'st on me, as on a wretch
Beset with ills, and cover'd with misfortunes;
But, by the gods I swear, millions of worlds
Shou'd never buy me to be like that *Cæsar*.

Dec. Does *Cato* send this answer back to *Cæsar*,
For all his gen'rous cares, and proffer'd friendship?

Cato. His cares for me are insolent and vain:
Presumptuous man! the gods take care of *Cato*.
Wou'd *Cæsar* shew the greatness of his soul?
Bid him employ his care for these my friends,
And make good use of his ill-gotten pow'r,
By sheltring men much better than himself.

Dec. Your high unconquer'd heart makes you
forget
You are a man. You rush on your destruction.
But I have done. When I relate hereafter
The tale of this unhappy embassy,
All Rome will be in tears. (*Exit Decius.*)

S C E N E III.

SEMPRONIUS, LUCIUS, CATO.

Semp. Cato, we thank thee.
The mighty genius of immortal Rome
Speaks in thy voice, thy soul breathes liberty.
Cæsar will shrink to hear the words thou utter'st,
And shudder in the midst of all his conquests.

Luc. The Senate owns its gratitude to *Cato*,
Who with so great a soul consults its safety,
And guards our lives, while he neglects his own.

Semp. *Sempronius* gives no thanks on this account.
Lucius seems fond of life; but what is life?
'Tis not to stalk about, and draw fresh air
From time to time, or gaze upon the sun;
'Tis to be free. When liberty is gone,
Life grows insipid, and has lost its relish.
O cou'd my dying hand but lodge a sword
In *Cæsar*'s bosom, and revenge my country,
By heav'n's I cou'd enjoy the pangs of death,
And smile in agony.

Luc. Others, perhaps,
May serve their country with as warm a zeal,
Tho' 'tis not kindled into so much rage.

Semp. This sober conduct is a mighty virtue
In lukewarm patriots.

Cato. Come! no more, *Sempronius*.
All here are friends to Rome, and to each other.

Let

Let us not weaken still the weaker side
By our divisions.

Semp. *Cato*, my resentments
Are sacrificed to Rome — I stand reprov'd.

Cato. Fathers, 'tis time you come to a resolve,

Luc. *Cato*, we all go into your opinion.

Cæsar's behavior has convinc'd the Senate
We ought to hold it out 'till terms arrive.

Semp. We ought to hold it out 'till death; but, *Cato*,
My private voice is drown'd amid the Senate's.

Cato. Then let us rise, my friends, and strive to fill
This little interval, this pause of life,
(While yet our liberty and fates are doubtful)
With resolution, friendship, Roman bravery,
And all the virtues we can crowd into it;
That heav'n may say it ought to be prolong'd.
Fathers farewell — (Exeunt Senators.)

S C E N E IV.

CATO, JUBA.

Cato. *Juba*, the Roman Senate has resolv'd,
'Till time give better prospects, still to keep
The sword unsheath'd, and turn its edge on *Cæsar*.

Jub. The resolution fits a Roman Senate.
But, *Cato*, lend me for a while thy patience,
And condescend to hear a young man speak.
My father, when some days before his death
He ordered me to march for *Utica*
(Alas, I thought not then his death so near!)
Wept o'er me, prest me in his aged arms,
And, as his griefs gave way, my son, said he,
Whatever fortune shall befall thy father,
Be *Cato's* friend; he'll train thee up to great
And virtuous deeds: Do but observe him well,
Thou'lt shun misfortunes, or thou'lt learn to bear 'em.

Cato. *Iuba*, thy father was a worthy Prince,
And merited, alas! a better fate;
But heav'n thought otherwise.

Iub. My father's fate;
In spite of all the fortitude, that shines
Before my face, in *Cato's* great example,
Subdues my soul, and fills my eyes with tears.

Cato. It is an honest sorrow, and becomes thee.

Iub. My father drew respect from foreign climes;
The kings of *Africk* fought him for their friend;
Kings far remote, that rule, as fame reports,
Behind the hidden sources of the *Nile*,
In distant worlds, on t'other side the sun:
Of late have their black ambassadors appeared,
Loaden with gifts, and fill'd the courts of *Zama*.

Cato. I am no stranger to thy father's greatness!

Iub. I would not boast the greatness of my father,
But point out new alliances to *Cato*.
Had we not better leave this *Utica*
To arm *Numidia* in our cause, and court
Th' assistance of my father's pow'ful friends?
Did they know *Cato*, our remotest kings
Wou'd pour embattled multitudes about him;
Their swarthy hosts wou'd darken all our plains,
Doubling the native horror of the war,
And making death more grim.

Cato. And canst thou think
Cato will fly before the sword of *Cæsar*!
Reduc'd like *Hannibal* to seek relief
From court to court, and wander up and down
A vagabond in *Africk*!

Iub. *Cato*, perhaps
I'm too officious, but my forward cares
Wou'd fain preserve a life of so much value.
My heart is wounded, when I see such virtue
Afflicted by the weight of such misfortunes.

Cato.

Cato. Thy nobleness of soul obliges me.
 But know young Prince, that valor soars above
 What the world calls misfortune and affliction.
 These are not ills; else wou'd they never fall
 On heav'n's first fav'rites, and the best of men:
 The gods, in bounty, work up storms about us,
 That give mankind occasion to exert
 Their hidden strength, and throw out into practice
 Virtues which shun the day, and lie conceal'd
 In the smooth seasons and the calms of life.

Iub. I'm charm'd whene'er thou talk'st! I pant for
 virtue!

And all my soul endeavors at perfection.

Cato. Dost thou love watchings, abstinence, and toil,
 Laborious virtues all? Learn them of *Cato*;
 Success and fortune must thou learn of *Cæsar*.

Iub. The best good fortune that can fall on *Iuba*.
 The whole success, at which my heart aspires,
 Depends on *Cato*.

Cato. What does *Iuba* say?
 Thy words confound me.

Iub. I would fain retract them.
 Give 'em back again. They aim'd at nothing.

Cato. Tell me thy wish, young Prince; make not
 my ear
 A stranger to thy thoughts.

Iub. Oh, they're extravagant;
 Still let me hide them.

Cato. What can *Iuba* ask
 That *Cato* will refuse!

Iub. I fear to name it.

Marcia — inherits all her father's virtues.

Cato. What wou'dst thou say?

Iub. *Cato*, thou hast a daughter.

Cato. Adieu, young Prince: I wou'd not hear a
 word

Shou'd lessen thee in my esteem: remember
 The hand of fate is over us, and heav'n
 Exacts severity from all our thoughts:
 It is not now a time to talk of ought
 But chains, or conquest; liberty, or death.
 (*Excit.*)

S C E N E V.

SYPHAX, JUBA.

Syph. How's this, my Prince! What, cover'd with
 confusion?

You look as if yon stern philosopher
 Had just now chid you.

Jub. *Syphax*, I'm undone!

Syph. I know it well.

Jub. *Cato* thinks meanly of me.

Syph. And so will all mankind.

Jub. I've opened to him

The weakness of my soul, my love for *Marcia*.

Syph. *Cato's* a proper person to intrust
 A love tale with.

Jub. Oh, I could pierce my heart,
 My foolish heart! Was ever wretch like *Juba*!

Syph. Alas, my Prince how are you chang'd of late!
 I've known young *Juba* rise before the sun,
 To beat the thicket where the tiger slept,
 Or seek the lion in his dreadful haunts:
 How did the color mount into your cheeks,
 When first you rous'd him to the chase! I've seen you,
 Ev'n in the *Libyan* dog-days, hunt him down,
 Then charge him close, provoke him to rage
 Of fangs and claws, and stooping from your horse
 Rivet the panting savage to the ground.

Jub. Pr'ythee, no more!

Syph. How would the old king smile

To

To see you weigh the paws, when tipp'd with gold,
And throw the shaggy spoils about your shoulders!

Iub. *Sypbax*, this old man's talk (tho' honey flow'd
In ev'ry word) wou'd now lose all its sweetness.

Cato's displeas'd, and *Marcia* lost for ever!

Sypb. Young Prince, I yet cou'd give you good
advice,

Marcia might still be yours.

Iub. What sayst thou, *Sypbax*?

By heav'n's thou turn'st me all into attention.

Sypb. *Marcia* might still be yours.

Iub. As how, dear *Sypbax*?

Sypb. *Iuba* commands *Numidia's* hardy troops,
Mounted on steeds, unused to the restraint
Of curbs or bits, and fleetier than the winds:
Give but the word, we'll snatch this damsel up,
And bear her off.

Iub. Can such dishonest thoughts
Rise up in man! wou'dst thou seduce my youth
To do an act that wou'd destroy my honor?

Sypb. Gods, I cou'd tear my beard to hear you talk!
Honor's a fine imaginary notion,
That draws in raw and unexperienced men
To real mischiefs, while they hunt a shadow.

Iub. Wou'dst thou degrade thy Prince into a ruffian!

Sypb. The boasted ancestors of these great men,
Whose virtues you admire, were all such ruffians!
This dread of nations, this almighty *Rome*,
That comprehends in her wide empire's bounds
All under heav'n, was founded on a rape,
Your *Scipio's*, *Cæsar's*, *Pompey's*, and your *Cato's*,
(These gods on earth) are all the spurious brood
Of violated maids, of ravish'd *Sabines*.

Iub. *Sypbax*, I fear that hoary head of thine
Abounds too much in our *Numidian* wiles.

Syph. Indeed, my Prince, you want to know the world.

You have not read mankind, your youth admires
The throws and swellings of a Roman soul,
Cato's bold flights, th' extravagance of virtue.

Iub. If knowledge of the world makes man perfidious,

May *Iuba* ever live in ignorance!

Syph. Go, go, you're young.

Iub. Gods, must I tamely bear
This arrogance unanswer'd! thou'rt a traitor,
A false old traitor. — — —

Cato shall know the baseness of thy soul.

Syph. Young Prince, behold these locks that are grown white

Beneath a helmet in your father's battles.

Iub. Those locks shall ne'er protect thy insolence.

Syph. Must one rash word, th' infirmity of age,
Throw down the merit of my better years?
This the reward of a whole life of service!

Iub. It is because the throne of my fore-fathers
Still stands unfill'd, and that *Numidia's* crown
Hangs doubtful yet, whose head it shall inclose,
Thou thus presumest to treat thy prince with scorn?

Syph. Why will you rive my heart with such expressions?

Dos not old *Syphax* follow you to war?

What are his aims? Why dos he load with darts
His trembling hand, and crush beneath a cask
His wrinkled brows? What is it he aspires to?
Is it not this? to shed the slow remains,
His last poor ebb of blood in your defence?

Iub. *Syphax*, no more! I would not hear you talk.

Syph. Not hear me talk! What, when my faith
to *Iuba*,

My royal master's son, is call'd in question?

My

My Prince may strike me dead, and I'll be dumb:
But whilst I live I must not hold my tongue,
And languish out old age in his displeasure.

Iub. Thou know'st the way too well into my heart.

Syph. I've offer'd
To do an action, which my soul abhors,
And gain you whom you love at any price.
And 'tis for this my Prince has call'd me traitor.
You call'd me traitor.

Nay, farther, threaten'd you'd complain to *Cato*.
O what, my Prince, wou'd you complain to *Cato*?
That *Syphax* loves you, and wou'd sacrifice
His life, nay more, his honor in your service.

Iub. Thy zeal for *Iuba* carry'd thee too far.
Honor's a sacred tie, the law of kings,
The noble mind's distinguishing perfection,
That aids, and strengthens virtue, where it meets her,
And imitates her actions, where she is not:
It ought not to be sported with.

Syph. By heav'n's
I'm ravish'd when you talk thus, tho' you chide me!
Alas, I've hitherto been used to think
A blind officious zeal to serve my king
The ruling principale, that ought to burn
And quench all others in a subject's heart.
Happy the people, who preserve their honor
By the same duties, that oblige their Prince!

Iub. *Syphax*, thou now begin'st to speak thy self.
Numidia's grown a scorn among the nations
For breach of publick vows. Our *Punick* faith
Is infamous, and branded to a proverb.

Syphax, we'll join our cares, to purge away
Our country's crimes, and clear her reputation.

Syph. Believe me, Prince, you make old *Syphax*
weep,
To hear you talk — but 'tis with tears of joy.

If

If e'er your father's crown adorn your brows,
Numidia will be blest by *Cato's* lectures.

Iub. I will forget thy frowardness of age:
 If e'er the scepter comes into my hand,
Syphax shall stand the second in my kingdom.

Syph. Why will you overwhelm my age with
 kindness?

My joy grows burdensome, I shan't support it.

Iub. *Syphax*, farewell. I'll hence, and try to find
 Some blest occasion that may set me right
 In *Cato's* thoughts. I'd rather have that man
 Approve my deeds, than worlds for my admirers.

(*Exit.*)

Syphax solus.

A false old traitor! — — —

SCENE VI.

SYPHAX, SEMPRONIUS.

Syphax. All hail, *Sempronius*!
 Well, *Cato's* Senate is resolv'd to wait
 The fury of a siege, before it yields.

Semp. *Syphax*, we both were on the verge of fate:
Lucius declared for peace, and terms were offer'd
 To *Cato* by a messenger from *Cæsar*.
 Shou'd they submit, ere our designs are ripe,
 We both must perish in the common wreck,
 Lost in a gen'ral undistinguish'd ruin.

Syph. But how stands *Cato*?

Semp. Thou hast seen mount *Atlas*:
 While storms and tempests thunder on its brows,
 And oceans break their billows at its feet,
 It stands unmoved, and glories in its height.
 Such is that haughty man; his tow'ring soul,
 'Midst all the shocks and injuries of fortune,
 Rises superior, and looks down on *Cæsar*.

Syph.

Syph. But what's this messenger?

Semp. I've practis'd with him,
And found a means to let the victor know
That *Syphax* and *Sempronius* are his friends.
But let me now examine in my turn:
Is *Juba* fixt?

Syph. Yes, — but it is to *Cato*.
I've try'd the force of ev'ry reason on him,
Sooth'd and carefs'd, been angry, sooth'd again,
Laid safety, life, and int'rest in his sight,
But all are vain, he scorns them all for *Cato*.

Semp. Come, 'tis no matter, we shall do without him.
He'll make a pretty figure in a triumph,
And serve to trip before the victor's chariot.
Syphax, I now may hope thou hast forfok
Thy *Juba's* case, and wishest *Marcia* mine.

Syph. May she be thine as fast as thou would'st
have her!

Semp. *Syphax*, I love that woman; tho' I curse
Her and myself, yet spite of me, I love her.

Syph. Make *Cato* sure, and give up *Utica*,
Cæsar will ne'er refuse thee such a trifle.
But are thy troops prepar'd for a revolt?
Dos the sedition catch from man to man,
And run among their ranks?

Semp. All, all is ready,
The factious leaders are our friends, that spread
Murmurs and discontents among the foldiers.
They count their toilsom marches, long fatigues,
Unusual fastings, and will bear no more
This medley of philosophy and war.
Within an hour they'll storm the Senate-house.

Syph. Mean while I'll draw up my *Numidian*
troops
Within the square, to exercise tbeir arms,
And, as I see occasion, favor thee.

I laugh to think how your unshaken *Cato*
 Will look aghast, while unforeseen destruction
 Pours in upon him thus from every side.
 So, where our wide *Numidian* wastes extend,
 Sudden, th' impetuous hurricanes descend,
 Wheel through the air, in circling eddies play,
 Tear up the sands, and sweep whole plains away.
 The helpless traveller, with wild surprize,
 Sees the dry desert all around him rise,
 And smother'd in the dusty whirlwind dies. }
 (*Exeunt.*) }

The end of the second act.

A C T III. S C E N E I.

MARCUS *and* PORTIUS.

Marcus.

Thanks to my stars I have not ranged about
 The wilds of life, ere I could find a friend;
 Nature first pointed out my *Portius* to me,
 And early taught me, by her secret force,
 To love thy person, ere I knew thy merit;
 Till what was instinct, grew up into friendship.

Port. *Marcus*, the friendships of the world are oft
 Confed'racies in vice, or leagues of pleasure;
 Ours has severest virtue for its basis,
 And such a friendship end not but with life.

Marc. *Portius*, thou know'st my soul in all its
 weakness,
 Then pr'ythee spare me on its tender side,
 Indulge me but in love, my other passions
 Shall rise and fall by virtue's nicest rules.

Port. When love's well-timed, 'tis not a fault to love.

The

The strong, the brave, the virtuous, and the wise
Sink in the soft captivity together.

I would not urge thee do dismiss thy passion,
(I know 'twere vain) but to suppress its force,
Till better times may make it look more graceful.

Marc. Alas; thou talk'st like on who never felt
Th' impatient throbs and longings of a soul,
That pants, and reaches after distant good;
A lover dos not live by vulgar time:

Believe me, *Portius*, in my *Lucia's* absence
Life hangs upon me, and becomes a burden
And yet, when I behold the charming maid,
I'm ten-times more undone; while hope and fear,
And grief, and rage, and love, rise up at once,
And with variety of pain distract me.

Port. What can thy *Portius* do to give thee help?

Marc. *Portius*, thou oft enjoy'st the fair one's
presence.

Then undertake my cause, and plead it to her
With all the strength and heats of eloquence
Fraternal love and friendship can inspire.
Tell her thy brother languishes to death,
And fades away, and withers in his bloom;
That he forgets his sleep, and lothes his food,
That youth, and health and war are joyless to him:
Describe his anxious days, and restless nights,
And all the torments that thou see'st me suffer.

Port. *Marcus*, I beg thee give me not an office,
That suits with me so ill. Thou know'st my temper.

Marc. Wilt thou behold me sinking in my woes?
And wilt thou not reach out a friendly arm,
To raise me from amidst this plunge of sorrows?

Port. *Marcus*, thou can'st not ask what I'd refuse.
But here believe me I've a thousand reasons —

Marc. I know thou'lt say my passion's out of season,
That *Cato's* great example and misfortunes

Shou'd

Shou'd both conspire to drive it from my thoughts.
 But what's all this to one who loves like me!
 Oh *Portius*, *Portius*, from my soul I wish
 Thou didst but know thyself what 'tis to love!
 Then wou'dst thou pity and assist thy brother —
 But see where *Lucia*, at her wonted hour,
 Amid the cool of yon high marble arch,
 Enjoys the noon-day breeze! Observe her, *Portius*!
 That face, that shape, those eyes, that heav'n of
 beauty!

Observe her well, and blame me if thou canst.

Port. She sees us and advances —

Marc. I'll withdraw,
 And leave you for a while. Remember, *Portius*,
 Thy brother's life depends upon thy tongue.
 (*Exit.*)

SCENE II.

LUCIA, PORTIUS.

Luc. Did not I see your brother *Marcus* here?
 Why did he fly the place, and shun my presence?

Port. Oh, *Lucia*, language is too faint to shew
 His rage of love; it preys upon his life;
 He pines, he sickens, he despairs, he dies:
 His passions and his virtues lie confused,
 And mixt together in so wild a tumult,
 That the whole man is quite disfigur'd in him.
 Heav'ns! would one think 'twere possible for love
 To make such ravage in a noble soul!

Oh, *Lucia*, I'm distress'd! my heart bleeds for him;
 Ev'n now, while thus I stand blest in thy presence,
 A secret damp of grief comes o'er my thoughts,
 And I'm unhappy, tho' thou smilest upon me.

Luc. How wilt thou guard thy honor, in the shock
 Of love and friendship! think betimes my *Portius*,
 Think

Think how the nuptial tie, that might ensure
Our mutual bliss, would raise to such a height
Thy brother's griefs, as might perhaps destroy him.

Port. Alas, poor youth! what dost thou think, my
Lucia?

His gen'rous, open, undesigning heart
Has beg'd his rival to solicit for him.

Then do not strike him dead with a denial,
But hold him up in life, and cheer his soul
With the faint glimm'ring of a doubtful hope:
Perhaps when we have pass'd these gloomy hours,
And weather'd out the storm that beats upon us —

Luc. No, *Portius*, no! I see thy sister's tears,
Thy father's anguish, and thy brother's death,
In the pursuit of our ill-fated loves.
And, *Portius*, here I swear, to heav'n I swear,
To heav'n, and all the powers that judge mankind,
Never to mix my plighted hands with thine,
While such a cloud of mischiefs hangs about us,
But to forget our loves, and drive thee out
From all my thoughts, as far — as I am able.

Port. What hast thou said! I'm thunder-struck —
Recall

Those hasty words, or I am lost for ever.

Luc. Has not the vow already pass'd my lips?
The gods have heard it, and 'tis seal'd in heav'n.
May all the vengeance, that was ever pour'd
On perjur'd heads o'erwhelm me, if I break it!

(*After a pause.*)

Port. Fixt in astonishment, I gaze upon thee;
Like one just blasted by a stroke from heav'n,
Who pants for breath, and stiffens, yet alive,
In dreadful looks: A monument of wrath!

Luc. At length I've acted my severest part,
I feel the women breaking in upon me,
And melt about my heart! my tears will flow.

I

But

But oh I'll think no more! the hand of fate
Has torn thee from me, and I must forget thee.

Port. Hard-hearted, cruel maid!

Luc. Oh stop those sounds,
Those killing sounds! Why dost thou frown upon me?
My blood runs cold, my heart forgets to heave,
And life itself goes out at thy displeasure.
The gods forbid us to indulge our loves,
But oh! I cannot bear thy hate and live!

Port. Talk not of love, thou never knew'st its force.
I've been deluded, led into a dream,

Of fancied bliss. O *Lucia*, cruel maid!

Thy dreadful vow, loaden with death, still sounds
In my stunn'd ears. What shall I say or do?

Quick, let us part! Perdition's in thy presence,
And horror dwells about thee! — Ha, she faints!
Wretch that I am! what has my rashness done!

Lucia, thou injur'd innocence! thou best
And lovely'st of thy sex! awake my *Lucia*,
Or *Portius* rushes on his sword to join thee.

— Her imprecations reach not to the tomb,
They shut not out society in death —

But hah! she moves! Life wanders up and down
Through all her face, and lights up every charm.

Luc. O *Portius*, was this well! — to frown on her
That lives upon thy smiles! to call in doubt
The faith of one expiring at thy feet,
That loves thee more than ever woman lov'd!
— What do I say? My half-recover'd sense
Forgets the vow in which my soul is bound.
Destruction stands betwixt us! We must part.

Port. Name not the word, my frightened thoughts
run back,
And startle into madness at the sound.

Luc. What wou'dst thou have me do? Consider well
The train of ills our love wou'd draw behind it.

Think,

Think, *Portius*, think thou seest thy dying brother
Stabb'd at his heart, and all besmear'd with blood,
Storming at heav'n and thee! thy awful Sire
Sternly demands the cause, th' accursed cause,
That robs him of his son! poor *Marcia* trembles,
Then tears her hair, and frantick in her griefs
Calls out on *Lucia*! what could *Lucia* answer,
Or how stand up in such a scene of sorrow?

Port. To my confusion, and eternal grief,
I must approve the sentence that destroys me,
The mist, that hung about my mind, clears up;
And now, athwart the terrors that thy vow
Has planted round thee, thou appear'st more fair,
More amiable, and risest in thy charms.
Lovely'st of women! heav'n in thy soul,
Beauty and virtue shine for ever round thee,
Bright'ning each other! thou art all divine!

Luc. Portius, no more! thy words shoot thro' my
heart,
Melt my resolves, and turn me all to love.
Why are those tears of fondness in thy eyes?
Why heaves thy heart? Why swells thy soul with
sorrow?

It softens me too much — Farewel, my *Portius*,
Farewel, tho' death is in the word; for-ever!

Port. Stay, *Lucia*, stay! What dost thou say?
For-ever?

Luc. Have I not sworn? If *Portius*, thy success
Must throw thy brother on his fate, farewell,
Oh, how shall I repeat the world! For-ever!

Port. Thus o'er the dying lamp th' unsteady flame
Hangs quiv'ring on a point, leaps off by fits,
And falls again, as loth to quit its hold:
— Thou must not go, my soul still hovers o'er thee,
And can't get loose.

Luc. If the firm *Portius* shake
To hear of parting, think what *Lucia* suffers!

Port. 'Tis true; unruffled and serene I've met
The common accidents of life, but here
Such an unlook'd-for storm of ills falls on me,
It beats down all my strength, I cannot bear it.
We must not part.

Luc. What dost thou say? Not part?
Hast thou forgot the vow that I have made?
Are there not heav'ns, and gods, and thunder, o'er us?
— But see, thy brother *Marcus* bends this way!
I sicken at the sight. Once more, farewell,
Farewel, and know thou wrong'st me, if thou think'st
Ever was love, or ever grief, like mine. (*Exit.*)

SCENE III.

MARCUS, PORTIUS.

Marc. *Portius*, what hopes? How stands she?
Am I doom'd

To life or death?

Port. What would'st thou have me say?

Marc. What means this pensive posture? thou
appear'st

Like one amazed and terrified.

Port. I've reason.

Marc. Thy down-cast looks, and thy disorder'd
thoughts

Tell me my fate. I ask not the success
My cause has found.

Port. I'm griev'd I undertook it.

Marc. What? dos the barbarous maid insult my
heart.

My aking heart! and triumph in my pains?
That I cou'd cast her from my thoughts for ever!

Port. Away! you're too suspicious in your griefs;
Lucia,

Lucia, though sworn never to think of love,
Compassionates your pains, and pities you!

Marc. Compassionates my pains, and pities me!
What is compassion when 'tis void of love!
Fool that I was to choose so cold a friend
To urge my cause! Compassionates my pains!
Pr'ythee what art, what rhet'rick didst thou use
To gain this mighty boon? she pities me!
To one that asks the warm returns of love,
Compassion's cruelty, 'tis scorn, 'tis death —

Port. Marcus, no more! have I deserved this
treatment?

Marc. What have I said! O *Portius*, o forgive me!
A soul exasp'rated in ill's falls out
With ev'ry thing, its friend, itself — But hah!
What means that shout, big with the sounds of war?
What new alarm?

Port. A second, louder yet,
Swells in the winds, and comes more full upon us.

Marc. Oh, for some glorious cause to fall in battle!
Lucia, thou hast undone me! thy disdain
Has broke my heart: 'tis death must give me ease.

Port. Quick, let us hence; who knows if *Cato's* life
Stand sure? O *Marcus*, I am warm'd, my heart
Leaps at the trumpet's voice, and burns for glory.

(*Exit.*)

SCENE IV.

*Enter SEMPRONIUS with the leaders
of the mutiny.*

Semp. At length the winds are rais'd, the storm
blows high,
Be it your care, my friends, to keep it up
In its full fury, and direct it right,

Till it has spent it self on *Cato's* head.
 Mean-while I'll herd among his friends, and seem
 One of the number, that whate'er arrive,
 My friends, and fellow-soldiers may be safe.

(*Exit.*)

I *Lead.* We all are safe, *Sempronius* is our friend,
Sempronius is as brave a man as *Cato*:
 But hark! he enters. Bear up boldly to him;
 Be sure you beat him down, and bind him fast,
 This day will end our toils, and give us rest;
 Fear nothing, for *Sempronius* is our friend.

S C E N E V.

Enter CATO, SEMPRONIUS, LUCIUS,
 PORTIUS, and MARCUS.

Cato. Where are these bold intrepid sons of war,
 That greatly turn their backs upon the foe,
 And to their general send a brave defiance?
 Perfidious men! and will you thus dishonor
 Your past exploits, and fully all your wars?
 Do you confess 'twas not a zeal for *Rome*,
 Nor love of liberty, nor thirst of honor,
 Drew you thus far; but hopes to share the spoil
 Of conquer'd towns, and plunder'd provinces?
 Fired with such motives you do well to join
 With *Cato's* foes, and follow *Cæsar's* banners.
 Why did I 'scape th' envenom'd asp's rage,
 And all the fiery monsters of the desert,
 To see this day? Why cou'd not *Cato* fall
 Without your guilt? Behold, ungrateful men,
 Behold my bosom naked to your swords,
 And let the man that's injur'd strike the blow;
 Which of you all suspects that he is wrong'd,
 Or thinks he suffers greater ills than *Cato*?

Am

Am I distinguish'd from you but by toils,
 Superior toils, and heavier weight of cares?
 Painful preeminence! — — —
 Have you forgotten *Libya's* burning waste,
 Its barren rocks, parch'd earth, and hills of sand,
 Its tainted air, and all its broods of poison?
 Who was the first to explore th' untrodden path,
 When life was hazarded in ev'ry step?
 Or, fainting in the long laborious march,
 When on the banks of an unlook'd-for stream
 You sunk the river with repeated draughts,
 Who was the last in all your host that thirsted?

Semp. If some penurious source by chance appear'd,
 Scanty of waters, when you scoop'd it dry,
 And offer'd the full helmet up to *Cato*?
 Did he not dash th' untasted moisture from him?
 Did not he lead you through the mid day sun,
 And clouds of dust? Did not his temples glow
 In the same sultry winds, and scorching heats?

Cato. Hence, wortless men! hence! and complain
 to *Cæsar*.

You could not undergo the toils of war,
 Nor bear the hardships that your leader bore.

Luc. See, *Cato*, see th' unhappy men! they weep!
 Fear, and remorse, and sorrow for their crime,
 Appear in ev'ry look, and plead for mercy.

Cato. Learn to be honest men, give up your leaders,
 And pardon shall descend on all the rest.

Semp. *Cato*, commit these wretches to my care.
 First let 'em each be broken on the rack,
 Then, with what life remains, impaled and left
 To writhe at leisure round the bloody stake.
 There let 'em hang, and taint the southern wind,
 The partners of their crime will learn obedience,
 When they look up and see their fellow-traitors
 Stuck on a fork, and black'ning in the sun.

Luc. Sempronius, why, why wilt thou urge the fate
Of wretched men?

Semp. How! would'st thou clear rebellion!

Lucius (good man) pities the poor offenders
That wou'd imbrue their hands in *Cato's* blood.

Cato. Forbear, *Sempronius*! — see they suffer death,
But in their deaths remember they are men.

Strain not the laws to make their tortures grievous.

Lucius, the base degen'rate age requires

Severity, and justice in its rigor;

This awes an impious, bold, offending world,

Commands obedience, and gives force to laws.

When by just vengeance guilty mortals perish,

The gods behold their punishment with pleasure,

And lay th' up-lifted thunder-bolt aside.

Semp. *Cato*, I execute thy will with pleasure.

Cato. Mean while we'll sacrifice to liberty.

Remember, o my friends, the laws, the rights,

The gen'rous plan of power deliver'd down,

From age to age, by your renow'nd forefathers,

(So dearly bought, the price of so much blood)

O let it never perish in your hands!

But piously transmit it to your children.

Do thou, great liberty, inspire our souls,

And make our lives in thy possession happy,

Or our deaths glorious in thy just defence.

(*Exe. Cato &c.*)

SCENE VI.

SEMPRONIUS and the leaders of the mutiny.

1. *Lead.* *Sempronius*, you have acted like your self.
One wou'd have thought you had been half in earnest.

Semp. Villain, stand off; base grov'ling worthless
wretches,

Mongrels in faction, poor faint-hearted traitors!

2. *Lead.*

Syph. Well said! that's spoken like thy self, *Sempronius*.

What hinders then, but that thou find her out,
And hurry her away by manly force?

Semp. But how to gain admision? For access
Is given to none but *Juba*, and her brothers.

Syph. Thou shalt have *Juba's* drefs, and *Juba's*
guards:

The doors will open, when *Numidia's* Prince
Seems to appear before the slaves, that watch them.

Semp. Heav'ns what a thought is there! *Marcia's*
my own?

How will my bosom swell with anxious joy,
When I behold her struggling in my arms,
With glowing beauty, and disorder'd charms,
While fear and anger, with alternate grace,
Pant in her breast, and vary in her face!

So *Pluto* seiz'd of *Proserpine*, convey'd
To hell's tremendous gloom th' affrighted maid,
There grimly smil'd, pleas'd with the beauteous prize,
Nor envy'd *Jove* his sun-shine and his skies.

The end of the third act.

A C T IV. S C E N E I.

LUCIA and MARCIA.

Lucia.

Now tell me, *Marcia*, tell me from thy soul,
If thou believ'st 'tis possible for woman
To suffer greater ills than *Lucia* suffers?

Marc. O *Lucia*, *Lucia*, might my big-swoln heart
Vent all its griefs, and give a loose to sorrow:
Marcia cou'd answer thee in sighs, keep pace
With all thy woes, and count out tear for tear;

Luc.

Luc. I know thou'rt doom'd alike, to be belov'd
By *Juba*, and thy father's friend *Sempronius*;
But which of these has power to charm like *Portius*!

Marc. Still I must beg thee not to name *Sempronius*!
Lucia, I like not that loud boist'rous man;
Juba to all the bravery of a hero
Adds softest love, and more than female sweetness;
Juba might make the proudest of our sex,
Any of woman-kind, but *Marcia*, happy.

Luc. And why not *Marcia*? Come, you strive in vain
To hide your thoughts from one, who knows too well
The inward glowings of a heart in love.

Marc. While *Cato* lives, his daughter has no right
To love or hate, but as his choice directs.

Luc. But shou'd this father give you to *Sempronius*?

Marc. I dare not think he will: But if he shou'd —
Why wilt thou add to all the griefs I suffer
Imaginary ills, and fancy'd tortures?
I hear the sound of feet! they march this way!
Let us retire, and try if we can drown
Each softer thought in sense of present danger;
When love once pleads admission to our hearts
(In spite of all the virtue we can boast)
The woman that deliberates is lost. (Exeunt.)

SCENE II.

Enter SEMPRONIUS, dress'd like JUBA, with
Numidian guards.

Semp. The deer is lodg'd, I've track'd her to her
covert.

Be sure you mind the word, and when I give it,
Rush in at once, and seize upon your prey.
Let not her cries or tears have force to move you.
— How will the young *Numidian* rave to see
His mistress lost? If aught cou'd glad my soul,
Beyond

Beyond th' enjoyment of so bright a prize,
'Twou'd be to torture that young gay barbarian.
—But heark, what noise! death to my hopes! 'tis he,
'Tis *Iuba's* self! there is but one way left —
He must be murder'd, and a passage cut
Through those his guards — Hah, dastards, do you
tremble!

Or act like men, or by yon azure heav'n—

Enter Fuba.

Int. What do I see? Who's this that dares usurp
The guards and habit of *Numidia's* Prince?

Semp. One that was born to scourge thy arrogance,
Presumptuous youth!

Iub. What can this mean? *Sempronius!*

Semp. My sword shall answer thee. Have at thy heart.

Iub. Nay, then beware thy own proud barbarous
man.

(Semp. falls. His guards surrender.)

Semp. Curse on my stars! Am I then doom'd to fall
By a boy's hand, disfigur'd in a vile
Numidian dress, and for a worthless woman?
Gods, I'm distracted! this my close of life!
O for a peal of thunder that would make
Earth, sea, and air, and heav'n, and *Cato* tremble!
(*Dies.*)

Iub. With what a spring his furious soul broke loose,
And left the limbs still quiv'ring on the ground!
Hence let us carry off those slaves to *Cato*,
That we may there at length unravel all
This dark design, this mystery of fate.

(Exit Juba with prisoners, &c.)

SCENE III.

Enter LUCIA *and* MARCIA.

Luc. Sure 'twas the clash of fwords; my troubled heart

Is

Is so cast down, and sunk amidst its sorrows,
 It throbs, with fear, and akes at every sound.
 O *Marcia*, shou'd thy brothers for my sake! —
 I die away with horror at the thought.

Marc. See, *Lucia*, see! here's blood! here's blood
 and murder!

Hah! a *Numidian*! heav'ns preserve the Prince:
 The face lies muffled up within the garment,
 But hah! death to my sight! a diadem,
 And purple robes! o Gods! 'tis he, 'tis he!
Juba, the loveliest youth that ever warm'd
 A virgin's heart, *Juba* lies dead before us!

Luc. Now, *Marcia*, now call up to thy assistance
 Thy wonted strength, and constancy of mind;
 Thou can'st not put it to a greater trial.

Marc. *Lucia*, look there and wonder at my patience;
 Have I not cause to rave, and beat my breast,
 To rend my heart with grief, and run distracted!

Luc. What can I think or say to give thee comfort?

Marc. Talk not of comfort, 'tis for lighter ills:
 Behold a sight, that strikes all comfort dead.

Enter JUBA listning.

I will indulge my sorrows, and give way
 To all the pangs and fury of despair,
 That man, that best of men, deserv'd it from me.

Luc. Here will I stand, companion in thy woes,
 And help thee with my tears, when I behold
 A loss like thine, I half forget my own.

Marc. 'Tis not in fate to ease my tortur'd breast.
 This empty world, to me a joyless desert,
 Has nothing left to make poor *Marcia* happy.
 O he was all made up of love and charms!
 Whatever maid cou'd wish, or man admire:
 Delight of ev'ry eye! when he appear'd,
 A secret pleasure gladned all that saw him;

But

But when he talk'd, the proudest *Roman* blush'd
To hear his virtues, and old age grew wise.

O *Iuba*! *Iuba*! *Iuba*!

Why do I think on what he was! he's dead!
He's dead, and never knew how much I lov'd him.

Lucia, who knows but his poor bleeding heart,
Amidst its agonies, remember'd *Marcia*,

And the last words he utter'd call'd me cruel!

Alas, he knew not, hapless youth, he knew not
Marcia's whole soul was full of love and *Iuba*!

Ye dear remains of the most lov'd of men!

Nor modesty nor virtue here forbid

A last embrace, while thus —

Iub. See, *Marcia*, see (*throwing himself before her.*)

The happy *Iuba* lives! he lives to catch

That dear embrace, and to return it too

With mutual warmth and eagerness of love.

Marc. With pleasure and amaze, I stand transported!

Sure 'tis a dream! dead and alive at once!

If thou art *Iuba*, who lies there?

Iub. A wretch,

Disguis'd like *Iuba* on a curs'd design.

The tale is long, nor have I heard it out,

Thy father knows it all. I could not bear

To leave thee in the neighborhood of death,

But flew, in all the haste of love to find thee;

I found thee weeping, and confess this once,

Am wrapp'd with joy to see my *Marcia*'s tears.

Marc. I've been surprized in an unguarded hour,

But must not now go back: the love that lay

Half smother'd in my breast, has broke through all

Its weak restraints, and burns in its full lustre,

I cannot, if I wou'd, conceal it from thee.

Iub. I'm lost in ecstasy! and dost thou love,

Thou charming maid?

Marc. And dost thou live to ask it?

Iub.

Iub. This, this is life indeed! life worth preserving,
Such life as *Iuba* never felt 'till now!

Marc. Believe me, Prince, before I thought thee dead,
I did not know myself how much I lov'd thee.

Iub. O fortunate mistake!

Marc. O happy *Marcia*!

Iub. My joy! my best beloved! my only wish!
How shall I speak the transport of my soul!

Marc. *Lucia*, thy arm! o let me rest upon it! —
The vital blood, that had forsook my heart,
Returns again in such tumultuous tides,
It quite o'ercomes me. Lead to my apartment. —
O Prince, I blush to think what I have said,
But fate has wrested the confession from me;
Go on, and prosper in the paths of honor.
Thy virtue will excuse my passion for thee,
And make the gods propitious to our love.

Iub. I am so blest, I fear 'tis all a dream.
Fortune, thou now hast made amends for all
Thy past unkindness, I absolve my stars.
What tho' *Numidia* add her conquer'd towns
And provinces to swell the victor's triumph!
Iuba will never at his fate repine;
Let *Cæsar* have the world, if *Marcia's* mine.
(*Exeunt.*)

SCENE IV.

A march at a distance.

Enter CATO and LUCIUS.

Luc. I stand astonish'd! What, the bold *Sempronius*!
That still broke foremost through the crowd of patriots
As with a hurricane of zeal transported,
And virtuous ev'n to madness —

Cato. Trust me, *Lucius*,
Our civil discords have produced such crimes,
Such

Such monstrous crimes, I am surprized at nothing.
 — O *Lucius*, I am sick of this bad world!
 The day-light and the sun grow painful to me.

Enter PORTIUS.

But see where *Portius* comes! what means this haste?
 Why are thy looks thus changed?

Port. My heart is griev'd,
 I bring such news as will afflict my father.

Cato. Has *Cæsar* shed more *Roman* blood?

Port. Not so.

The traitor *Sypbax*, as within the square
 He exercised his troops, the signal given,
 Flew off at once with his *Numidian* horse
 To the south gate, where *Marcus* holds the watch.
 I saw, and call'd to stop him but in vain,
 He tost his arm aloft, and proudly told me,
 He would not stay and perish like *Sempronius*.

Cato. Perfidious men! but haste, my son, and see
 Thy brother *Marcus* acts a *Roman's* part.

(*Exit* Portius.)

— *Lucius*, the torrent bears too hard upon me:
 Justice gives way to force: the conquer'd world
 Is *Cæsar's*: *Cato* has no business in it.

Luc. While pride, oppression, and injustice reign,
 The world will still demand her *Cato's* presence.
 In pity to mankind, submit to *Cæsar*,
 And reconcile thy mighty soul to life.

Cato. Would *Lucius* have me live to swell the number
 Of *Cæsar's* slaves, or by a base submission
 Give up the cause of *Rome*, and own a tyrant?

Luc. The victor never will impose on *Cato*
 Ungen'rous terms. His enemies confess
 The virtues of humanity are *Cæsar's*.

Cato. Curse on his virtues! they've undone his
 country.

Such popular humanity is treason —

But

But see young *Iuba*! the good youth appears
Full of the guilt of his perfidious subjects.

Luc. Alas, poor Prince! his fate deserves compassion.

Enter JUBA.

Iub. I blush, and am confounded to appear
Before thy presence, *Cato*.

Cato. What's thy crime?

Iub. I'm a *Numidian*.

Cato. And a brave one too,
Thou hast a *Roman* soul.

Iub. Hast thou not heard
Of my false countrymen?

Cato. Alas, young Prince.
Falshood and fraud shoot up in ev'ry soil,
The product of all climes — *Rome* has its *Cæsars*.

Iub. 'Tis gen'rous thus to comfort the distress'd.

Cato. 'Tis just to give applause where 'tis deserv'd:
Thy virtue, Prince, has stood the test of fortune,
Like purest gold, that, tortur'd in the furnace,
Comes out more bright, and brings forth all its weight.

Iub. What shall I answer thee? my ravish'd heart
O'erflows with secret joy: I'd rather gain
Thy praise, o *Cato*, than *Numidia's* empire.

Re-enter PORTIUS.

Port. Misfortune on misfortune? Grief on grief!
My brother *Marcus* —

Cato. Hah! what has he done?
Has he forsook his post? has he giv'n way?
Did he look tamely on, and let 'em pass?

Port. Scarce had I left my father, but I met him
Born on the shields of his surviving soldiers,
Breathless and pale, and cover'd o'er with wounds.
Long, at the head of his few faithful friends,
He stood the shock of a whole host of foes,

K

'Till

Till obstinately brave, and bent on death,
Opprest with multitudes he greatly fell.

Cato. I'm satisfy'd.

Port. Nor did he fall before
His sword has pierc'd through the false heart of *Syphax*.
Yonder he lies. I saw the hoary traitor
Grin in the pangs of death, and bite the ground.

Cato. Thanks to the gods! my boy has done his duty.
— *Portius*, when I am dead, be sure to place
His urn near mine.

Port. Long may they keep asunder!

Luc. O *Cato*, arm thy soul with all its patience;
See where the corps of thy dead son approaches!
The citizens and Senators, alarm'd.
Have gather'd round it, and attend it weeping.

CATO meeting the corps.

Cato. Welcome, my son! here lay him down my
friends,

Full in my sight, that I may view at leisure
The bloody corps, and count those glorious wounds.
— How beautiful is death, when earn'd by virtue!
Who would not be that youth? What pity is it
That we can die but once to serve our country!
— Why fits this sadness on your brows, my friends?
I shou'd have blush'd if *Cato's* house had stood
Secure, and flourish'd in a civil war:

— *Portius*, behold thy brother, and remember
Thy life is not thy own, when *Rome* demands it.
Alas, my friends!

Why mourn you thus? Let not a private loss
Afflict your hearts. 'Tis, *Rome* requires our tears.
The mistress of the world, the seat of empire,
The nurse of heroes, the delight of gods,
That humbled the proud tyrants of the earth,
And set the nations free, *Rome* is no more.

O liberty! o virtue! o my country!
 Whate'er the *Roman* virtue has subdu'd,
 The sun's whole course, the day and year, are *Cæsar's*.
 For him the self-devoted *Decii* dy'd,
 The *Fabii* fell, and the great *Scipio's* conquer'd:
 Ev'n *Pompey* fought for *Cæsar*. Oh my friends!
 How is the toil of fate, the work of ages,
 The *Roman* empire fall'n! o curst ambition!
 Fall'n into *Cæsar's* hands! our great fore-fathers
 Had left him nought to conquer but his country.

Iub. While *Cato* lives, *Cæsar* will blush to see
 Mankind enslaved, and be ashamed of empire.

Cato. *Cæsar* asham'd! Has not he seen *Pharsalia*!

Luc. *Cato*, 'tis time thou save thy self and us.

Cato. Lose not a thought on me, I'm out of danger.
 Heav'n will not leave me in the victor's hand.

Cæsar shall never say I conquer'd *Cato*.

But oh my friends, your safety fills my heart
 With anxious thoughts: a thousand secret terrors
 Rise in my soul: How shall I save my friends!

'Tis now, o *Cæsar*, I begin to fear thee.

Luc. *Cæsar* has mercy, if we ask it of him.

Cato. Then ask it, I conjure you! let him know
 Whate'er was done against him, *Cato* did it.
 Add, if you please, that I request it of him,
 That I myself, with tears, request it of him,
 The virtue of my friends may pass unpunish'd.

Iuba, my heart is troubled for thy sake.
 Shou'd I advise thee to regain *Numidia*,
 Or seek the conqueror? ———

Iub. If I forsake thee
 Whilst I have life, may heav'n abandon *Iuba*!

Cato. Thy virtues, Prince, if I foresee aright,
 Will one day make thee great; at *Rome* hereafter,
 'Twill be no crime to have been *Cato's* friend.

Portius, draw near! my son! thou oft' hast seen

Thy fire engaged in a corrupted state,
 Wrestling with vice and faction: Now thou see'st me
 Spent, overpow'r'd, despairing of success;
 Let me advise thee to retreat betimes
 To thy paternal seat, the *Sabine* field,
 Where the great *Censor* toil'd with his own hands,
 And all our frugal ancestors were blest'd
 In humble virtues: and a rural life.
 There live retired, pray for the peace of *Rome*.
 Content thy self to be obscurely good.
 When vice prevails, and impious men bear sway,
 The post of honor is a private station.

Port. I hope, my father does not recommend
 A life to *Portius*, that he scorns himself.

Cato. Farewel, my friends! if there be any of you
 Who dare not trust the victor's clemency,
 Know there are ships prepared by my command,
 (Their sails already opening to the winds)
 That shall convey you to the wisht-for port.
 Is there aught else, my friends, I can do for you?
 The conqueror draws near. Once more farewel!
 If e'er we meet hereafter, we shall meet
 In happier climes, and on a safer shore,
 Where *Cæsar* never shall approach us more.

(*Pointing to his dead son.*)

There the brave youth, with love of virtue fired,
 Who greatly in his country's cause expired,
 Shall know he conquer'd. The firm patriot there
 (Who made the welfare of mankind his care)
 Tho' still, by faction, vice, and fortune crost,
 Shall find the gen'rous labor was not lost.

The end of the fourth act.

ACT

*
A C T V. S C E N E I.

CATO solus, *sitting in a thoughtful posture: In his hand Plato's book on the immortality of the soul. A drawn sword on the table by him.*

Enter PORTIUS.

C a t o.

But hah! how's this, my son? why this intrusion?
Were not my orders that I would be private?
Why am I disobey'd?

Port. Alas, my father!

What means this sword? this instrument of death?
Let me convey it hence!

Cato. Rash youth, forbear!

Port. O let the pray'rs, th' intreaties of your friends,
Their tears, their common danger, wrest it from you.

Cato. Wou'dst thou betray me? Wou'dst thou gi-
ve me up

A slave, a captive, into *Cæsar's* hands?
Retire, and learn obedience to a father,
Or know, young man! —

Port. Look not thus sternly on me;
You know I'd rather die than disobey you.

Cato. 'Tis well! again I'm master of my self.
Now, *Cæsar*, let thy troops beset our gates,
And bar each avenue, thy gath'ring fleets
O'erspread the sea, and stop up ev'ry port;
Cato shall open to himself a passage,
And mock thy hopes —

Port. O Sir, forgive your son,
Whose grief hangs heavy on him! o my father!
How am I sure it is not the last time
I e'er shall call you so! Be not displeased,

O be not angry with me whilst I weep,
And, in the anguish of my heart, beseech you
To quit the dreadful purpose of your soul!

Cato. Thou hast been ever good and dutiful.
(*Embracing him.*)

Weep not, my son. All will be well again,
The righteous gods, whom I have fought to please,
Will succor *Cato*, and preserve his children.

Port. Your words give comfort to my drooping
heart.

Cato. *Portius*, thou may'st rely upon my conduct.
Thy father will not act what misbecomes him.
But go, my son, and see if aught be wanting
Among thy father's friends; see them embarked;
And tell me if the winds and seas befriend them.
My soul is quite weigh'd down with care, and asks
The soft refreshment of a moment's sleep.
(*Exit.*)

SCENE II.

PORTIUS *and* MARCIA.

Port. O *Marcia*, o my sister, still there's hope!
Our father will not cast away a life
So needful to us all, and to his country.
He is retired to rest, and seems to cherish
Thoughts full of peace. He has dispatch'd me hence
With ordres, that bespeak a mind composed,
And studious for the safety of his friends.

Marc. O ye immortal powers, that guard the just,
Watch round his couch, and soften his repose,
Banish his sorrows, and becalm his soul
With easy dreams; remember all his virtues!
And show mankind that goodness is your care.

Port. *Marcia* take care that none disturb his
slumbers! (Exit.)

SCENE

S C E N E III.

LUCIA and MARCIA.

Luc. Where is your father, *Marcia*, where is *Cato*?

Marc. *Lucia*, speak low, he is retired to rest.

Lucia, I feel a gentle dawning hope
Rise in my soul. We shall be happy still.

Luc. Alas, I tremble when I think on *Cato*,
In every view, in every thought I tremble!
Cato is stern, and awful as a God,
He knows not how to wink at humane frailty,
Or pardon weakness, that he never felt.

Marc. Though stern and awful to the foes of *Rome*,
He is all goodness, *Lucia*, always mild,
Compassionate and gentle to his friends,
Fill'd with domestick tenderness, the best,
The kindest father! I have ever found him
Easy, and good, and bounteous to my wishes.

Luc. 'Tis his consent alone can make us blest'd.
Marcia, we both are equally involv'd
In the same intricate, perplex'd, distress.
The cruel hand of fate, that has destroy'd
Thy brother *Marcus*, whom we both lament—
Has set my soul at large, and now I stand
Loose of my vow. But who knows *Cato's* thoughts?
Who knows how yet he may dispose of *Portius*,
Or how he has determin'd of thy self?

Marc. Let him but live! commit the rest to heav'n.

Enter Lucius.

Luc. Sweet are the slumbers of the virtuous man!
O *Marcia*, I have seen thy godlike father:
Some pow'r invisible supports his soul,
And bears it up in all its wonted greatness.
A kind refreshing sleep is fall'n upon him:
I saw him stretcht at ease, his fancy lost

In pleasing dreams; as I drew near his couch,
 He smiled, and cry'd, *Cæsar* thou can'st not hurt me.
Marc. His mind still labors with some dreadful
 thought.

Luc. Lucia, why all this grief, these floods of sorrow?
 Dry up thy tears, my child, we all are safe
 While *Cato* lives— His presence will protect us.

Enter JUBA.

Jub. Lucius, the horsemen are return'd from
 viewing
 The number, strength, and posture of our foes,
 Who now encamp within a short hour's march.
 On the high point of yon bright western tower
 We ken them from afar, the setting sun
 Plays on their shining arms and burning helmets,
 And covers all the field with gleams of fire.

Luc. Marcia, 'tis time we shou'd awake thy father.
Cæsar is still disposed to give us terms,
 And waits at distance 'till he hears from *Cato*.

Enter PORTIUS.

Portius, thy looks speak somewhat of importance.
 What tidings dost thou bring? methinks I see
 Unusual gladness sparkling in thy eyes.

Port. As I was hasting to the port, where now
 My father's friends, impatient for a passage,
 Accuse the ling'ring winds, a sail arrived
 From *Pompey's* son, who through the realm of *Spain*
 Calls out for vengeance on his father's death,
 And rouses the whole nation up to arms.
 Were *Cato* at their head, once more might *Rome*
 Assert her rights, and claim her liberty.
 But heark! what means that groan! o give me way,
 And let me flie into my father's presence.

(Exit.)

Luc.

Luc. Cato, amidst his slumbers thinks on Rome,
And in the wild disorder of his soul
Mourns o'er his country; hah! a second groan —
Heav'n guard us all —

Marc. Alas, 'tis not the voice
Of one who sleeps! 'tis agonizing pain,
'Tis death in that sound —

Re-enter PORTIUS.

Port. O sight of woe!
O *Marcia*, what we fear'd is come to pass!
Cato is fall'n upon his sword —

Luc. O *Portius*,
Hide all the horrors of thy mournful tale,
And let us guess the rest.

Port. I've rais'd him up,
And plac'd him in his chair, where pale, and faint,
He gasps for breath, and, as his life flows from him,
Demands to see his friends. His servants weeping,
Obsequious to his orders, bear him hither.

(*The back scene opens, and discovers Cato.*)

Marc. O heav'n assist me in this dreadful hour
To pay the last sad duties to my father.

Jub. These are thy triumphs, thy exploits, o *Cæsar*!

Luc. Now is *Rome* fall'n indeed! —

(*Cato brought forward in his chair.*)

Cato. Here set me down —

Portius, come near me — are my friends embark'd?
Can any thing be thought of for their service?
Whilst I yet live, let me not live in vain.

— O *Lucius*, art thou here? — thou art too good —
Let this our friendship live between our children,
Make *Portius* happy in thy daughter *Lucia*.

Alas poor man, he weeps! — *Marcia*, my daughter —

— O bend me forward! — *Juba* loves thee, *Marcia*.
A Senator of *Rome*, while *Rome* survived,

Wou'd not have match'd his daughter with a king,
 But *Cæsar's* arms have thrown down all distinction;
 Whoe'er is brave and virtuous, is a *Roman* —
 — I'm sick to death — o when shall I get loose
 From this vain world, th' abode of guilt and sorrow! —
 — And yet methinks a beam of light breaks in
 On my departing soul. — Alas, I fear
 I've been too hasty. O ye powr's that search
 The heart of man, and weigh his inmost thoughts,
 If I have done amiss, impute it not —!
 The best may err, but you are good, and — oh!
 (*Dies.*)

Luc. There fled the greatest soul that ever warm'd
 A *Roman* breast; o *Cato!* o my friend!
 Thy will shall be religiously observ'd.
 But let us bear this awful corps to *Cæsar*
 And lay it in his sight, that it may stand
 A fence betwixt us and the victor's wrath;
Cato, tho' dead, shall still protect his friends.

From hence, let fierce contending nations know
 What dire effects from civil discord flow.
 'Tis this that shakes our country with alarms,
 And gives up *Rome* a prey to *Roman* arms,
 Produces fraud, and cruelty, and strife,
 And robs the guilty world of *Cato's* life.

(*Exeunt omnes.*)



EPILOGUE,

By Dr. GARTH.

What odd fantastick things we women do!
Who wou'd not listen when young lovers woo?
But die a maid, yet have the choice of two!
Ladies are often cruel to their cost;
To give you pain, themselves they punish most.
Vows of virginity should well be weigh'd;
Too oft they're cancell'd, tho' in convents made.
Wou'd you revenge such rash resolves — you may:
Be spiteful — and believe the thing we say,
We hate you when you're easily said nay.
How needless, if you knew us, were your fears?
Let love have eyes, and beauty will have ears.
Our hearts are form'd as you your selves wou'd chuse,
Too proud to ask, too humble to refuse:
We give to merit, and to wealth we sell;
He sighs with most success that settles well.
The moes of wedlock with the joys we mix;
'Tis best repenting in a coach and six.

Blame not our conduct, since we but pursue
Those lively lessons we have learn'd from you:
Your breasts no more the fire of beauty warms,
But wicked wealth usurps the pow'r of charms;

What

*What pains to get the gaudy thing you hate,
 To swell in show, and be a wretch in state!
 At plays you ogle, at the ring you bow;
 Ev'n churches are no sanctuaries now:
 There, golden idols all your vows receive,
 She is no goddess that has nought to give.
 Ob, may once more the happy age appear,
 When words were artless, and the thoughts sincere;
 When gold and grandeur were unenvy'd things,
 And courts less coveted than groves and springs.
 Love then shall only mourn when truth complains,
 And constancy feel transport in its chains.
 Sighs with success their own soft anguish tell,
 And eyes shall utter what the lips conceal:
 Virtue again to its bright station climb,
 And beauty fear no enemy but time,
 The fair shall listen to desert alone,
 And every Lucia find a Cato's son.*

F I N I S.



MAHOMET

A

TRAGEDY.

Francfort 1776.

This play is partly a translation, and partly an imitation of the celebrated MAHOMET of *Voltaire*, the first four acts composed by the Rev. Mr. *Miller*, and the last by a Gentleman eminent for his dramatic talents. It passed through two editions during the run of its being acted in the years 1743 and 1744, and has now received some alterations which are submitted to the public, by

William Thompson.

Dramatis Personæ.

Mahomet,	
Mirvan, <i>his General.</i>	
Ali,	} Officers of Mahomet,
Hercides,	
Ammon,	
Zaphna,	} Captives brought up under
Palmira,	
	Mahomet.
Alcanor, <i>Chief of the Senate of Mecca</i>	
Pharon, <i>his friend.</i>	

SCENE, MECCA.

MAHO-



M A H O M E T.

ACT I. SCENE I.

SCENE, *an apartment in the temple of Mecca.*

Enter ALCANOR *and* PHARON.

Alcanor.

Pharon, no more — Shall I
Fall prostrate to an arrogant impostor,
Homage in *Mecca* one I banish'd thence,
And incense the delusions of a rebel!
No — blast *Alcanor*, righteous heaven! if e'er
This hand, yet free and uncontaminate,
Shall league with fraud, or adulate a tyrant.

Pbar. August and sacred chief of *Ismael's* senate,
This zeal of thine, paternal as it is,
Is fatal now — our impotent resistance
Controuls not *Mabomet's* unbounded progress;
But, without weak'ning, irritates the tyrant.
When onze a citizen, you well condemn'd him
As an obscure, seditious innovator:
But now he is a conqu'ror, Prince, and Pontiff;
Whilst nations numberless embrace his laws,
And pay him adoration — Ev'n in *Mecca*
He boasts his profelytes.

Alc.

Alc. Such profelytes
Are worthy of him — low, untutor'd reptiles,
In whom sense only lives — most credulous still
Of what is most incredible!

Phar. Be such
Disdain'd, my Lord; but mayn't the pest spread up-
wards,
And seize the head — Say, is the senate found?
I fear some members of that rev'rend class
Are mark'd with the contagion, who, from views
Of higher power and rank,
Worship this rising sun, and give a sanction
To his invasions.

Alc. If, ye powers divine!
Ye mark the movements of this nether world,
And bring them to account, crush, crush those vipers,
Who, singled out by a community
To guard their rights, shall, for a grasp of ore
Or paltry office, sell 'em to the foe!

Phar. Each honest citizen, I grant, is thine,
And, grateful for thy boundless blessings on them,
Would serve thee with their lives; but the approach
Of this usurper to their very walls
Strikes 'em with such a dread, that even these
Implore thee to accept his profferd peace.

Alc. O people, lost to wisdom, as to glory!
Go, bring in pomp, and serve upon your knees
This idol, that will crush you with its weight.
Mark, I abjure him: By his savage hand
My wife and children perish'd, whilst in vengeance
I carry'd carnage to his very tent,
Transfix'd to earth his only son, and wore
His trappings as a trophy of my conquest.
His torch of enmity thus lighted 'twixt us,
The hands of time itself can ne'er extinguish.

Phar. Extinguish not, but smother for a while

its

Its fatal flame, and greatly sacrifice
 Thy private suff'rings to the publick welfare.
 O say, *Alcanor*, wert thou to behold
 (As soon thou may'st) this fam'd metropolis
 With foes begirt, behold its pining tenants
 Prey on each other for the means of life,
 Whilst lakes of blood, and mountains of the slain,
 Putrify the air,
 And sweep off thousands with their pois'nous steams,
 Would thy slain children be aveng'd by this?

Alc. No, *Pharon*, no; I live not for myself.
 My wife and children lost, my country's now
 My family.

Phar. Then let not that be lost.

Alc. 'Tis lost by cowardice.

Phar. By rashness, often.

Alc. *Pharon*, desist.

Phar. My noble Lord, I cannot,
 Must not desist, will not, since you're possess'd
 Of means to bring this insolent invader
 To any terms you'll claim.

Alc. What means?

Phar. *Palmira*.

That blooming fair, the flow'r of all his camp,
 By thee born off in our last skirmish with him,
 Seems the divine ambassadress of peace,
 Sent to procure our safety. *Mabomet*
 Has, by his heralds, trice propos'd her ransom,
 And bad us fix the price.

Alc. I know it, *Pharon*.

And wouldst thou then restore this noble treasure
 To that *Barbarian*? Wouldst thou, for the frauds,
 The deaths, the devastations he brings on us,
 Enrich his ruffian hands with such a gem,
 And render beauty the reward of rapine? —
 Smile not, my friend, nor think that at these years,

L

Well

Well travell'd in the winter of my days,
 I entertain a thought tow'rd's this young beauty,
 But what's as pure as is the western gale,
 That breathes upon the uncropt violet — —

Phar. My Lord —

Alc. — This heart, by age and grief congeal'd,
 Is no more sensible to love's endearments,
 Than are our barren rocks to morn's sweet dew,
 That balmy trickles down their rugged cheeks.

Phar. My noble Chief, each master-piece of nature
 Commands involuntary homage from us.

Alc. I own a tenderness, unfelt before,
 A sympathetick grief, with ardent wishes
 To make her happy, fill'd my widow'd bosom.
 I dread her being in that monster's power,
 And burn to have her hate him, like myself.
 'Twas on this hour I, at her modest suit,
 Promis'd her audience in my own pavilion.

Pharon, go thou mean while, and see the senate
 Assembled strait — I'll sound 'em as I ought.

(*Exeunt severally.*)

SCENE changes to a room of state.

PALMIRA.

Sitting in a thoughtful posture, and rises as
Alcanor enters.

Alc. *Palmira*, whence those tears? Trust me,
 fair maid,

Thou art not fall'n into *Barbarian* hands;
 What *Mecca* can afford of pomp or pleasure,
 To call attention from misfortune's lap,
 Demand and share it.

Palm. No, my generous victor,
 My suit's for nothing *Mecca* can afford;
 Pris'ner these two long months beneath your roof,
 I've

I've tasted such benignity and candor,
Whilst your own hands so labor'd to beguile
The anxious moments of captivity,
That oft I've call'd my tears ingratitude.

Alc. If ought remains, that's in my power, to
smooth

The rigor of your fate, and crown your wishes,
Why, 'twould fill
The furrows in my cheeks, and make old age
Put on its summer's garb.

Palm. Thus low I bleſs thee. (kneeling.)

It is on you, on you alone, *Alcanor*,
My whole of future happiness depends.
Have pity then:

Pity, *Alcanor*, one who's torn from all
That's dear or venerable to her soul;
Restore me then, restore me to my country,
Restore me to my father, prince, and prophet.

Alc. Is slavery dear then, is fraud venerable?
What country! a tumultuous wand'ring camp!

Palm. My country, Sir, is not a single spot
Of such a mold, or fix'd to such a clime;
No, 'tis the social circle of my friends,
The lov'd community in which I'm link'd,
And in whose welfare all my wishes center.

Alc. Excellent maid! then *Mecca* be thy country.
Robb'd of my children, would *Palmira* deign
To let me call her child, the toil I took
To make her destiny propitious to her,
Would lighten the rough burthen of my own.
But no; you scorn my country and my laws.

Palm. Can I be yours when not my own? Your
bounties

Claim and share my gratitude. — But *Mabomet*
Claims right o'er me of parent, prince, and pro-
phet.

Alc. Of parent, prince, and prophet! heavens!
that robber

Who, a scap'd felon, emulates a throne,
And, scoffing at all faiths, proclaims a new one!

Palm. O cease, my Lord; this blasphemous abuse
On one, whom millions with myself adore,
Does violence to my ear; such black profaneness
'Gainst heav'n's interpreter, blots out remembrance
Of favors past, and nought succeeds but horror.

Alc. O superstition! thy pernicious rigors,
Inflexible to reason, truth, and nature,
Banish humanity the gentlest breasts.

Palmira, I lament to see thee plung'd
So deep in error. —

Palm. Do you then reject
My just petition? Can *Alcanor's* goodness
Be deaf to suffering virtue?
Name but the ransom,
And *Mabomet* will treble what you ask.

Alc. There is no ransom *Mabomet* can offer
Proportion'd to the prize. Trust me, *Palmira*,
I cannot yield thee up: What! to a tyrant,
Who wrongs thy youth, and mocks thy tender heart
With vile illusions, and fanatical terrors! —

Enter PHARON.

What wouldst thou, *Pharon*?

Phar. From yon western gate
Which opens on *Moradia's* fertile plains
Mabomet's gen'ral, *Mirvan*, hastes to greet thee.

Alc. *Mirvan*, that vile apostate!

Phar. In one hand
He holds a scimitar, the other bears
An olive-branch, which to our chiefs he waves,
An emblem of his suit — a martial youth,
Zafina by name, attends him for our hostage.

Palm.

• *Palm.* *Zaphna*! mysterious heav'n!

Pbar. *Mirvan* advances

This way, my Lord, to render you his charge.

Alc. *Mirvan* advance! How dare the traitor see
me?

Palmira, thou retire — *Pbaron*, be present.

(*Exit Palmira.*)

Enter MIRVAN.

After six years of infamous rebellion
Against thy native country, dost thou, *Mirvan*,
Again prophane, with thy detested presence,
These sacred walls, which once thy hands defended,
But thy bad heart has vilely since betray'd?
Thou poor deserter of thy country's gods,
Thou base invader of thy country's rights,
What wouldst thou have with me?

Mirv. I'd pardon thee —

Out of compassion to thy age and suff'rings,
And high regard for thy experienc'd valor,
Heav'n's great apostle offers thee in friendship
A hand could crush thee; and I come commission'd
To name the terms of peace he deigns to tender.

Alc. He deigns to tender! Insolent impostor!
Dost thou not, *Mirvan*, blush
To serve this wretch — this base of soul, as birth?

Mirv. *Mahomet's* grandur's in himself; he shi-
nes not

With borrow'd lustre.
Plung'd in the night of prejudice, and bound
In fetters of hereditary faith,
My judgment slept; but when I found him born
To mold anew the prostrate universe,
I started from my dream, join'd his career,
And shar'd his arduous and immortal labors.

Once, I must own, I was as blind as thou;
Then wake to glory, and be chang'd like me.

Alc. What death to honor, wak'ning to such
glory!

Phar. O what a fall from virtue was that change!

Mirv. Come, embrace our faith, reign with *Mabomet*,

And, cloath'd in terrors, make the vulgar tremble.

Alc. 'Tis *Mabomet*, and tyrants like to *Mabomet*,
'Tis *Mirvan*, and apostates like to *Mirvan*,
I only would make tremble — Is it, say'st thou,
Religion that's the parent of this rapine,
This virulence and rage? — No, true religion
Is always mild, propitious, and humane;
Plays not the tyrant, plants no faith in blood,
Nor bears destruction on her chariot wheels,
But stoops to polish, succor, and redress,
And builds her grandur on the publick good.

Mirv. Thou art turn'd christian, sure! some strag-
ling monk

Has taught thee these tame lessons —

Alc. If the christians
Hold principles like these, which reason dictates,
Which all our notions of the pow'rs divine
Declare the social laws they meant for man,
And all the beauties and delights of nature
Bear witness to, the christians may be right:
Thy sect cannot, who, nurs'd in blood and slaughter,
Worship a cruel and revengeful being,
And draw him always with his thunder round him,
As ripe for the destruction of mankind.

Mirv. If clemency delights thee, learn it here.
Though banish'd by thy voice his native city,
Though by thy hand robb'd of his only son,
Mabomet pardons thee; nay' farther, begs

The

The hatred burning 'twixt you be extinguish'd
With reconciliation's gen'rous tear.

Alc. I know thy master's arts; his gen'rous tears,
Like the refreshing drops that previous fall
To the wild outrage of o'erwhelming earthquakes,
Only fore-run destruction;
Courage he has, not bravery,
For blood and havock are the sure attendants
On his victorious car.

Phar. Leagues he will make too —

Alc. Like other grasping tyrants, till he eyes
A lucky juncture to enlarge his bounds;
Then he'll deride 'em, leap o'er ev'ry tie
Of sacred guarantee, or sworn protection,
And, when th' oppress'd ally implores assistance,
Beneath that mask, invade the wish'd-for realms,
And from pure friendship take them to himself.

Mirv. *Mahomet* fights heav'n's battles, bends the
bow
To spread heav'n's laws, and to subject to faith
The iron neck of error.

Alc. Lust and ambition, *Mirvan*, are the springs
Of all his actions, whilst, without one virtue,
Diffimulation, like a flatt'ring painter,
Bedecks him with the coloring of them all.
This is thy master's portrait — But no more —
My soul's inexorable, and my hate
Immortal as the cause from whence it sprang.

Mirv. What cause —

Alc. The diff'rence between good and evil.

Mirv. Thou talk'st to me, *Alcanor*, with an air
Of a stern judge, that from his dread tribunal
Intimidates the criminal beneath him.
Resume thy temper, act the minister,
And treat with me as with th' ambassador
Of heav'n's apostle, and *Arabia's* king.

Alc. Arabia's king! what king! who crown'd him? —

Mirv. Conquest. —

Whilst to the stile of conqueror, and of monarch,
Patron of peace he'd add — name then the price
Of peace and of *Palmira* — boundless treasures,
The spoils of vanquish'd monarchs, and the stores
Of rifled provinces are thrown before thee.
Our troops, with unwont ardor, hasten hither
To lay in ruin this rebellious city;
Stem then the rushing torrent: *Mahomet*
In person comes to claim a conference with thee
For this good purpose.

Alc. Who! *Mahomet*!

Mirv. Yes, he conjures thou'lt grant it.

Alc. Traitor, were I sole ruler here in *Mecca*,
I'd answer thee with chastisement —

Mirv. Hot man!

I pity thy false virtue — but farewell —

And since the Senate share thy power in *Mecca*,
To their serener wisdoms I'll appeal.

(*Exit Mirvan.*)

Alc. I'll meet thee there, and see whose voice is
victor.

Come, *Pharon*, aid me to repulse this traitor;
To bear him, with impunity, amongst us,
Is treason 'gainst ourselves — ye sacred pow'rs,
My country's gods, that for three thousand years
Have reign'd protectors of the tribe of *Ismael*!
O support my spirit
In that firm purpose it has always held,
To combat violence, fraud, and usurpation,
To pluck the spoil from the oppressor's jaws,
And keep my country, as I found it, free.

(*Exeunt.*)

End of the first act.

ACT

 ACT II. SCENE I.

 SCENE, PALMIRA'S *Apartment*.

 PALMIRA, *enter* ZAPHNA.

Hah! all-gracious heav'n!
 Thou, *Zaphna*! is it thou? what pitying angel
 Guided thy steps to these abodes of bondage?

Zaph. Thou, sov'reign of my soul, and all its
 powers;

Object of ev'ry fear and every wish;
 Friend, sister, love, companion, all that's dear!
 Do I once more behold thee, my *Palmira*?
 O, I will set it down the whitest hour
 That *Zaphna* e'er was blest with —

Palm. Say, my hero —
 Are my ills ended then? they are, they are:
 Now *Zaphna*'s here I am no more a captive,
 Except to him; o blest captivity!

Zaph. Those smiles are dearer to my raptur'd breast,
 Sweeter those accents to my list'ning heart,
 Than all *Arabia*'s spices to the sense.

Palm. No wonder that my soul was so elate,
 No wonder that the cloud of grief gave way,
 When thou, my sun of comfort, wert so nigh.

Zaph. Since that dire hour, when on *Sabaria*'s
 strand,

The barb'rous foe depriv'd me of *Palmira*,
 In what a gulph of horror and despair
 Have thy imagin'd perils plung'd my soul!
 Stretch'd on expiring corse, for a while
 To the deaf stream I pour'd out my complaint,
 And beg'd I might be number'd with the dead,
 That strow'd its banks — then, starting from despair,

With rage I flew to *Mahomet* for vengeance:
 He, for some high mysterious purpose known
 To heav'n and him alone, at length dispatch'd
 The valiant *Mirvan* to demand a truce.
 Instant on wings of lightning I pursu'd him,
 And enter'd as his hostage — fix'd, *Palmira*,
 Or to redeem, or die a captive with thee.

Palm. Heroic youth!

Zaph. But how have these *Barbarians*
 Treated my fair?

Palm. With high humanity:
 I, in my victor, found a friend. — *Alcanor*
 Has made me feel captivity in nothing,
 But absence from my *Zaphna* and my friends. —

Zaph. I grieve a soul so gen'rous is our foe.
 But now presented as an hostage to him,
 His noble bearing and humanity
 Made captive of my heart; I felt, methought,
 A new affection lighted in my breast,
 And wonder'd whence the infant ardor sprang.

Palm. Yet, gen'rous as he is, not all my prayers,
 Not all the tears I lavish at his feet,
 Can move him to restore me —

Zaph. But he shall —
 Let the *Barbarian* know he shall, *Palmira*.
 The God of *Mahomet*, our divine protector,
 Whose still triumphant standard I have borne
 O'er piles of vanquish'd infidels — that power
 Which brought unnumber'd battlements to earth,
 Will humble *Mecca* too.

Enter MIRVAN.

Well, noble *Mirvan*,
 Do my *Palmira*'s chains sit loose upon her?
 Say, is it freedom? this presumptuous Senate —

Mirv. Has granted all we ask'd, all we could wish. —

The

The truce obtain'd, the 'gates to *Mahomet*
Flew open —

Zaph. *Mahomet* in *Mecca*! say'st thou?
Once more in *Mecca*!

Palm. Transport, bid him welcome!

Zaph. Thy suff'rings then are o'er, the ebb is
past,
And a full tide of hope flows in upon us.

Mirv. The spirit of our Prophet, that inspir'd me,
Breath'd such divine persuasion from my lips,
As shook the reverend fathers. — Sirs, cried I,
This fav'rite of high heav'n, who rules in battle,
Before whose footstool tributary kings
Bow the anointed head, born here in *Mecca*,
Asks but to be enroll'd a senator,
And you refuse his pray'r. Deluded sages!
Although your conqueror, he requests no more
Than one day's truce, pure pity to yourselves!
To save you, if he can, and you — o shame!
At this a gen'ral murmur spread around,
Which seem'd propitious to us —

Zaph. Greatly carried!
Go on —

Mirv. Then straight th' inflexible *Alcanor*
Flew through the streets, assembling all the people,
To bar our Prophet. Thither too I fled,
Urg'd the same arguments, exhorted, threatned,
Till they unhing'd the gates, and gave free passage
To *Mahomet* and his chiefs — In vain *Alcanor*,
And his dishearten'd party, strove t' oppose him,
Serene and dauntless through the gazing crowd
With more than human majesty he mov'd,
Bearing the peaceful olive, whilst the truce
Was instantly proclaim'd —

Palm. But where's the prophet?

Mirv.

Mirv. Reclin'd in yonder grot that joins the temple,
Attended by his chiefs.

Zaph. There let us haste
With duteous step, and bow ourselves before him.
(*Exeunt.*)

SCENE changes to a spacious grotto.

MAHOMET with the Alcoran before him.

HERCIDES, AMMON, ALI, &c.
attending at a distance.

Mahomet. (*Coming forward.*)
Invincible supporters of our grandure!
My faithful chiefs, *Hercides*, *Ammon*, *Ali*!
Go and instruct this people in my name;
That faith may dawn, and, like a morning-star,
Be herald to my rising.
Lead them to know, and to adore my God;
But above all to fear him — Lo *Palmira*!
(*Exeunt Hercides, &c.*)

Enter MIRVAN, ZAPHNA, and PALMIRA.
(*To Palmira.*) The hand of war was ne'er before
so barbarous,
Never bore from me half so rich a spoil
As thee, my fair.

Palm. Joy to my heav'nly guardian!
Joy to the world that *Mahomet's* in *Mecca*!

Mab. My child, let me embrace thee — how's this
Zaphna!

Thou here!

Zaph. (*kneeling.*) My father, chief, and holy
pontiff!
The God that thou'rt inspir'd by, march'd before me.
Ready,

Ready, for thee, to wade through seas of danger,
Or cope with death itself, I hither hasten'd
To yield myself an hostage, and with zeal
Prevent thy order.

Mab. 'Twas not well, rash boy:
He that dos more than I command him, errs
As much as he who falters in his duty,
And is not for my purpose — I obey
My God — implicitly obey thou me.

Palm. Pardon, my gracious Lord, his well-meant
ardor.

Brought up from tender infancy, beneath
The shelter of thy sacred patronage,
Zaphna and I've been animated still
By the same sentiments: Alas, great Prophet,
I've had enough of wretchedness, — to languish
A prisoner here, far both from him and thee:
Grudge me not then the ray of consolation
His presence beam'd, nor cloud my dawning hope
Of rising freedom and felicity.

Mab. Palmira, 'tis enough, I read thy heart —
Be not alarm'd; tho' burden'd with the cares
Of thrones and altars, still my guardian eye
Will watch o'er thee, as o'er the universe.
Follow my Generals, *Zaphna*: fair *Palmira*,
Retire, and pay thy powerful vows to heav'n,
And dread no wrongs but from *Alcanor*.

(*Zaphna and Palmira go out separately.*)

Mirvan —

Attend thou here — 'tis time, my trusty soldier,
My long-try'd friend, to lay unfolded to thee
The close resolves and councils of my heart.
The tedious length of a precarious siege
May damp the present ardor of my troops,
And check me in the height of my career.
Let us not give deluded mortals leisure,

By

By reason to disperse the mystick gloom
 We've cast about us. — Prepossession, friend,
 Reigns monarch of the million — *Mecca's* crowd
 Gaze at my rapid victories, and think
 Some awful power directs my arm to conquest.
 But whilst our friends once more renew their efforts,
 To win the wav'ring people to our interest,
 What think'st thou, say, of *Zaphna* and *Palmira*?

Mirv. As of thy most resign'd and faithful vassals.

Mab. O! *Mirvan*, they're the deadliest of my
 foes.

Mirv. How!

Mab. Yes, they love each other —

Mirv. Well — what crime —

Mab. What crime, dost say? — Learn all my
 frailty, then —

My life's a combat; keen austerity
 Subjects my nature to abstemious bearings.
 I've banish'd from my lips that trait'rous liquor,
 That either works to practices of outrage,
 Or melts the manly breast to woman weakness;
 Or on the burning sands, or desert rocks,
 With thee I bear th' inclemency of climates,
 Freeze at the pole, or scorch beneath the line.
 For all these toils love only can retaliate,
 The only consolation or reward!
 Fruit of my labors, idol of my incense,
 And sole divinity that I adore.
 Know then, that I prefer this young *Palmira*
 To all the ripen'd beauties that attend me;
 Dwell on her accents, doat upon her smiles,
 And am not mine but her's: now judge, my friend,
 How vast the jealous transports of thy master,
 When at his feet he daily hears this charmer
 Avow a foreign love, and, insolent!
 Give *Mabomet* a rival?

Mirv.

• *Mirv.* How! and *Mahomet*
Not instantly revenge! —

Mab. Ah, should he not?
But better to detest him, know him better:
Learn then, that both my rival, and my love,
Sprang from the loins of this audacious tyrant.

Mirv. *Alcanor*!

Mab. Is their father; old *Hercides*,
To whose sage institution I commit
My captive infants, late reveal'd it to me —
Perdition! I myself light up their flame,
And fed it till I set myself on fire.

Well, means must be employ'd; but see, the father:
He comes this way, and launches from his eye
Malignant sparks of enmity and rage.

Mirvan, see all ta'en care of; let *Hercides*,
With his escorte, beset yon gate; bid *Ali*
Make proper disposition round the temple;
This done, return, and render me account
Of what success we meet with 'mongst the people:
Then, *Mirvan*, we'll determine or to loose
Or bridle in our vengeance, as it suits.

(*Exit Mirvan.*)

Enter ALCANOR.

Mab. Why dost thou start, *Alcanor*? Whence that
horror?

Is then my sight so baneful to thee?

Alc. Heav'ns!

Must I then bear this? Must I meet in *Mecca*,
On terms of peace, this spoiler of the earth?

Mab. Approach, old man, without a blush, since
heav'n

For some high end decrees our future union.

Alc. I blush not for myself, but thee, thou ty-
rant;

For

For thee, bad man! who com'st with serpent-guile
 To sow dissension in the realms of peace;
 Thy very name sets families at variance,
 'Twixt son and father, bursts the bonds of nature,
 And scares endearment from the nuptial pillow;
 Ev'n truce with thee is a new stratagem.
 And is it, insolent dissembler! thus
 Thou com'st to give the sons of *Mecca* peace,
 And me an unknown God?

Mab. Were I to answer any but *Alcanor*,
 That unknown God should speak in thunder for me:
 But here with thee I'd parley as a man.

Alc. What can'st thou say? What urge in thy defence?
 What right hast thou receiv'd to plant new faiths,
 Or lay a claim to royalty and priesthood?

Mab. The right that a resolv'd and tow'ring spirit
 Has o'er the grov'ling instinct of the vulgar —

Alc. Patience, good heav'ns! Have I not known
 thee, *Mahomet*,
 When void of wealth, inheritance, or fame,
 Rank'd with the lowest of the low at *Mecca*?

Mab. Dost thou not know, thou haughty feeble
 man!

That the low insect lurking in the grass,
 And the imperial eagle which aloft
 Ploughs the ethereal plain, are both alike
 In the eternal eye — mortals are equal.
 It is not birth, magnificence, or pow'r,
 But virtue only makes the difference 'twixt them.
 By virtue's ardent pinions bore on high
 Heav'n met my zeal, gave me in solemn charge
 Its sacred laws, then bade me on and publish.

Alc. And did heav'n bid thee on and plunder too?

Mab. My law is active, and inflames the soul
 With thirst of glory: what can thy dumb gods?

What

What laurels spring beneath their footy altars?
Thy slothful sect disgrace the human-kind,
Enervate lifeless images of men!

Mine bear th' intrepid soul; my faith makes heroes.

Alc. Go preach these doctrines at *Medina*, where,
By prostrate wretches, thou art rais'd to homage.

Mab. Hear me; thy *Mecca* trembles at my name:
If therefore thou would'st save thyself or city,
Embrace my proffer'd friendship — what to-day,
I thus solicit, I'll command to-morrow.

Alc. Contract with thee a friendship! frontless
man!

Know'st thou a God can work that miracle?

Mab. I do. — Necessity. Thy interest.

Alc. Interest is thy god, equity is mine.
Propose the tie of this unnatural union;
Say, is't the loss of thy ill-fated son,
Who in the field fell victim to my rage,
Or the dear blood of my poor captive children,
Shed by thy butchering hands?

Mab. Ay, 'tis thy children.
Mark me then well, and learn th' important secret
Which I'm sole master of — thy children live.

Alc. Live!

Mab. Yes — both live —

Alc. What say'st thou? both?

Mab. Ay, both.

Alc. And dost thou not beguile me?

Mab. No, old man.

Alc. Propitious heavens! say, *Mahomet*, for now
Methinks I could hold endless converse with thee,
Say, what's their portion? liberty, or bondage?

Mab. Bred in my camp, and tutor'd in my law,
I hold the balance of their destinies,
And now 'tis on the turn — their lives, or deaths —
'Tis thine to say which shall preponderate.

M

Alc.

Alc. Mine ! Can I save them? Name the mighty
ransom —

If I must bear their chains, double the weight,
And I will kiss the hand that puts them on:
Or if my streaming blood must be the purchase,
Drain ev'ry sluice and chanel of my body,
My swelling veins will burst to give it passage.

Mab. I'll tell thee then — renounce thy pagan
faith ;

Abolish thy vain gods, and —

Alc. Hah !

Mab. Nay more,
Surrender Mecca to me, quit this temple,
Assist me to impose upon the world,
Thunder my *Koran* to the gazing crowd,
Proclaim me for their prophet, and their king,
And be a glorious pattern of credulity
To *Korah's* stubborn tribe. These terms perform'd,
Thy son shall be restor'd, and *Mahomet's* self
Will deign to wed thy daughter.

Alc. Hear me, *Mahomet*,
I am a father, and this bosom boasts
A heart as tender as e'er parent bore.
After a fifteen years of anguish for them,
Once more to view my children, clasp 'em to me,
And die in their embraces! melting thought!
But were I doom'd, or to enslave my country,
And help to spread black error o'er the earth;
Or to behold those blood-embued hands,
Deprive me of 'em both — know me then, *Mahomet*,
I'd not admit a doubt to cloud my choice —

(*Looking earnestly at Mahomet for some time
before he speaks.*)

Farewel.

(*Exit Alcanor.*)

Mab. Why, fare thee well then — Curlish dotard!

Enter

Enter MIRVAN.

Well, my *Mirvan*,
What say'st thou to it now?

Mirv. Why, that *Alcanor*
Or we must fall.

Mab. Fall then th' obdurate rebel!

Mirv. The truce expires to-morrow, when *Al-*
canor

Again is *Mecca's* master, and has vow'd
Destruction on thy head: the senate too
Have pass'd thy doom.

Mab. Those heart-chill'd, paltry bablers
Plac'd on the bench of sloth, with ease can nod,
And vote a man to death; why don't the cowards
Stand me in yonder plain? — with half their num-
bers

I drove 'em headlong to their walls for shelter;
And he was deem'd the wisest Senator,
That enter'd first the gate: but now they think
They've got me in the toil, their spirits mount,
And they could prove most valorous assassins. —
Well, this I like — I always ow'd my greatness
To opposition; had I not met struggle
I'd been obscure — enough — perish *Alcanor*!
He marbl'd up, the pliant populace,
Those dupes of novelty, will bend before us
Like osiers to a hurricane. —

Mirv. No time
Is to be lost.

Mab. But for a proper arm?
For, howsoever irksome, we must save
Appearances, and mask it with the vulgar.

Mirv. True, my sage chief. — What think'st thou
then of *Zaphna*?

Mab. Of *Zaphna*, say'st thou!

M 2

Mirv.

Mirv. Yes, *Alcanor's* hostage —
 He can in private do thee vengeance on him.
 Thy other fav'rites of maturer age,
 And more discreetly zealous, would not risk it:
 Youth is the stock, whence grafted superstition
 Shoots with unbounded vigor. He's a slave
 To thy despotick faith, and urg'd by thee,
 However mild his nature may appear,
 However humane and noble is his spirit,
 Or strong his reason, where allow'd to reason,
 He would, for heaven's sake, martyr half mankind.

Mab. The brother of *Palmira*!

Mirv. Yes, that brother,
 The only son of thy outrageous foe,
 And the incestuous rival of thy love.

Mab. I hate the stripling, loath his very name:
 The *manes* of my son too cries for vengeance
 On the curst fire; but then thou know'st my love,
 Know'st from whose blood she sprang; this staggers,

Mirvan,

And yet I'm here surrounded with a gulph
 Ready to swallow me; come too, in quest
 Of altars and a throne — What must be done —
 My warring passions, like contending clouds,
 When fraught with thunder's fatal fuel, burst
 Upon themselves, and rend me with the shock.
 And shall enervating, contagious love,
 Hag my aspiring spirit, sink me down
 To woman's shackles, make a lap thing of me?
 Glory! that must not be! ambition still,
 And great revenge, impetuous urge their claims,
 And must be notic'd. *Mirvan*, found this youth:
 Touch not at once upon the startling purpose,
 But make due preparation.

Mirv. I'll attack him
 With all the forces of enthusiasm:

There

There lies our strength.

Mab. First then, a solemn vow
To act whatever heav'n by me enjoins him.
Next, omens, dreams, and visions may be pleaded:
Hints too of black designs by this *Alcanor*
Upon *Palmira's* virtue, and his life. —
But to the proof — Be now propitious, fortune,
Then love, ambition, vengeance, jointly triumph.

End of the second act.

A C T III. S C E N E I.

ZAPHNA and PALMIRA.

ZAPHNA.

Alcanor claim a private conference with us!
What has he to unfold?

Palm. I tremble, *Zaphna*.

Zaph. Time press'd too, did he say?

Palm. He did; then cast
A look so piercing on me, it o'erwhelm'd
My face with deep confusion; this he mark'd,
Then, starting, left me.

Zaph. Both in private?

Palm. In private both.

Zaph. It cannot be; so reverend a form
Could ne'er be pander to such black devices.

Palm. But let us shun it, *Zaphna*; much I fear
Alcanor has deceiv'd us; dread the treach'ry
Of this blood-thirsty senate. Trust me, *Zaphna*,
They've sworn the extirpation of our faith,
Nor care by what vile means —

Zaph. My soul's best treasure,

For whose security my ev'ry thought
Is up in arms, regardless of my own;
Shun thou *Alcanor's* presence. This hour, *Palmira*,
Mirvan, by order of our royal pontiff,
Prepares to solemnize some act of worship
Of a more hallow'd and mysterious kind
Than will admit of vulgar eye. Myself
Alone am honor'd to assist,

Palm. Alone!

Zaph. Yes, to devote myself by solemn vow
For some great act, of which my fair's the prize.

Palm. What act?

Zaph. No matter, since my lov'd *Palmira*
Shall be the glorious recompence. —

Palm. Oh *Zaphna*!

Methinks I do not like this secret vow!

Why must I not be present? Were I with thee
I should not be so anxious;

For, trust me, *Zaphna*, my affection for thee
Is of that pure, disinterested nature,
So free from passion's taint, I've no one wish
To have thee more than thus; have thee my friend,
Share thy lov'd converse, wait upon thy welfare,
And view thee with a sister's spotless eye.

Zaph. Angelick excellence!

Palm. And, let me tell thee,
This *Mirvan*, this fierce *Mirvan* give me terrors;
So far from tend'ring consolation to me,
His theme is blood and slaughter; as I met him,
His eyes flam'd fury, whilst in dubious phrase
He thus bespoke me — “The destroying angel
“Must be let loose, — — *Palmira*, heav'n ordains
“Some glorious deed for thee, yet hid in darkness;
“Learn an implicit rev'rence for its will,
“And above all, I warn thee, fear for *Zaphna*.”

Zaph.

To be enrag'd at thy profane attachment?
 How could thy breast, without the keenest sting,
 Harbor one thought not dictated by me?
 Is that young mind, I took such toil to form,
 Turn'd an ingrate and infidel at once?
 Away, rebellious maid —

Palm. What dost thou say,
 My royal Lord? thus prostrate at thy feet,
 Let me implore forgiveness, if in ought
 I have offended; talk not to me thus;
 A frown from thee, my father and my king,
 Is death to poor *Palmira*. Say then, *Mabomet*,
 Didst thou not in this very place permit him
 To tender me his vows?

Mab. Rise, *Palmira*. —
 Beware, rash maid, of such imprudent steps,
 They lead to guilt. What wild, pernicious errors
 Mayn't the heart yield to, if not greatly watch'd!

Palm. In loving *Zaphna* sure it cannot err;
 There's nothing wild, nothing pernicious —

Mab. How!
 This theme delights you —

Palm. I must own it dos.
 Yes, my great master; for I still have thought
 That heav'n itself approv'd of my affection,
 And gave a sanction to our mutual ardors.
 Can what was virtue once be now a crime?
 Can I be guilty —

Mab. Yes — toward me you are —
 You! nurs'd from infancy beneath my eye,
 Child of my care, and pupil of my faith!
 You, whom my partial fondness still distinguish'd
 From all the captive youths that grac'd my triumphs;
 And you, who now without my leave, permit
 A slave to bear thee from my sight for ever.

Palm.

Palm. No, we both live, nay more, would die
for thee:

And, o my Lord, if all that earth can offer
Of grandure, opulence, or pleasure, e'er
Shall make me deaf to gratitude's demands,
May *Zaphna's* self be evidence against me,
And plead for double vengeance on my treach'ry.

Mab. *Zaphna* again! Furies!

Palm. Sir!

What sudden start of passion arms that eye!

Mab. O, nothing; pray retire awhile; take courage,
I'm not at all displeas'd; 'twas but to sound
The depth of thy young heart. I praise thy choice.
Trust then thy dearest int'rest to my bosom:
But know, your fate depends on your obedience.
If I have been a guardian to your youth,
If all my lavish bounties past weigh aught,
Deserve the future blessings which await you.
Howe'er the voice of heav'n dispose of *Zaphna*,
Confirm him in the path where duty leads,
That he may keep his vow, and merit thee.

Palm. Distrust him not, my Sov'reign; noble *Zaphna*
Disdains to lag in love or glory's course.

Mab. Enough of words —

Palm. As, boldly, I've avow'd
The love I bear that hero at your feet,
I'll now to him, and fire his gen'rous breast,
To prove the duty he has sworn to thee.

(*Exit Palmira.*)

MAHOMET *enter* MIRVAN.

Mirv. Now, *Mahomet's* the time to seize on *Mecca*,
Crush this *Alcanor*, and enjoy *Palmira*.
This night the old enthusiast offers incense
To his vain gods in sacred *Caaba*.

M 5

Zaphna,

Zaphna, who flames with zeal for heav'n and thee,
May be won o'er to seize that lucky moment.

Mab. He shall; it must be so; he's born to act
The glorious crime; and let him be at once
The instrument and victim of the murder.
My law, my love, my vengeance, my own safety,
Have doom'd it so. — But, *Mirvan*, dost thou think
His youthful courage, nurs'd in superstition,
Can e'er be work'd —

Mirv. I tell thee, *Mabomet*,
He's tutor'd to accomplish thy design.
Palmira too, who thinks thy will is heav'n's,
Will nerve his arm to execute thy pleasure.
Love and enthusiasm blind her youth:
They're still most zealous who're most ignorant.

Mab. Didst thou engage him by a solemn vow?

Mirv. I did, with all th' enthusiastick pomp
Thy law enjoins; then gave him, as from thee,
A consecrated sword to act thy will.
O, he is burning with religious fury!

Mab. But hold, he comes —

Enter Z A P H N A.

Child of that awful and tremendous pow'r,
Whose laws I publish, whose behests proclaim,
Listen, whilst I unfold his sacred will.

'Tis thine to vindicate his ways to man,
'Tis thine his injur'd worship to avenge.

Zaph. Thou Lord of nations, delegate of heav'n,
Sent to shed day o'er the benighted world,
O say, in what can *Zaphna* prove his duty?
Instruct me how a frail earth-prison'd mortal
Can or avenge, or vindicate a God.

Mab. By thy weak arm he deigns to prove his
cause,
And launch his vengeance on blaspheming rebels.

Zaph.

Zaph. What glorious action, what illustrious danger
 Dos that supreme, whose image thou, demand?
 Place me, o place me in the front of battle,
 'Gainst odds innumerable; try me there.
 Or, if a single combat claim my might,
 The stoutest *Arab* may step forth, and see
 If *Zaphna* fail to greet him as he ought.

Mab. O greatly said, my son; 'tis inspiration!
 But heed me; 'tis not by a glaring act
 Of human valor, heav'n has will'd to prove thee;
 This infidels themselves may boast, when led
 By ostentation, rage, or brute-like rashness.
 To do whate'er heav'n gives in sacred charge,
 Nor dare to sound its fathomless decrees,
 This, and this only's meritorious zeal.
 Attend, adore, obey; thou shalt be arm'd
 By death's remorseless angel, which awaits me.

Zaph. Speak out, pronounce: what victim must
 I offer?
 What tyrant sacrifice? Whose blood requir'st thou?

Mab. The blood of a detested infidel,
 A murderer, a foe to heav'n and me.
 A wretch who slew my child, blasphemes my God,
 And like a huge *Colossus* bears a world
 Of impious opposition to my faith;
 The blood of curst *Alcanor*.

Zaph. I! — *Alcanor*!

Mab. What! dost thou hesitate! rash youth, be-
 ware;

He that deliberates is sacrilegious.
 Far, far from me be those audacious mortals,
 Who for themselves would impiously judge,
 Or see with their own eyes; who dares to think,
 Was never born a profelyte for me.
 Know who I am: know, on this very spot,
 I've charg'd thee with the just decree of heaven.

And

And when that heav'n requires of thee no more
 Than the bare off'ring of its deadliest foe,
 Nay, thy foe too, and mine, why thou dost balance,
 As thy own father were the victim claim'd!
 Go, vile idolater, false *Mussulman*,
 Go seek another master; a new faith.

Zaph. O *Mabomet* ——

Mab. Just when the prize is ready,
 When fair *Palmira*'s destin'd to thy arms —
 But what's *Palmira*? or what's heav'n to thee,
 Thou poor, weak rebel to thy faith and love?
 Go, serve, and cringe to our detested foe.

Zaph. O pardon, *Mabomet*; methinks I hear
 The oracle of heav'n — it shall be done.

Mab. Obey then, strike, and for his impious blood,
Palmira's charms and paradise be thine.

(*Apart to Mirvan*) *Mirvan*, attend him close, and
 let thy eyes

Be fix'd on ev'ry movement of his soul.

(*Exeunt.*)

ZAPHNA alone, enter *ALCANOR*.

Alc. Whence, *Zaphna*, that deep gloom,
 That like a blasting mildew on the ear
 Of promis'd harvest, blackens o'er thy visage?
 Grieve not that here, thro' form, thou art confin'd:
 I hold thee not as hostage, but as friend,
 And make thy safety partner with my own.

Zaph. And make my safety partner with thy own!

Alc. The bloody carnage, by this truce suspended,
 For a few moments, like a torrent check'd
 In its full flow, will with redoubled strength
 Bear all before it. ——

In this impending scene of public horror,
 Be then, dear youth, these mansions thy asylum.

I'll

I'll be thy hostage now, and with my life
Will answer that no mischief shall befall thee.
I know not why, but thou art precious to me.

Zaph. What did'st thou say, *Alcanor*? Did'st
thou say,
That thy own roof should shield me from the tem-
pest?

That thy own life stood hostage for my safety?

Alc. Why thus amaz'd at my compassion for
thee?

I am a man myself, and that's enough
To make me feel the woes of other men,
And labor to redress 'em. —

Zaph. Can then a foe to *Mah'met's* sacred
law,

Be virtue's friend?

Alc. Thou know'st but little, *Zaphna*,
If thou dost think true virtue is confin'd
To climes or systems; no, it flows spontaneous,
Like life's warm stream throughout the whole crea-
tion,

And beats the pulse of ev'ry healthful heart.
How canst thou, *Zaphna*, worship for thy God
A being claiming cruelty and murders
From his adorers? Such is thy master's God —

Zaph. I pray my Lord! no more.
Peace, reason, peace!

Alc. *Zaphna*, come near — I oft have thought
to ask thee,
To whom thou ow'st thy birth; whose gen'rous
blood

Swells thy young veins, and mantles at thy heart.

Zaph. That dwells in darkness, no one friendly
beam

Ere gave me glimpse from whom I am descended.
The camp of godlike *Mahomet* has been

My

My cradle, and my country; whilst of all
His captive infants no one more has shar'd
The sunshine of his clemency and care.

Alc. I do not blame thy gratitude, young man.
But why was *Mahomet* thy benefactor?
Why was not I? I envy him that glory.
Why then this impious man has been a father
A like to thee, and to the fair *Palmira*.

Zaph. Oh!

Alc. What's the cause, my *Zaphna*, of that sigh,
And all that language of a smother'd anguish?
Why didst thou snatch away thy cordial eye,
That shone on me before?
Come, my friend:
The flood-gates of destruction soon thrown ope,
Will pour in ruin on that curse of nations.
If I can save but thee, and fair *Palmira*,
From this o'erflowing tide, let all the rest
Of his abandon'd minions be the victims
For your deliverance — I must save your blood.
Nay, tremble, if thou dar'st to hesitate —
Follow me straight.

Enter PHARON.

Pbar. *Alcanor*, read that letter,
Put in my hands this moment by an *Arab*,
With utmost stealth, and air bespeaking somewhat
Of high importance.

Alc. (*Reads.*) Whence is this? — *Hercides*!
Cautious, my eyes! be sure you're not mistaken
In what you here insinuate. Gracious heav'n!
Will then thy providence at length o'er-rule
My wayward fate, and, by one matchless blessing,
Sweeten the sufferings of a three-score years!

(*After looking for some time earnestly at Zaphna.*
Follow me,

Zaph.

Zaph. Thee! — But *Mahomet* —

Alc. Thy life
And all its future bliss dwells on this moment:
Follow, I say. (*Exeunt Alcanor and Pharon.*)

*Enter MIRVAN and his attendants hastily on the
other side of the stage.*

Mirv. (*To Zaphna.*) Traitor, turn back; what
means

This conference with the foe? To *Mahomet*
Away, this instant; he commands thy presence.

Zaph. Where am I? Heav'n's! How shall I now
resolve!

How act! A precipice on ev'ry side
Awaits me, and the first least step's perdition.

Mirv. Young man, our prophet brooks not such
delay;

Go, stop the bolt that's ready to be launch'd
On thy rebellious head.

Zaph. Yes, and renounce
This horrid vow, that's poison to my soul.

(*Exit with Mirvan, &c.*)

Re-enter ALCANOR and PHARON.

Alc. Where is this *Zaphna*? — But he flies me
still:

In vain I call in all the soft'ning arts
Of pity, love, and friendship to engage him:
His breast is fear'd by that impostor's precepts,
'Gainst all who bid defiance to his laws.
But, *Pharon*, didst thou mark the baneful gloom,
The somewhat like reluctance, rage, and pity,
That blended sat upon his pensive brow?

Phar. I did; there's something at his heart —

Alc. There is —

Would I could fathom it! This letter, *Pharon*,
His

His aspect, age; the transport that I taste
 When he is near me; the anxiety
 His absence gives, do too much violence
 To my distracted sense. *Hercides* here
 Desires to see me; 'twas his barbarous hands
 That robb'd me of my children; they are living,
 He tells me, under *Mabomet's* protection;
 And he has something to unfold, on which
 Their destiny and mine depends. This *Zaphna*
 And young *Palmira*, vassals of that tyrant,
 Are ignorant from whom they are descended.
 Imagination's pregnant with the thought.
 My wishes mock me. Sinking with my grief,
 I blindly catch at ev'ry flatt'ring error,
 And supplicate deception's self for succor.

Phar. Hope, but yet fear, *Alcanor*; think, my
 chief,

How many infants from their parents torn,
 E'er conscious whose they are, attend that tyrant,
 Drink in his dictates, place their being in him,
 And deem him an infallible dispenser
 Of heav'n's decisions —

Alc. Well, no matter, *Pharon*.

At noon of night conduct *Hercides* hither:
 Thy master, in th' adjoining fane, once more
 Will importune the Gods with prayers and incense,
 That he may save his friends, and see his children.

Phar. Thou shalt not find thy *Pharon* slack in
 ought,

That tends to thy deliverance from this anguish,

Alc. Just heav'n, if by erroneous thought or act,
 I have drawn down your fierce displeasure on me,
 Point me to right; I'll onward to its goal
 With double energy; will expiate all,
 That in the days of ignorance might offend.
 Only restore my children to my care,

Give

Give to my craving arms my hapless children,
 That I may form them, turn 'em back from wrong,
 Weed their young minds of those pernicious errors
 The arch-impostor has implanted in 'em;
 Train 'em in virtue's school, and lead them on
 To deeds of glorious and immortal honor.

End of the third act.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

MAHOMET'S Apartment.

MAHOMET and to him MIRVAN.

Mirvan, what news?

Mirv. O, *Mahomet*, I fear the nice-wov'n web
 Of our design's unravell'd. E'er thy spirit
 Had rekindled young *Zaphna* with the thirst
 Of old *Alcanor*'s blood, he had reveal'd
 The dreadful purpose to *Hercides*—

Mab. Hah!

Mirv. *Hercides* loves the youth, and *Zaphna* still
 Has held him as a father.

Mab. That I like not.

What does *Hercides* say? thinks he with us?

Mirv. O no; he trembles at the very thought
 Of this dread scene, compassionates *Alcanor*,
 And——

Mab. He's but a half friend then, and half-friend
 Is not a span from traitor. *Mirvan*, *Mirvan*,
 A dangerous witness must be some way dealt with;
 Am I obey'd?

Mirv. 'Tis done.

Mab. Then for the rest —
 Or e'er the harbinger of 'morrow's dawn

N

Gleam

Gleam in the east, *Alcanor* thou must set,
 Or *Mahomet* and all his hopes must perish.
 That's the first step then — *Zaphna*, next for thee.
 Soon as thy hands have dealt the midnight mischief,
 In thy own blood the secret must be drown'd.
 Thus quit of son and father (those curst rivals
 Who elbow me at once in love and grandure,))
 Both *Mecca* and *Palmira* shall be mine.
 O tow'ring prospect! How it fills the eye
 Of my aspiring and enamor'd soul!
 Night, put on double fable, that no star
 May be a spy on those dark deeds — well, *Mir-*
van,

Shall we accomplish this?

Mirv. We shall, my chief.

Mab. What tho' I seize his life from whom she
 sprung?

He's not her father, as she knows it not.
 Trust me, those partial ties of blood and kindred,
 Are but th' illusive taints of education:
 What we call nature is mere habit, *Mirvan*;
 That habit's on our side; for the whole study
 Of this young creature's life has been obedience;
 To think, believe, and act, as pleasur'd me.
 But hold, the hour, on which our fortune hangs,
 Is now at hand. While *Zaphna* seeks the temple,
 Let us look round us, see that not a wheel
 Lag in the vast machine we have at work.
 It is success that consecrates our actions.
 The vanquish'd rebel as a rebel dies;
 The victor rebel plumes him on a throne.

(*Exeunt.*)

SCE.

SCENE *changes to the temple.*

PALMIRA, *to her* ZAPHNA *with a drawn dagger in his hand.*

Zaph. Thou here, *Palmira*! O! what fatal transport

Leads thee to this sad place, these dark abodes,
Sacred to death? Thou hast no business here.
Start not! — it must be so; I must discharge
This cruel duty — *Mabomet* enjoins it,
And heav'n thro' him demands it of my hands.
Horrid, tho' sacred act! — My soul shrinks back,
And won't admit conviction — ay, but heav'n!
Heav'n's call I must obey — O dire obedience,
What dost thou cost me! My humanity!
Why, duty, art thou thus at war with nature?

Palm. O *Zaphna*, fear and love have been my guides.

What horrid sacrifice is this enjoin'd thee?
What victim dost the God of *Mabomet*
Claim from thy tender hand?

Zaph. O, my guardian angel,
Speak, resolve me;
How can assassination be a virtue?
How can the gracious parent of mankind
Delight in mankind's sufferings? Mayn't this prophet,
This great announcer of his heav'nly will,
Mistake it once?

Palm. O, tremble to examine.
He sees our hearts — To doubt is to blaspheme.

Zaph. Be steady then, my soul, firm to thy purpose,
And let religion steel thee against pity.
Come forth, thou foe to *Mabomet* and heav'n,
And meet the doom thy rebel faith deserves;
Come forth, *Alcanor*.

Palm. Who, *Alcanor*!

Zaph. Yes.

N 2

Pal-

Palm. The good *Alcanor*!

Zaph. Why dost call him good?

Curse on his pagan virtues! he must die;
So *Mahomet* commands. And yet, methinks,
Some other deity arrests my arm,
And whispers to my heart— *Zaphna*, forbear.

Palm. Distracting state!

Zaph. Alas, my dear *Palmira*,
I'm weak, and shudder at this bloody bus'ness.
Help me, o help, *Palmira*; I am torn,
Distracted with this conflict.

Zeal, horror, love, and pity seize my breast,
And drag it diff'rent ways. Alas! *Palmira*,
You see me tossing on a sea of passions;
'Tis thine, my angel, to appease this tempest,
Fix my distracted will, and teach me —

Palm. — What?

What can I teach thee in this strife of passions?
O *Zaphna*! I revere our holy prophet,
Think all his laws are register'd in heav'n,
And every mandate minted in the skies.

Zaph. But then, to break through hospitality,
And murder him by whom we are protected!

Palm. O poor *Aleanor*! gen'rous, good *Alcanor*!
My heart bleeds for thee.

Zaph. Know then, unless I act this scene,
Unless I plunge this dagger in the breast
Of that old man, I must — I must —

Palm. What —

Zaph. Must, *Palmira* —

(O agonizing thought!) lose thee for ever.

Palm. Am I the price of good *Alcanor*'s blood?

Zaph. So *Mahomet* ordains.

Palm. Horrible dowry!

Zaph. Thou know'st the curse our prophet has
denounc'd

Of

Of endless tortures on the disobedient:
 Thou know'st with what an oath I've bound myself,
 To vindicate his laws, extirpate all
 That dare oppose his progress. Say then, fair one,
 Thou tutore'st divine, instruct me how,
 How to obey my chief, perform my oath,
 Yet list to mercy's call.

Palm. This rends my heart.

Zaph. How to avoid being banish'd thee for ever.

Palm. O save me from that thought! must that
 e'er be?

Zaph. It must not: Thou hast now pronounc'd his
 doom.

Palm. What doom? — have I!

Zaph. Yes, thou hast seal'd his death.

Palm. I seal his death! Did I?

Zaph. 'Twas heav'n spoke by thee; thou'rt its
 oracle,

And I'll fulfil its laws. This is the hour
 In which he pays at the adjoining altar
 Black rites to his imaginary Gods.
 Follow me not, *Palmira*.

Palm. I must follow,
 I will not, dare not leave thee.

Zaph. Gentle maid,
 I beg thee fly these walls, thou can'st not bear
 This horrid scene — O these are dreadful moments!
 Be gone — quick — this way —

Palm. No, I follow thee,
 Retread thy ev'ry footstep, though they lead
 To the dark gulph of death.

Zaph. Thou matchless maid! — To the dire trial
 then.

(*Exeunt.*)

SCENE draws and discovers the inner part of the temple with a pagan altar and images. Alcanor addressing himself to the idols.

A L C A N O R.

Eternal powers, that deign to bless these mansions,
Protectors of the sons of *Ishmael*,
Crush, crush this blasphemous invader's force,
And turn him back with shame. If pow'r be yours,
O shield your injur'd votaries, and lay
Oppression bleeding at your altar's foot.

Enter ZAPHNA *and* PALMIRA.

Palm. Aét not this bloody deed; O save him,
save him.

Zaph. Save him, and lose both paradise and thee!

Palm. Hah! yon he stands — O Zaphna, all my
blood

Is frozen at the sight.

Alc. 'Tis in your own behalf that I implore
The terrors of your might; swift, swiftly
Pour vengeance on this vile apostate's head,
Who dares profanely wrest your thunder from you,
And lodge it with an unknown fancied God.

Zaph. Hear how the wretch blasphemes ! so, now—

Palm. Hold, *Zaphna.*

Zaph. Let me go —

Palm. I cannot — cannot.

Alc. But if, for reasons which dim-sighted mortals
Can't look into, you'll crown this daring rebel
With royalty and priesthood, take my life.
And if, ye gracious pow'rs, you've ought of bliss
In store for me, at my last hour permit me
To see my children, pour my blessing on them,
Expire in their dear arms; and let them close

These

These eyes, which then would wish no after-fight.

Palm. His children, did he say?

Zaph. I think he did ——

Alc. For this I'll at your altar pay my vows,
And make it smoke with incense.

(Retires behind the altar.)

Zaph. Now's the time.

Insulting heav'n, he flies to stones for refuge:
Now let me strike.

Palm. Stay but one moment, *Zaphna*.

Zaph. It must not be—unhand me.

Palm. What to do?

Zaph. To serve my God and king, and merit thee.

(Breaking from Palmira, and going towards the altar, he starts, and stops short.)

Ha! what are ye, ye terrifying shades?

What means this lake of blood that lies before me?

Palm. O *Zaphna*, let us fly these horrid roofs.

Zaph. No, no — go on, ye ministers of death;
Lead me the way. I'll follow ye.

Palm. Stay, *Zaphna*.

Heap no more horrors on me; I'm expiring
Beneath the load.

Zaph. Be husht — the altar trembles!

What means that omen? Does it spur to murder,
Or would it rein me back? No, 'tis the voice
Of heav'n itself, that chides my ling'ring hand.
Now send up thither all thy vows, *Palmira*,
Whilst I obey its will, and give the stroke.

(Goes out behind the altar after Alcanor.)

Palm. *(kneeling, rising.)* *Zaphna!* O *Zaphna!*

Re-enter Z A P H N A.

Zaph. Hah! where am I?

Who calls me? Where's *Palmira*? She's not here:

N 4

What

What fiend has snatch'd her from me?

Palm. Heavens! he raves!

Dost thou not know me, *Zaphna*? her who lives
For thee alone? — Why dost thou gaze thus on me?

Zaph. Where are we?

Palm. Hast thou then discharg'd
The horrid duty?

Zaph. What dost thou say?

Phar. *Alcanor* —

Zaph. *Alcanor*! what, *Alcanor*?

Palm. Gracious heaven,
Look down upon him!

Let's be gone, my *Zaphna*,
Let's fly this place.

Zaph. O whither fly! to whom?

D'ye see these hands? Who will receive these hands?

Palm. O come and let me wash them with my
tears!

Zaph. Who art thou? let me lean on thee — I find
My pow'rs returning. Is it thou *Palmira*?
Where have I been? What have I done?

Palm. I know not.
Think on't no more.

Zaph. But I must think, and talk on't too, *Palmira*.

I seiz'd the victim by his hoary locks —

(Thou, heav'n, didst will it)

Then, shuddering with horror, buried strait
The poniard in his breast. I had redoubled
The bloody plunge — (what cannot zeal persuade!)

But that the venerable Sire pour'd forth
So piteous a groan! look'd so, *Palmira*, —

And with a feeble voice cry'd, is it *Zaphna*?

I could no more. O hadst thou seen, my love,
The fell, fell dagger in his bosom, view'd

His

His dying face, where sat such dignity,
 Cloath'd with compassion tow'rds his base assassin,
 (*Throwing himself on the ground*)
 The dire remembrance weighs me to the earth—
 Here let me die —

Palm. Rise, my lov'd *Zaphna*, rise,
 And let us fly to *Mah'met* for protection.
 If we are found in these abodes of slaughter,
 Tortures and death attend us; let us fly.

Zaph. (*Starting up*) I did fly at that blasting
 fight, *Palmira*.

When, drawing out the fatal steel, he cast
 Such tender looks! I fled — The fatal steel,
 The voice, the tender looks, the bleeding victim
 Blessing his murderer, I could not fly:
 No, they clung to me, riv'd my throbbing heart,
 And set my brain on fire. What have we done?

Palm. Hark! What's that noise? I tremble for
 thy life

O, in the name of love, by all the ties,
 Those sacred ties that bind thee mine for ever.
 I do conjure thee, follow me.

 (*Alcanor comes from behind the altar,
 leaning against it.*)

Zaph. Hah! look, *Palmira*, see what object's that
 Which bears upon my tortur'd sight? Is't he?
 Or is't his bloody *Manes* come to haunt us?

Palm. 'Tis he himself, poor wretch! struggling
 with death,
 And feebly crawling tow'rds us. Let me fly,
 And yield what help I can. Let me support thee,
 Thou much lamented, injur'd, good old man.

Zaph. Why don't I move? My feet are rooted
 here,
 And all my frame is struck, and wither'd up,
 As with a lightning's blast.

Alc. My gentle maid,
Wilt thou support me?
Weep not, my *Palmira*.

Palm. I could weep tears of blood, if that would
serve thee.

Alc. (*Sitting down.*) *Zaphna*, come hither; thou
hast ta'en my life;
For what offence, or what one thought towards thee
That anger or malevolence gave birth,
Heav'n knows I am unconscious. Do not look so;
I see, thou dost relent.

Enter PHARON hastily.

Palm. (*Starting back.*) Hah! 'tis too late then,

Alc. Would I could see *Hercides*! — *Pharon*, lo,
Thy martyr'd friend, by his distemper'd hand,
Is now expiring.

Phar. Dire, unnat'ral crime!
O wretched parricide! — behold thy father.
(*Pointing to Alcanor.*)

Zaph. My father!

Palm. Father! hah!

Alc. Mysterious heav'n!

Phar. *Hercides*, dying by the hand of *Mirvan*,
Who slew him lest he should betray the secret,
Saw me approach, and, in the pangs of death,
Cry'd, fly, and save *Alcanor*; wrest the sword
From *Zaphna*'s hands, if 'tis not yet too late,
That's destin'd for his death; then let him know
That *Zaphna* and *Palmira* are his children!
Dost hear that, *Zaphna*!

Zaph. 'This enough, my fate!
Canst thou ought more!

Alc. O nature! o my children!
By what vile instigations wert thou driven,

Un-

Unhappy *Zaphna*, to this bloody action?

Zaph. (*Falling at his father's feet.*) O I cannot speak, —

Palm. (*kneeling.*) O, my father, —

Alc. I embrace my children;

And joy to see them, tho' my life's the forfeit.

Rise, children, rise and live; live to revenge

Your father's death, — But in the name of nature,

By the remains of this paternal blood

That's oozing from my wound, raise not your hands

'Gainst your own being. *Zaphna*, wou'dst thou do me

A second deadlier mischief?

Self-slaughter can't atone for parricide.

Zaph. Then I will live.

Live to some purpose; this is glorious suffering.

Alc. Thy undetermin'd arm han't quite fulfill'd

Its bigot-purpose; I hope to live to animate

Our friends 'gainst this impostor; lead 'em, *Zaphna*,

To root out a rapacious baneful crew,

Whose zeal is phrenzy, whose religion murder.

Zaph. Swift, swift, ye hours! and light me to revenge!

(*As Zaphna is going off, Mirvan and his followers enter, and stop him.*)

Mirv. Seize *Zaphna*,

And load the traiterous murderer with chains.

Help you the good *Alcanor*. — Hapless man!

Our prophet, in a vision, learnt to-night

The mournful tale of thy untimely end,

And sent me straight to seize the vile assassin,

That he might wreak severest justice on him.

Mahomet comes to vindicate the laws,

Not suffer, with impunity, their breach.

Alc. Heav'ns! what accumulated crimes are here!

Zaph. Where is the monster? Bear me instant to him,

That

That I may blast him with my eye, may curse him
With my last hesitating voice.

Palm. Thou traitor,
Did not thy own death-doing tongue enjoin
This horrid deed?

Mirv. Not mine, by heav'n!

Zaph. Not thine!

Mirv. No, by our prophet, and his holy faith,
Of all the thoughts e'er harbor'd in this breast,
It ne'er had such a monster for its tenant.

Zaph. Most accomplish'd villain!

Mirvan, look at me — darest thou —

Mirv. Off with him,

(*To the soldiers.*)

And see him well secur'd, till *Mabomet*
Demands him of you.

Palm. Villain, hold!

(*Laying hold of Zaphna.*)

Mirv. Away.

Zaph. Just, just reward of my credulity!

Palm. Let me go with him; I will share thy fate,
Unhappy *Zaphna*, for I share thy guilt.
But then —

(*Looking back at Alcanor.*)

Mirv. No more — you must to *Mabomet*.
Obey without reluctance; our great prophet,
In pity to your tender frame and years,
Will take you under his divine protection.

Palm. O death, deliver me from such protection.

Mirv. If you would ought to save the destin'd
Zaphna,

Follow me to the prophet, you may move him
To mitigate his doom. — Away.

(*To the soldiers who hold Zaphna.*)

You this way.

(*To Palmira.*)

Zaph.

Can superstition make the reas'ner man!

Alcanor lies there on his bed of earth?

Mirv. This moment he expir'd, and *Mecca's*
youth

In vain lament their' chief. To the mad crowd

That gather'd round, good *Ali*, and myself,

(Full of thy dauntless heav'nly-seeming spirit,)

Disclaim'd the deed, and pointed out the arm

Of righteous heav'n, that strikes for *Mahomet*. —

“Think ye, we cried (with eyes and hands up-
rear'd)

“Think ye our holy prophet would consent

“To such a crime, whose foulness casts a blot

“On right of nations, nature, and our faith?

“O rather think, he will revenge his death,

“And root his murd'rer from the burden'd earth.”

Then struck our breasts, and wept the good old man,

And only wish, “He'd dy'd among the faithful,

“And slept with *Ibrahim*.”

Mab. Excellent *Mirvan*!

Mirv. We then both at large

Descanted on thy clemency and bounty.

On that, the silent and desponding crowd

Broke out in murmurs, complaints, and last in shouts,

And each mechanick grew a *Mussulman*.

Mab. O worthy to deceive, and awe the world,

Second to *Mahomet*! let me embrace thee. —

But say, is not our army at their gates,

To back our clemency?

Mirv. *Omar* commands

Their nightly march thro' unsuspected paths,

And with the morn appears.

Mab. At sight of them,

The weak remaining billows of this storm

Will lash themselves to peace ——— But where is

Zaphna?

Mirv.

• *Mirv.* Safe in a dungeon, where he dies apace,
Unconscious of his fate; for well thou know'st
Ere at the altar's foot he slew his Sire,
In his own veins he bore his guilt's reward
A deadly draught of poison.

Mab. I would be kind, and let him die deceiv'd,
Nor know that parent blood defiles his soul.

Mirv. He cannot know it: If the grave be silent,
I'm sure *Hercides* is —

Mab. Unhappy *Zaphna*!

Something like pity checks me for thy death.

But why — I must not think that way — shall *Mabomet*,

Give a new paradise to all mankind,
And let remorse of conscience be the hell
Of his own breast! my safety claim'd his life,
And all the heav'n of fair *Palmira*'s charms
Shall be my great reward.

Mirv. My noble Lord,
Palmira is at hand, and waits your pleasure.

Mab. At hand! how, *Mirvan*, could'st thou let
me talk

On themes of guilt when that pure angel's near?

Mirv. The weeping fair, led on by flatt'ring hope
Of *Zaphna*'s life, attends your sacred will.

A silent, pale dejection shrouds her cheeks,
And, like the lily in a morning show'r,
She droops her head, and locks up all her sweets.

Mab. Say *Mabomet* awaits, and then
Assemble all our chiefs; and on this platform
Let them attend me straight.

(*Exit Mirvan.*)

Enter PALMIRA with attendants.

Mab. Maid, lay aside this dread. *Palmira*'s fate,
And that of *Mecca*, by my will is fixt.

This

This great event that fills thy soul with horror,
Is mystery to all but heav'n and *Mahomet*.

Palm. O ever-righteous heav'n, can'st thou suffer. —

Mab. Child of my care, — — —
At length from galling chains I've set thee free,
And made thee triumph in a just revenge:
Think then thou'rt dear to me; and *Mahomet*
Regards thee with a more than father's eye:
Then know, (if thou'lt deserve the mighty boon)
An higher name, a nobler fate awaits thee.

Palm. What wou'd the tyrant? —

Mab. Raise thy thoughts to glory,
And sweep this *Zaphna* from thy memory,
With all that's past — let that mean flame expire,
Before the blaze of empire's radiant sun.
Thy grateful heart must answer to my bounties,
Follow my laws, and share in all my conquests.

Palm. What laws! What bounties! and what conquests, tyrant!

Fraud is thy law, the tomb thy only bounty;
Thy conquests fatal as infected air,
Dispeopling half the globe — See here, good heav'n,
The venerable prophet I rever'd,
The king I serv'd, the God that I ador'd.

Mab. (*Approaching her.*) Whence this unwonted language, this wild frenzy?

Palm. Where is the spirit of my martyr'd father?
Where *Zaphna's*? Where *Palmira's* innocence?
Blasted by thee, infernal monster —
Thou found'st us angels, and hast made us fiends:
Give, give us back our lives, our fame, our virtue,
Thou can'st not, tyrant; — Yet thou seek'st my love.
Seek'st with *Alcanor's* blood his daughter's love.

Mab. Horror, and death!

Enter

Enter MIRVAN.

Mirv. O *Mabomet*, all's lost! Thy glory tarnish'd,
And the insatiate tomb ripe to devour us.

Hercides' parting breath divulg'd the secret;
The prison's forc'd, the city all in arms.
See where they bear aloft their murder'd chief,
Fell *Zaphna* in their front: Death in his looks,
Rage all his strength. Spight of the deadly draught
He holds in life but to make sure of vengeance.

Mab. What dost thou here then? Instant with
our guards,
Attempt to stem their progress, 'till th' arrival
Of *Omar* with the troops.

Mirv. I haste, my Lord. *(Exit Mirvan.)*

Palm. Now, now my hour's at hand.
Hear'st thou those shouts that rend the ambient air?
Seest thou those glancing fires, that add new horrors
To the night's gloom? Fresh from thy murd'ring
poniard,

(For thine it was, tho' Zaphna gave the blow,)
My father's spirit leads the vengeful shades
Of all the wretches whom thy sword has butcher'd.
I see them raise their unsubstantial arms
To snatch me from thy rage, or worse, thy love.
Shadows shall conquer in *Palmira's* cause.
Thou ask'st my love! Go, seek it in the grave
Of good *Alcanor*. — Talk'st of grateful minds!
Bid *Zaphna* plead for thee, and I may hear thee.
Till then, thou art my scorn. — May'st thou, like
me,

Behold thy dearest blood spilt at thy feet.

Mecca, Medina, all our *Asian* world,
Join, join to drive th' impostor from the earth;
Blush at his chains, and shake 'em off in vengeance!

Mab. — — Spite of thy hate,

O

Thou'rt

Thou'rt lovely still, and charming ev'n in madness.

(*A shout, and noise of fighting.*)

My fair, retire, nor let thy gentle soul
Shake with alarms; thou'rt my peculiar care.
I go to quell this trait'rous insurrection,
And will attend thee straight.

Palm. No, tyrant, no.

I'll join my brother, help to head our friends,
And urge them on. (*A shout.*)

Roll, roll your thunders, heav'ns, and aid the storm,
Now hurl your lightning on the guilty head,
And plead the cause of injur'd innocence.

Exit Palmira.

Mab. Whence, *Ali*, that surprize!

Ali. My royal chief,

The foe prevails — Thy troops, led on by *Mirvan*
Are all cut off, and valiant *Mirvan's* self,
By *Zaphna* slain, lies weltring in his blood.
The guard that to our arms should ope the gates,
Struck with the common phrenzy, vow thy ruin;
And death, and vengeance, is the general cry.

Mab. Can *Ali* fear? Then *Mahomet* be thy self.

Ali. See, thy few friends whom wild despair hath
arm'd,

(But arm'd in vain,) are come to die beside thee.

Mab. Ye heartless traitors! *Mahomet* alone
Shall be his own defender, and your guard,
Against the crowds of *Mecca*. — Follow me.

Enter ZAPHNA, PALMIRA, and PHARON,
with citizens, and the body of Alcanor on a bier.

Mab. Hah!

Zaph. See, my friends, where the impostor stands
With head erect, as if he knew not guilt?

As if no tongue spake from *Alcanor's* wound,
Nor call'd for vengeance on him.

Mab.

Mab. Impious man!

Is't not enough to've spilt thy parent-blood?

But with atrocious and blaspheming lips,
Dar'st thou arraign the substitute of heav'n:

Zaph. The substitute of heav'n! So is the sword,
The pestilence, the famine; such art thou.

Such are the blessings heav'n has sent to man

By thee its delegate: Nay more to me.

O he took pains, *Palmira*, upon us,
Deluded us into such monstrous crimes

As nature sicken'd at conception of—

How could'st thou damn us thus?

Mab. Babler avaunt!

Zaph. Well thou upbraid'st me, for to parley
with thee

Half brands me coward. O revenge me, friends,

Revenge *Alcanor's* massacre: Revenge

Palmira's wrongs, and crush the rancorous monster.

Mab. Hear me, ye slaves, born to obey my will.

Palm. Ah! hear him not; Fraud dwells upon
his tongue.

Zaph. Have at thee, fiend. — Hah! heav'n,
(*Zaphna advancing reels, vnd reclines on his sword.*)

What cloud is this

That thwarts upon my sight; my head grows dizzy,

My joints unloose, sure 'tis the stroke of fate.

Mab. Triumph!

Zaph. Off, off, base lethargy.

Palm. Brother, dismay'd

Hast thou no pow'r, but in a guilty cause,

And only strength to be a parricide?

Zaph. Spare that reproach — come on — It will
not be.

(*Hangs down his sword and reclines on Pharon.*)

Some cruel pow'r unnerves my willing arm,

Blasts my resolves, and weighs me down to earth.

Mab. Such be the fate of all who brave our law.
Nature and death have heard my voice, and now
Let heav'n be judge 'twixt *Zaphna* and myself,
And instant blast the guilty of the two.

Palm. Brother! O *Zaphna*!

Zaph. *Zaphna* now no more.

(*Sinking down by Alcanor's body and leaning on the bier, Pharon kneeling down with him and supporting him.*)

Down, down, good *Pharon* — Thou poor injur'd
corse

May I embrace thee! Won't thy pallid wound
Purple anew at the unnatural touch,
And ooze fresh calls for vengeance?

Palm. O my brother!

Zaph. In vain's the guileless meaning of my heart:
High heav'n detests th' involuntary crime,
And dooms for parricide — then tremble, tyrant,
If the Supreme can punish error thus,
What new invented tortures must await
Thy soul, grown leprous with such foul offences.
But soft — Now fate and nature are at strife. —
Sister, farewell; with transport should I quit
This toilsome, perilous, delusive stage,
But that I leave thee on't; leave thee, *Palmira*,
Expos'd to what is worse than fear can image,
That tyrant's mercy. But I know thee brave,
Know that thou'lt act a part — look on her heav'n,
Guide her, and — oh! (Dies.)

Palm. Think not, ye men of *Mecca*,
This death inflicted by the hand of heav'n,
'Tis he — that viper. —

Mab. Know, ye faithless wretches,
'Tis mine to deal the bolts of angry heav'n:
Behold them there, and let the wretch who doubts,
Tremble

Tremble at *Zaphna's* fate, and know that *Mabomet*
Can read his thoughts, and doom him with a look.
Go then, and thank your pontiff and your prince
For each day's fun he grants you to behold.

Hence, to your temples, and appease my rage.

(*The people go off.*)

Palm. Ah stay! my brother's murder'd by this
tyrant,

By poison, not by piety, he kills.

Mab. 'Tis done — thus ever be our laws receiv'd!
Now fair *Palmira*. —

Palm. Monster, is it thus
Thou mak'st thyself a God by added crimes,
And murders justify'd by sacrilege?

Mab. Think, exquisite *Palmira*, for thy sake —

Palm. Thou'st been the murderer of all my race.
See where *Alcanor*, see where *Zaphna* lies:

Do they not call for me too at thy hands?

O that they did! — But I can read thy thoughts;

Palmira's sav'd for something worse than death,

This to prevent — *Zaphna*, I follow thee.

(*Stabs herself with Zaphna's sword.*)

Mab. What hast thou done?

Palm. A deed of glory, tyrant!

Thou'st left no object worth *Palmira's* eye;

And when I shut out light I shut out thee. —

(*Dies.*)

Mab. Farewel, dear victim of my boundless passion!

The price of treachery, the reward of murder,

Sink with thee to the earth. — O justice! justice!

In vain are glory, worship, and dominion!

All conqueror as I am, I am a slave,

And, by the world ador'd, dwell with the damn'd.

My crimes have planted scorpions in my breast —

Here, here I feel them. 'Tis in vain to brave

The host of terrors that invade my soul;
I might deceive the world, myself I cannot.

Ali. Be calm a while, my Lord, think what you are.

Mab. Hah! what am I! *(turning to the bodies.)*
Ye breathless family!

Let your loud-crying wounds say what I am.
O snatch me from that sight; quick, quick transport me
To nature's loneliest mansion, where the sun
Ne'er enter'd, where the sound of human tread
Was never heard — But wherefore? Still I there,
There still shall find myself — Ay, that's the hell!
I'll none on't. — *(Drawing his sword.)*

Ali. Heav'ns! help hold him!

(Ali, &c. disarm him.)

Mab. Paltry dastards!

You fled the foe, but can disarm your master.
Angel of death, whose pow'r I've long proclaim'd,
Now aid me, if thou can'st; now, if thou can'st,
Draw the kind curtain of eternal night,
And shroud me from the horrors that beset me.

(Exeunt Mahomet, &c.)

Phar. O what a curse is life, when self-conviction
Flings our offences hourly in our face,
And turns existence torturer to itself.
Here let the mad enthusiast turn his eyes,
And see from bigotry what horrors rise;
Here in the blackest colors let him read,
That zeal, by craft misled, may act a deed,
By which both innocence and virtue bleed.

F I N I S.



YORICK'S

YORIK's JESTS.

I knew him, Horatio ; a fellow of infinite jests, of most excellent fancy—gibes—gambols—songs—and flashes of merriment, that were wont to set the table on a roar.

HAMLET.

YORK & JESTS.

I have seen, Horatio, a fellow of infinite jabs, of
most excellent fancy—gibberish—jests—
and flashes of merriment, that were wont to set
the table on a roar.

HARPER.



The late Mr. Sterne being at a coffee-house in York, a stranger came in, who gave much offence to the company, consisting chiefly of the gown, by descanting too freely upon religion and the hypocrisy of the clergy. The young fellow at length addressed himself to Mr. Sterne, asking him what were his sentiments upon the subject; when, instead of answering him directly, he told the witling that *his dog was reckoned one of the most beautiful pointers in the whole country, was very good-natured, but that he had an infernal trick which destroyed all his good qualities.* — *He never sees a clergyman* (continued Sterne) *but he immediately flies at him.* “How long may he have had that trick!” — *Sir, ever since he was a puppy.*

The celebrated orator Henley, immediately before his coming to London, officiated during a few months as curate of Newbury, in Berkshire; the fees of which place being inadequate not only to his expectations, but even his expences, and the inhabitants not treating him with that civility and respect he thought due to his function, he determined to quit the curacy, and seek his fortune in the metropolis. The Sunday previous to his setting out, having before given public notice in the church, that he should that day preach his farewell sermon; when the prayers for the evening service were ended, he told his audience, that as the discourse he had promised them would respect themselves solely, and at

the same time be extremely concise, he deemed it unnecessary to quit the reading-desk for the pulpit; and that therefore he should from that place immediately enter upon his subject, which he should divide into three heads, or divisions; in which he would attempt to prove,

- I. That God did not love them.
- II. That they did not love another: and
- III. That they had no faith.

And as to my first head, continues the orator, "That God does not love you," I can demonstrate very clearly; for the scripture saith, that "whom God loveth he chasteneth." Now during the whole time I have officiated as curate, I do not recollect to have had one burying, nor ever to have been once sent for even to visit a sick person. And can there be a stronger proof, if the scriptures may be believed, that God does not love you? No, I think, nay I am satisfied there cannot. But to proceed to my second head,

II. "That you do not love one another." And this ye all know to be true, as well as myself. Indeed, I had woeful experience of it; for during all the time I have served the parish, I have had neither christening nor wedding; which are generally looked upon as sure, nay, they are the indisputable marks of love and affection. I think I need not say any thing more to prove that ye are not fond of one another. I come now, in the third and last place to shew.

III. "That ye have no faith." And of this also I am so certain, from experience likewise, that if I even wanted now to borrow half a crown or a crown from any of you, to help to carry me to London, I am convinced none of you would lend it me. — And this fully proves that ye have no faith.

See-

Seeing, therefore, that ye are neither beloved of God, nor by each other; and that ye have no faith, ye cannot, strictly speaking, be called Christians; and if not Christians, then not worthy the favors or blessings of the Almighty: And if you do not deserve his blessings, ye cannot, ye ought not to expect otherwise than that his curses shall fall upon you: And, indeed, I must tell you, that if you do not amend your lives, and treat your next curate better, they certainly will light on you. So farewell.

Mr. Foote being asked his opinion of the Stratford Jubilee; replied, "A Jubilee is a public invitation, urged by puffing, to go post without horses to an obscure borough without representatives; governed by a mayor and alderman who are no magistrates; to celebrate a great poet, whose own works have made him immortal, by an ode without poetry; music without melody; a dinner without victuals; lodgings without beds; a croud without company; a masquerade where half the people appeared barefaced; a horse-race up to the knees in water; fire-works extinguished as soon as they were lighted; and a boarded booth, by way of amphitheatre, which was to be taken down in three days, and sold by public auction."

The same extraordinary genius told Mr. Garrick, at the Stratford Jubilee, on that gentleman's looking out of a window, whilst it rained very fast, and asking him, pointing to a common-sewer, what he thought of that — "*Think!*" replied he; *why I think 'tis God's revenge against vanity.*"

Mr. Foote first introduced Mr. B—dd—y, who was originally bred a cook, upon the stage; and engaged him to perform at the hay-market during the last season, at a certain stipulated salary. Mr. B—

B—dd—y, however, not liking the parts assigned him by his manager, refused to play, and yet at the end of the season asked for his salary; which Mr. Foote refused to pay, as the terms of their engagement had not been performed. Mr. B— in consequence procured a writ to be served on Mr. Foote, who, when it was presented to him, exclaimed, “An ungrateful fellow.” — “Ungrateful, returns the bailiff, how!” — “Why, returned the manager, he is ungrateful for thus rewarding me for *taking the spit out of his hand, and putting it by his side.*”

A gentleman at Mrs. Cornely's, one evening seeing some wax fall from a chandelier on that part of a lady's dress who sat next him, not a great way from her bosom, immediately took out his watch, and clapped one of the seals upon it: “Bless me, Sir, what are you doing?” — “Only trying to *make an impression* upon you, Madam.”

Miss C—d being told by Col. G. of the guards, how extremely well she looked, replied, “O Sir, I have been quite another thing since I went through *your regiment.*”

It was wittily observed by a gentleman, that as prosecutions for libels are so much in vogue, it is a pity that Mr. D'Eon did not commence a prosecution against our ministry, who, when his *public character* ceased, declared he had *no character at all.* The London Gazette told the world “his Majesty has been pleased to declare that Mons. D'Eon has no longer *any character* here, and has forbid him the court.”

It was wittily remarked by Lord C—d, that whenever our court demanded from that of France a *categorical*, they generally received an *allegorical* answer.

As

As a quaker's boy was lighting his master home from a neighbor's with a lanthorn, a fellow snatched it out of his hand, and ran off. The boy being too nimble for him overtook him, and made a shift to hold him till his master came up. — "Why didst thou take away the young man's lanthorn, friend?" said Aminadab — "Why verily," reply'd the fellow, mimicking him, "I did take it away because I thought thou hadst *light* enough *within* to keep thee from stumbling. Howbeit, here is thy lanthorn again."

A very sensible gentleman being asked, how far distant, in this age, *Liberty* was from *Licentiousness*, replied, Just as far distant as Norfolk is from Suffolk. What do you mean by that? says the querist. Why, Sir, where one ends the other begins.

A passionate young baronet, at the Cocoa-tree, having railed for a considerable time against the administration, and thrown out some very severe expressions, even against the R. F. concluded with saying, that there was no *liberty* in the land, and that we should soon be a nation of slaves. "Pray, Sir Charles," replied an old gentleman, who sat seemingly intent upon the paper before him, "when you say there is no liberty in the land, do you mean *Liberty of Speech*?"

Some gentlemen, at a coffee-house, discoursing on the wonderful discoveries of Sir Isaac Newton, could resolve his attainments into no other cause but his dealing with a demon. A gentleman who sat by, says, "Gentlemen, I am well assured that your suspicion is justly founded; but can any one of you tell me the name of the Demon to whom Sir Isaac is indebted? They declared their ignorance. "Why then, replies the gentleman, I will inform you: it was *Demon—stratio*."

A physician, who lived in London, visited a lady who lived at Chelsea: after continuing his visits for some time, the lady expressed an apprehension, that it might be inconvenient to him to come so far on her account, "Oh, Madam, replied the Doctor, I have another patient in this neighborhood; and by that means, you know, *I kill two birds with one stone.*

Another physical gentleman having been out shooting one whole morning, without killing any thing, his servant begged leave to go over into the next field, for he was sure there were some birds there; and, adds the man, "if there are, I'll *doctor* them." "*Doctor* them, says the master, what do you mean by that?" "Why *kill* them, Sir."

A gentleman, who was not remarkable for being overfond of his wife, hearing her cough a good deal one day, said to a friend, who let drop some pitying expressions, "Prithee, Tom, never mind her: let her be d—d with her cough; I hope it will carry her to hell in a fortnight." The Lady, who was in an adjoining room, overhearing this *affectionate* speech, immediately rushed into the parlor where it was delivered, and advancing to her husband, told him briskly, "that she had too much of his company in *this world* to wish to have it in the next."

A certain Lady of quality, who is more remarkable for being raised from an obscure rank by a noble marriage, than any personal accomplishments, which sometimes produce such good fortune, happened to be at court when the Spanish Ambassador made his appearance with very great splendor. Among other things which drew the attention, the richness of the laces was particularly noticed. On the return of this new-made Lady of quality to her Lord's house, she met with the celebrated Lord C—,

•C—, to whom she related the splendor of the foreign minister, and dwelt particularly on the richness of the laces. “Pray, my Lady, said his lordship, what kind of lace was it?” “Really, my Lord, I forget the name, but I skould know it if you mentioned it.” Was it then *point d’Espagne*? — “No, it was not that.” “Was it *point de Brusselles*?” “No, no; not that.” “Oh, said the witty Earl, I know now what it was, it was *point de tout*.” “You are very right, replied the Lady, that was the name of the lace.”

When Queen Elizabeth, in her progress thro’ the kingdom, called at Coventry, the Mayor attended by the Aldermen, addressed her Majesty in rhyme, in the following words:

We men of Coventry
Are very glad to see
Your Royal Majesty:
Good Lord, how fair you be!

To which her Majesty returned the following gracious answer:

My Royal Majesty
Is very glad to see
Ye men of Coventry:
Good Lord, what fools ye be!

In a second tour through England, soon after the defeat of the spanish armada, the Queen paid the aforefaid city another visit: Mr. Mayor, on her Majesty’s departure, among other particulars said, “When the king of Spain attacked your Majesty, egad, *he took the wrong sow by the ear*.” The Queen could not help smiling at the man’s simplicity, which was further heightened, when he begged to have the honor to attend the Queen as far as the gallows, which stood about a mile out of the town.

It

It is sensibly observed by G. A. Stevens, "that old Batchelors resemble pretenders to atheism, who make a mockery in public of what in private *they tremble at and fall down to.*"

A Lady of fashion sitting at supper with Sir Charles D—, and perceiving him totally absorbed in a *reverie*, took up a glass, and turning to a gentleman who sat next her, drank to all *absent* friends, and particularly to Sir Charles D—.

An Irish gentleman, whose name is Shaw, remarkable for his vivacity both as an artist and a companion, happened to drink at a house near Hanover-square, till *Reason nodded on her throne* and he was left musing in a box by himself; at length a French valet and an English footman came in to solace themselves with a sober tankard of porter, and sat down, in the same box, with the abovementioned gentleman: when, entering into conversation, the footman observed his good fortune in falling into so excellent a place, especially where he met so good humored a fellow-servant as the cook, who had just before tossed him up a nice *kick-shaw* for dinner. Poor Mr. Shaw, whose ears were quicker to hear than his reason to discern what was said, started up in a violent rage, broke a fine stick, which he had in his hand, of five guineas value, and advancing to the teeth of the affrighted Frenchman, and astonished footman, with the remains of the cane in each hand, exclaimed, "Now rascals, damne! let me see if you dare to *Kick-Shaw* now: I'll teach you scoundrels to talk of kicking *me.*" It was with the greatest difficulty that the old Grecian was prevented from executing his threats upon the surprised and supposed culprits. However, after many pardons asked, he was pacified, and permitted himself to be led home.

A gentleman alike sensibly and wittily remarked, that the scandal and ill report of some persons was like fuller's earth; it daubs your coat, indeed, for a time, but it soon grows dry; and when it rubs off, your coat is so much the cleaner.

One night when the comedy of *All in the Wrong* was performed, a farmer passing by Drury-Lane theatre with his son, about five o'clock, was tempted to treat him with a play: but when he had read the bill, he cried, "All in the Wrong! — No, no — I shan't spend my money like a fool neither; I can see *all in the wrong* at home every day for nothing."

It was wittily remarked by Mr. C. when comparing the contrary humors of his *Man and wife*, that they are like flint and steel, *constantly striking fire out of one another*.

A certain philosophical humorist being asked his opinion of the discussion of abstruse metaphysical subjects by the younger students of the universities, and particularly of the doctrines of *Liberty* and *Necessity*, on which so much is to be said on both sides, replied: that he thought them, of all others, the most proper of all to be admitted among the *certamina ingenii*; for *Liberty*, said he, *is the nurse of all great wits, and Necessity the mother of invention*.

A young lady of fashion being asked by a dignified clergyman, on her return from a visit she had paid to an old maiden aunt, what sort of a place her aunt's residence was; said, "that it was like heaven, where they are neither married nor given in marriage."

A gentleman being addressed by a barker to an auctioneer, "Pray, Sir, walk in; why don't you walk in, Sir? what are you *afraid of*? — Of being *bit*," replied he.

The celebrated Mr. Locke, in his earlier years, had contracted a very particular friendship with a young fellow who had lived in the same neighborhood from his infancy. This esteem Mr. Locke carried so very high, that he considered his friend's interest inseparably connected with his own, and looked upon any instance of good fortune in either to be a means of advancing the welfare of both. However, having once got into the favor, of some people in power, the friend began to envy the situation of Mr. Locke; and judging of that good man's heart by his own, supposed he would withdraw his friendship as he encreased his fortune. Fraught with this opinion, he endeavored to supplant Mr. Locke in the esteem of all his friends, and to engage their protection for himself, by the discovery of every secret which the other had trusted him with in the unsuspected openness of his heart; finding, however, that all attempts of this nature were fruitless, he suddenly disappeared, and carried off a sum of money, the property of his friend, which he knew must involve him in the greatest distress. Mr. Locke felt severely for the perfidy of his friend, and was to the last degree surprized when informed of the methods he had taken to ruin his interest; but still continuing his application to business, and deserving the favor of his patrons, he was advanced to some places of no inconsiderable profit and honor. One morning, while he was at breakfast, word was brought him, that a man in a very shabby habit requested the honor of speaking to him. Mr. Locke, whom no advancement could raise above the practice of goodmanners, immediately ordered him to be admitted, and found to his great astonishment, his old friend reduced, by a life of cunning and extravagance, to the greatest poverty and distress, and come

me to implore his assistance and solicit his forgiveness. Mr. Locke looked at him for some time very steadfastly without speaking one word; at length, taking out a fifty pound note, he presented it to him with the following remarkable declaration. "Though I sincerely forgive your behavior to me, yet I must never put it in your power to injure me a second time. — Take this trifle; which I give, not as a mark of my friendship, but as a relief to your present wants, and consign to the service of your necessities, without recollecting how little you deserve it. — No reply: — it is impossible to regain my good opinion; for know, friendship once injured is for ever lost."

About the year 1726, Sir Richard Steele made a journey to Scotland, in company with several gentlemen of distinction. On their way, when near Annan, they observed a flock of sheep, and at a little distance, their keeper stretched on the ground with a book in his hand. Prompted by his usual desire of prying into human nature in every character, Sir Richard proposed to his companions a little conversation with the shepherd; on which they all rode up to him, and the knight enquired of him the name of the book in his hand. The shepherd immediately started on his feet, and told him the title of it: Pray what do you learn from this book, continued Sir Richard Steele? I learn from it the way to heaven, replied the other. Very well, added the knight, we are fellow-travellers, bound to the same place, and it will be very obliging if you will shew us the way thither. With all my heart, continued the countryman, if you will attend me to an eminence just at hand. To this proposal Sir Richard and his companions readily assented, and followed their guide to a rising ground, from whence they had a view of

an antique tower, a few miles distant. The shepherd then turning to Sir Richard, you see, Sir, said he, yonder tower, the way to it lies straight by it, and is the only safe and certain way to future happiness. Amazed at the clownish oddity of the direction, Sir Richard enquired of him how that tower was called? to which the shepherd replied—Sir, An't please-your-honor, the name of it is the Tower of Repentance. This famous tower, as tradition reports, obtained its name from the superstitious devotion of a distant ancestor of Mr. S— of H—, who having committed some crime above the rate of ordinary penance, was directed by his ghostly father to expiate the guilt of it, by erecting this edifice to the memory of one of the saints; and from this incident the building has ever since been denominated the Tower of Repentance.

Soon after the peace of Vervins, Henry IV. returning from hunting, in a plain garb, and only two gentlemen with him, crossed the Seine in a common ferry-boat. Perceiving the waterman did not know him, he asked him, what people said of the peace? "Faith, answered the waterman, as to this same fine peace I know nothing of it; but every thing, I know is taxed, even to this old tool of a boat, so that I can scarce get a living." Well, but, continued Henry, dos not the king intend to see the people eased? "The king, replied Charon, is well enough of himself; but he has a mistress, who must have so many fine cloaths and gewgaws, and it is we pay for all; however, if he had her to himself, it would not be so much; but she is devilishly bely'd, master, if she dos not play the beast with two backs with some others." Henry who had been excessively diverted with the colloquy, sent next morning for the waterman, and made him repeat

repeat before the Dutcheſs of Beaufort, without mincing one word, what he had ſaid the evening before. Her grace was ſo incenſed, that nothing would ſerve her, but the king muſt immediately order him to be hanged. “Poh! ſaid Henry, are you mad? don’t you ſee he is a poor devil ſoured by diſtreſs? His boat ſhall pay no tax, and then he’ll be continually ſinging, *Vive Henry! Vive Gabrielle!*”

During Algernon Sydney’s ſtay in France, one day hunting with the French king, and being mounted on a fine English horſe, whoſe form and ſpirit caught the king’s eye, he received a meſſage that he would pleaſe to oblige the king with his horſe, at his own price. He answered, that he did not chuſe to part with him. The king determined to have no denial; and gave orders to tender him mony, and to ſeize the horſe; which being made known to Mr. Sydney, he inſtantly took a piſtol and ſhot him, ſaying, “That his horſe was born a free creature, had ſerved a free man, and ſhould not be maſtered by a king of ſlaves.”

St. Thomas Agumas happening to enter the pope’s apartment, one day, when they were rekon-ing mony, the pope ſaid to him. “You ſee the time is over when the church uſed theſe words, *I have neither gold nor ſilver;*” to which the angelical doctor made answer, “It is true, holy father, neither can ſhe any longer ſay to the paralytic, *get up and walk.*”

When Sir Godfrey Kneller came into very high reputation, a certain alderman came to be painted by this artiſt, and as uſual, paid him down half the price in guineas. Sir Godfrey, after ſeveral times touching the canvas with the chalk, and rubbing it out, very deliberately laid it aſide, and pulling out the guineas he had juſt received, deſired the alderman to re-pocket them. The latter ſtaring, *For what*

did you give me those guineas? said Sir Godfrey —
To draw my face, to be sure, answers the other.—
But by G—, replies the painter, *you have no face to*
draw; get you gone, get you gone.

Philip the Second, walking one day alone in the cloisters of the convent of the Escorial, an honest tradesman, seeing the door open, went in. Transported with admiration at the fine paintings with which that house is adorned, he addressed himself to the king, whom he took for one of the servants of the convent, and desired him to shew him the paintings, and explain the subjects of them. Philip, with all the humility and condescension of a lay-brother, conducted him through the apartments, and gave him all the satisfaction he could desire. At parting, the stranger took him by the hand, and squeezing it affectionately, said, “I am much obliged to you, friend: I live at St. Martin’s, and my name is Michael Bombis: if you should chance to come my way, and call upon me, you will find a glass of good wine at your service.” “And my name,” said the pretended servant, is Philip the Second, and if you will call upon me at Madrid, I will give you a glass of as good.”

While Casimir II. king of Poland was prince of Sandomir, he won at play all the money of one of his nobility, who, incensed at his ill fortune, struck the prince a blow on the ear, in the heat of passion. He fled immediately from justice; but being pursued and overtaken, he was condemned to lose his head; but the generous Casimir determined otherwise. “I am not surpris’d,” said he, at the gentleman’s conduct; for not having it in his power to revenge himself on fortune, no wonder he should attack her favorite.” After which he revoked the sentence, returned

turned the nobleman his mony, and declared that he alone was faulty, as he encouraged by his example a pernicious practice, that might terminate in the ruin of hundreds of the people.

The bishops Hoadley and Sherlock were both of Catherine-hall Cambridge, and, as I believe, both of the same year, and pupils of Mr. Bower a learned Scotchman. When they were freshmen, they were called to lectures in Tully's Offices. One day Hoadley performed so well, as to receive a compliment from his tutor. As they were coming away from the tutor's chamber, Sherlock, who was probably a little nettled, called out, "Ben, you have made good use of l'Estrange's translation to-day." No, Tom, replied Hoadley, I have it not; and I forgot to send the bed-maker to borrow your's, which I am told, is the only one in college."

In a visit queen Elizabeth made to the famous lord chancellor Bacon, at a small country seat, which he had built for himself before his preferment; she ask'd him, How it came that he made himself so small a house? *It is not I, madam, answered he, who have made my house too small for myself, but your majesty, who have made me too big for my house.*

Mr. Jeremy White, one of Oliver Cromwell's domestic chaplains, a sprightly man, and one of the chief wits of the court, was so ambitious as to make his addressee to Oliver's youngest daughter, the lady Frances. The young lady did not discourage him; but in so religious a court his gallantry could not be carried on without being taken notice of. The Protector was told of it, and was much concerned thereat: he ordered the person who told him to keep a strict look-out, promising, if he could give him any

substantial proofs, he should be well rewarded, and White severely punished. The spy followed his business so close, that in a little time he dogged Jerry White, as he was generally called, to the lady's chamber, and ran immediately to the Protector to acquaint him that they were together. Oliver, in a rage, hastened to the chamber; and, going in hastily; found Jerry on his knees, either kissing the lady's hand, or having just kissed it. Cromwell in a fury asked what was the meaning of that posture before his daughter Frank? White with a great deal of presence of mind, said, May it please your highness! I have a long time courted that young gentlewoman there, my lady's woman, and cannot prevail: I was therefore humbly praying her ladyship to intercede for me. The protector, turning to the young woman, cried, What's the meaning of this, hussy? why do you refuse the honor Mr. White would do you? he is my friend, and I expect you should treat him as such. My lady's woman, who desired nothing more, with a very low curtsy, replied, If Mr. White intends me that honor, I shall not be against him. Say'st thou so, my lass, cried Cromwell? Call Godwyn; this business shall be done presently, before I go out of the room. Mr. White was gone too far to go back; his brother parson came; Jerry and my lady's woman were married in the presence of the Protector, who gave her five hundred pounds for her portion, which, with the money she had saved before, made Mr. White easy in his circumstances, except that he never loved his wife, nor she him, though they lived together near fifty years afterwards.

Soon after the battle of Oudenarde, the dutchess of Marlborough made a tour to Flanders under pretence of complimenting the duke on that victory, but in fact

fact to inform him of the cabals of his enemies, which it was not safe to entrust on paper. Her grace landed at Dunkirk, where she lay at night; and in the morning, her thoughts being intent, perhaps, upon more important concerns, though she had given a great deal of trouble in the inn, yet she went away and forgot the usual present to the chambermaid. The girl, who interpreted this neglect to her grace's want of generosity, thought of an expedient to make herself amends; and with this view she purchased a number of phials, and then filling them, carefully corked them up, and sealed them; this done, she caused it to be rumored abroad, that she had a quantity of the dutchess of Marlborough's eye-water, which her grace at her departure, had put into her hands to sell. It was, in reality, the dutchess of Marlborough's water that filled the bottles, and the humor succeeded to the girl's wish; the eye-water was bought for the novelty by rich and poor, and the cures it performed were so wonderful, that the fame of its virtues reached the dutchess at the English camp. Her grace recollected her omission, and was not a little nettled at the wench's stratagem, but could not then help it. In her return home, however, she lay again at the same inn; and as the wench was putting her to bed at night, Child, said she, I hear you have a famous eye-water to sell; I have a mind to be a purchaser. The girl, quite confounded, and ready to sink, faintly said, it was all disposed of. What quantity might you have of it, said the dutchess? Only a few dozens, replied the girl. Well, said the dutchess, prepare your bottles, and you now may have a larger quantity of the genuine sort. The girl was miserably perplexed, and could not tell what to say; but fell on her knees, confessed her indiscretion, and humbly implored her

grace's forgiveness, promising never to offend again in the like manner. Nay, but indeed, child, said her grace, you must make up some for me, for I have heard an excellent character of its sovereign virtues. Being assured her grace was in earnest, the girl replied, she should be obeyed. Her grace's intention was, to prevent her eye-water being any more hawked about in Dunkirk; and therefore, in the morning, she ordered her young doctress, in her own presence, to bottle every drop of it, to cork it up safely, and seal it, as she had done the former; by which she discovered that the girl had actually procured her grace's arms to her nostrum, a circumstance she had not before dreamt of. Well, my dear, said the dutchess, I find you are mistress of your trade; you make no scruple to counterfeit a seal. Madam, said the girl you dropt the seal in the room, and that put me in the head of it. And what might you gain, said her grace, by your last supply? Fifty livres, replied the girl. Very well, said the dutchess, please to restore the seal, and there is double that sum for you; putting five louis d'or in her hand; adding, with a stern look, and severe tone of voice, Beware of counterfeits, hussy.

When Dr. Swift was dean of St. Patrick's, he was informed by one of the chapter, that the beadle of the cathedral was a poet. The doctor sent for him, and asked him some questions relating to his poetical talents, which he modestly disclaimed, asserting that he wrote only for his bell. It being winter, the doctor insisted he should compose some verses on the fifth of November, and repeat them under his window; which accordingly he did; and the dean was so pleased, that he rewarded the composer with a guinea, declaring, at the same time, he was a better poet

poet than Ambrose Philips. The following were the lines repeated under the dean's window:

To night's the day, I speak it with great sorrow,
That we were all t' have been blown up to morrow;
Therefore take care of fires and candle-light,
'Tis a cold frosty morning, and so good night.

Two days before Luther died he wrote the following remarkable words with his own hand: 1st. Nobody can understand Virgil's *Bucolics*, unless he has been a shepherd five years. 2d. No man is capable of understanding the *Georgics* thoroughly, except he has followed the business of a husbandman the space of five years. 3d. There is no possibility of understanding Cicero's epistles, I say and maintain it, unless he has been in the administration of some republic for twenty years. 4. Let no man therefore imagine he has acquired a sufficient relish for the reading of the Holy Scriptures, so as to think he understands them, except he has governed the church a hundred years, in conjunction with such prophets as Elias, St. John Baptist, Christ, and his apostles.

Charles V. in his intervals of relaxion, used to retire to Brussels. He was a prince curious to know the sentiments of his meanest subjects concerning himself, and his administration; therefore often went out incognito, and mixed himself in such companies and conversation as he thought proper. One night his boot requiring immediate mending, he was directed to a cobbler: unluckily it happened to be St. Crispin's holiday; and, instead of finding the cobbler inclined for work, he was in the height of his jollity among his acquaintance. The emperor acquainted him what he wanted, and offered him a handsome gratuity. "What! friend, says the fellow, do you know

know no better than to ask any of our craft to work on St. Crispin? was it Charles the Vth himself, I'd not do a stitch for him now — but if you'll come in, and drink St. Crispin, do, and welcome, we are as merry as the emperor can be." The sovereign accepted his offer; but while he was contemplating on their rude pleasure, instead of joining in it, the jovial host thus accosts him: "What, I suppose you are some courtier, politician or other by that contemplative phisionomie; nay, by your long nose you may be a bastard of the emperor; but be who or what you will, you're heartily welcome — drink about — here's Charles the fifth's health." Then you love Charles the fifth, replied the emperor. "Love him! (says the son of Crispin) ay, ay, I love his long noseship well enough; but I should love him much more, would he but tax us a little less — but what the devil have we to do with politicks — round with the glasses, and merry be our hearts." After a short stay the emperor took his leave, and thanked the cobbler for his hospitable reception. "That (cried he) you are welcome to — but I would not to-day have dishonored St. Crispin to have worked for the emperor." Charles, pleased with the honest good-nature and humor of the fellow, sent for him next morning to court. You must imagine his surprise to see and hear his late guest was his sovereign — he feared his joke on his long nose must be punished with death. The emperor thanked him for his hospitality, and, as a reward for it, bid him ask for what he most desired, and take the whole night to settle his surprise and his ambition. Next day he appeared, and requested, that for the future the cobblers of Flanders might bear for their arms a boot, with the emperor's crown upon it. That request was granted, and as his ambition was so moderate, the emperor bid him make another.

"If

“If (says he) I am to have my utmost wishes, command, that for the future the company of cobblers shall take place of the company of shoe-makers.” It was accordingly so ordained, and to this day there is to be seen a chapel in Flanders, adorned round with a boot and imperial crown on it, and in all processions the company of cobblers take place of the company of shoe-makers.

Tom Clark of St. John's desired a fellow of the same college to lend him bishop Burnet's History of the Reformation; the other told him, he could not possibly lend it out of his chambers, but if he pleased, he might come there and read in it all day long. Some time after, the same gentleman sends to Tom, to borrow his bellows; Tom sent him word, *he could not possibly spare them out of his chamber, but he might come there and blow all day long if he would.*

Jemmy L—, whose character needs no comment, being one night pretty late at cards, at the St. James's coffee-house, he at length rose up and said, “He had nothing now to do but throw himself into the arms of Morpheus.” A certain lord, who is more famous for his wit than good nature, asked him, *If Ganymede would not be equally agreeable to him?*

A lady's age happening to be questioned, she affirmed it was but forty, and called a gentleman who was in company, to deliver his opinion. “Cousin,” said she, “do you believe I am right, when I say I am but forty?” *I'm sure, madam, said he, I ought not to dispute it; for I have constantly heard you say so for above these ten years.*

One Bambridge, a cobbling watch-maker, meeting Tompion one day in Moorfields, stopt him, and, taking him by the hand, said he was heartily
glad

glad to see him. Tompion expressed his surprize, saying Bambridge had the advantage of him. *Why, Sir, said he, don't you know me? — You and I are the two most famous men of the trade. Indeed!* said Tompion, *may I crave your name?* Bambridge, *Sir; — I never heard of it before* Sir; are you in the repeating or in the stop way, rejoined Tompion. *Neither* Sir, resumed Bambridge: yet I tell you once more, we are the two most famous men of the trade — *You for being the best, and I for being the worst watch-maker in the world.*

Some gentlemen t'other day boasting of their ancestors, an arch-wag standing by, said, he believ'd he was of a more ancient family than any of them, and could trace his pedigree in a lineal descent from king *Lud*. Ay? says one of them, how do you make that out? *Why, Sir, said he, it was my misfortune to be put into Ludgate for a debt of fifty shillings, and I made my escape down a rope.*

A certain little German baron, whom the world has been so ungenerous to, as to suppose he lived entirely by gaming, was sometime since at Scarborough, and playing at piquet whilst dinner was preparing, and the forks and knives laid at an adjacent table, his adversary being provoked at an unremitting series of ill luck, and suspecting that two aces were concealed under one of his hands, most barbarously pinioned it to the table with a fork, saying, “by G—d, baron, I've detected you now.” The sequel of this adventure was as fatal to the baron, as the beginning, for not only the aces were by some unaccountable accident found under his hand, but the implacable foe in his wrath threw the unfortunate German nobleman out of a one pair of stairs window into the street. All the consolation the baron met with

with upon this occasion, was from that arch-wag F—te, who happened to be passing at that time, and to whom the baron related his lamentable story—*Have I not always, said F—te, dissuaded you, Baron, from playing so high.*

It is not many weeks since Tom K—, one of Thalia's greatest favorites, but whose cause, the blind goddess had never till now espoused, meeting with a certain sporting gentleman under the piazza in Covent-Garden, they retired to an adjacent tavern to take a main at hazard for five guineas. Tom soon lost his first stake, and with much resignation eat his supper and drank his bottle. His adversary, however, after supper, proposed to him a second main, which Tom at first refused engaging in, saying, he had not, he believed, money enough about him to answer the bet; but this was over-ruled by his adversary replying, his word was sufficient for a hundred times the sum. They renewed the party, and a few hours Tom won two thousand four hundred guineas. Tom's wife, who by the by, is a very good one, had sat up all night as usual, after having sent every where in search of him, without being able to gain any tidings, when he returned from his lucky vigil. Her inquiries were naturally very pressing to know where he had been, and what had kept him out so long; to all which he made no other answer than very peremptorily, saying, "Bring me a bible." — "A bible!" she re-ecchoed with some ejaculation, "I hope you have not poisoned yourself." — "Bring me a bible," continued Tom. — "I suppose," she resumed, "you've lost some great sum—but never mind it, we can work for more." — "Bring me a bible, I say," still uttered Tom. "Good lord, what can be the matter?" said Mrs. K—, "I don't believe

lieve there's such a thing in the house, without it be in the maid's room." Thither she went then, and found part of one without a cover; when, having brought it to Tom, he fell upon his knees, and made a most fervent oath never to touch a die or card again; whilst she all the time endeavored to alleviate his grief, of which she considered this as the effusion, owing to some very considerable loss. When he had finished and rose up, he flung fourteen hundred pounds in bank notes upon the table, saying, *There, my dear, here's fourteen hundred pounds I've won to night, and I shall receive a thousand more by to-morrow noon, and I'll be d—d if I ever risque a guinea of it again.*

A gentleman telling a lady, that a certain apothecary of her acquaintance was broke, and oblig'd to shut up shop; she enquired the cause; to which the gentleman replied, he was so honest a man, that instead of loading his patients with medicines, as is too common a practice, he advised them to take the wholesome air, and of course lost the profit arising from the sale of his drugs. *Poor Man!* says she, *it is plain he could not live by the air, tho' his patients could.*

Dr. M—d coming out of Tom's coffee-house, an impudent broken apothecary met him at the door, and desired he would lend him five guineas. So! said the doctor, *I am surpris'd you should apply to me for such a favor, who don't know you!* Oh! dear Sir, replied the apothecary, *is is for that very same reason I ask it, for those who know me won't lend me a fartbing.*

An honest French dragoon, in the service of Lewis XIV. having caught a fellow in bed with his wife,

wife, after some words told him, he wou'd let him escape that time; but, if ever he found him in it again, he would throw his hat out at the window. Notwithstanding this terrible threat, in a few days, he caught the spark in the same place, and was as good as his word: sensible of what he had done, he posted away to the place where he knew the king was to be; and throwing himself at his majesty's feet, implored his pardon. The king ask'd what his offence was? he told him how he had been abus'd. Well, well, said the king, laughing, I very readily forgive you, considering your provocation; I think you was much in the right to throw *his hat out at the window*. Yes, and it please you, my leige, *but his head was in it*, said the dragoon. Was it, replied the king; well, my word is pass'd.

Two fellows meeting, one ask'd the other, why he look'd so sad? I have good reason for it, answer'd the other, poor Jack such a one, the greatest crooney and best friend I had in the world, was hang'd but two days ago. What had he done, says the first! Alas! replied the other, he did no more than you or I should have done on the like occasion; he found a bridle on the road and took it up; What! says the other, hang a man for taking up a bridle! that's hard, indeed! *To tell the truth of the matter*, says the other, *there was a horse tied to the other end of it*.

The Rev. Mr. Whiston the famous astronomer, made a calculation, that the world would be at an end in eighteen years; and some time after, being about to dispose of a little estate, he ask'd the buyer thirty years purchase; upon which, in great surprise, the gentleman demanded, *With what face he could ask so much, when he well knew the world would be at an end in little more than half that time?*

Q

A

A droll fellow who got a livelihood by fiddling at fairs and about the country, was one day met by an acquaintance that had not seen him a great while, who accosted him thus. *Bless me! what! are you alive! Why not answer'd the fiddler, did you send any body to kill me? No, replies the other, but I was told you was dead. Ay, so it was reported it seems, says the fiddler, but I knew it was a lie as soon as I heard it.*

A dyer in a court of Justice being ordered to hold up his hand which was all black; *Take off your glove, friend, said the judge to him. Put on your spectacles, my lord, answer'd the dyer.*

An Irish compositor of a certain English Newspaper, was furnished by an Irish collector, with the following articles of intelligence, which were actually printed off *verbatim*, in several copies.

“Last Sunday morning a boat going from Templestairs to Lambeth, was overset in the high wind, a little below Deptford, and all the passengers unfortunately drowned except one lady, who has left a disconsolate widow big with child, and seven small children.”

“The diversions of Vauxhall Gardens opened last night; it was a remarkable fine evening for the time of year; and it is computed there were upwards of twenty thousand of the first nobility present.”

The old lord Stamford taking a bottle with the parson of the parish, was commending his own wine. Here, doctor, said he, I can send a couple of ho—ho—ho—hounds to Fra—Fra—France, (for his lordship had a great impediment in his speech) and have a ho—ho—hoshead of wine for 'em. What do you say to that doctor? *Why my lord, replies the*

the doctor, *I think your lordship has your wine dog cheap.*

The late Beau Nash often played tricks with others; and, upon certain occasions, received very severe retaliations. Being at York races, and having lost all his money, some of his companions agreed to equip him with fifty guineas, upon this proviso, that he would stand at the great door of the minister in a blanket, as the people were coming out of church. To this proposal he readily agreed; but the dean coming by, unfortunately knew him. What, says the doctor, *Mr. Nash in masquerade? Only a Yorkshire penance Mr. Dean for keeping bad company,* quoth Nash, pointing to his companions.

A person asked an Irishman, why he wore his stockings the wrong side outwards? who answered, *Because there was an hole on the other side.*

The following anecdote of the late facetious B—ll Tb—n, Esq; was communicated by himself, and may therefore be depended on.

When he was a student at Oxford, having a natural turn for gaiety, and being a good deal circumscribed in his finances, he was sometimes obliged to have recourse to stratagem for ways and means; he had lately had two new suits of cloaths, and anticipated his taylor's demands by a fictitious bill, for which, upon remitting it to his father, he received the amount by the return of the post. The sight of so much cash, which he had been unaccustomed to, animated him with an uncommon flow of spirits, which were not to be indulged in scholastic exercises, so that he immediately set out for the capital; and having there equipped himself with a bag wig and sword, he accompanied his Dulcinea to the play,

in the pit. The second music was scarce finished, before his father came and placed himself in the seat before him: and presently turning round was a good deal startled at seeing a figure that so much resembled his son—“What B—ll, said he, are you there?” But B—ll, who knew nothing could befriend him upon this occasion but effrontery, resolved to brazen it out, and turned to his lady and chatted with her, not paying any attention to the old gentleman’s inquiries. His father was however very dissatisfied, notwithstanding B—ll’s disguise, and retired before the play was finished, much chagrined. Upon his return home he found an intimate friend, to whom he communicated the cause of the mortification he had received, and added, that “he would burn his will, and cut such an ungrateful rascal off with a shilling—an unnatural scoundrel, who had publickly disowned his father.”—Mr. T—’s friend endeavored to soften his passion and dissuade him from so precipitate an act, saying that he could not possibly think it was Bonnell Mr. T—had seen, and that his dress was a proof of the mistake. This, however, did not prevent his persevering in the resolution of destroying his will, till his friend agreed to set out early the next morning for Oxford, and there receive satisfactory intelligence. B—ll, convinced of his critical situation, set out post for Oxford as soon as the play was finished, and got there time enough to be at morning prayers. His father arrived there with his friend in the evening, and upon inquiry finding his son was at college, and had been at prayers that very morning, he returned fully satisfied with B—ll’s filial duty.

A young lady who was just come out of the country, and affected to dress in a very plain manner, was sitting on a bench at Bath, as Nash and
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some of his companions were passing by: upon which, turning to one of them he said, There's a smart country girl, I will have some discourse with her. Then going up to the lady, So child, says he, you are just come to Bath, I see; Yes, fir, answered the lady: And you have been a good girl in the country, and learned to read your book, I hope: Yes, fir. Pray now, says he, let me examine you: I know you have read your bible, and the history of Tobit and his dog; now can you tell me, What was the dog's name? Yes, fir, says she, *his name was Nash, and an impudent dog he was.*

A facetious canon of Windfor, taking his evening walk as usual into the town, met one of the vicars at the castle-gate, returning home somewhat elevated with generous port. So, says the canon from whence come you? I don't know, Mr. canon, replies the vicar; *I have been spinning out this afternoon with few friends.* Ay, and now, says the canon, *you are reeling it home.*

It was a saying of Bon—li's, "If marriage be a potion I must swallow, let the pil, at least, be gilded, that it may the least nauseate." But T—n, like many other of the faculty, omitted the sweets of his own prescription when he took it, and swallowed the dose like Benedick the married man.

Mr. Thomas Fuller, a man admired for his wit, but whose great fault was, that he would rather lose his friend than his jest, having made some verses upon a scolding wife, Dr. Cousins, his patron and benefactor, hearing them repeated, desired Mr. Fuller to oblige him with a copy of them; to whom he very imprudently, tho' wittily replied, *'Tis needless to give you a copy, doctor, for you have the original.*

L—y C—r, being an evidence in a court of justice, and very severely cross examined by the counsel for the opposite party, was for a short time at a stand to reply to a very uncommon question; but recovering herself she set the court in a titter, by saying—*What has been my ruin, Sir, has been your making, I mean impudence, Sir.*

An actress, belonging to Drury-lane theatre, some-what vain of her singing, was tuning her pipes in the green room, whilst an actor remarkable for his strength of expression, sat in a pensive posture, with a chew of tobacco in his mouth. Mr. Gravity, says the lady, don't you think I sing like Signora, &c. Rot me, madam, if I was thinking about you, quoth he. Why, how now, fauce-box, says she, 'tis not long since I saw you act the part of Timothy Rag, in your own cloaths, and the whole house observ'd you was well dress'd for the part. *Madam,* says the actor, *if spitting upon you was not taking notice of you, I wou'd do it.*

General O—, the greatest political coffee-house orator of the age, was very lately entering into the just rights of the colonies, and considering how far they were virtually and legally represented, to a group of auditors, till he at length dismissed them all very constitutionally to their dinners, except one, whom he had very judiciously (as he thought) secured by the button of his coat; but turning round to the waiter to order some capilaire, to enable him to wind up the bottom of his arguments, he found, upon resuming his former position, that the only auditor left him was the button in his hand, at the price of which his last hearer had made his escape.

A poor but worthy clergyman, who possessed only a small lectureship, from the income of which
he

he had a large family to maintain, had been under the necessity, through some expensive family sickness, &c. of contracting debts with several in the parish, and, being unable to answer their demands, absconded for some time for fear of being troubled; and in short, was so ashamed of facing his creditors, that he even prevailed with a friend to officiate for him on Sundays. However, considering this method of life could not last long, he took courage, and resolved to preach the following Sunday before his parishioners; when he took his text from the new testament in the following words, *Have patience, and I will pay you all.* He divided his discourse in two general heads; first, *Have patience*, secondly, *and I will pay you all.* He then expatiated very largely and elegantly on that most christian virtue, *patience*; after which, *and now*, says he, *having done with my first head, viz. Have patience, I come to my second and last general head, which is, And I will pay you all;—but that I must defer to another opportunity.* Which excellent conclusion so pleased his creditors, that they gave him his own time to pay his debts, assuring him, that they would never trouble him.

A certain nobleman, as famous for his courage as his wit, being a short time since at Cornelys's, having his spectacles on, and looking about for some of his female acquaintance, in despair, thus addressed an old school fellow of his—“Egad, Tom, its impossible to meet with a woman one knows; formerly, one was sure of finding some of one's female acquaintance, when they wore their own natural faces—but now, they are all in masquerade;” the only difference between this and that in the Haymarket is, that there they wore black velvet masks;

here they consist of white lead and vermillion; but the deception is equal.

A proper sequel to this anecdote, is what lord C— said, upon being asked, when lady— was at court? “No one has seen her face here these ten years.”

An arch boy, belonging to one of the ships of war at Portsmouth, had purchased of his play-fellows a magpye, which he carried to his father's house, and was at the door feeding of it, when a gentleman in the neighborhood, who had an impediment in his speech, coming up, “T— T— T— Tom,” says the gentleman, “can your mag t—t— talk yet?” Ay sir, says the boy, better than you, or I'd ring his head off.

Quin was one morning in Hyde-park, when L—d A— came trotting through in a manner as if he had never learnt the manege. *By G—d, said Quin, his lord—p is quite out of his element—he looks as if he were rolling upon a rough sea.—He might save a deal of mony, and have much better exercise, by hiring a porter at half a crown a morning to bump his a—e.*

A man, meeting a weaver upon a mighty lean jade of a horse, said, “Weaver, why do you accustom yourself to ride so hard?” *Hard!* said the weaver, who always went a snail's gallop; “why do you think I ride hard?” “Because you have rode all the flesh off your horse's back,” said the other.

Two parsons meeting one day near the Chapter coffee-house in Pater-noster-row, and the way being very narrow, the most pragmatical of the two, who was loth to dirty his shoes, said to the other, who was nearest the houses, “Sir, I never give the way

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to a coxcomb.— “*Sir*, replied the other, moving to the outside of the posts, *I always do*.

A gentleman went one wet cold night into an inn, in Oxford; as firing is very dear there, a great many people were in the kitchen, and the fire so furrounded he could not get to warm him. Upon seeing this, he call'd for the ostler, and bid him fetch half a peck of oysters, and carry them to his horse. *Oysters for your horse!* says the fellow, grinning: *What shells and all!* *Aye, aye*, reply'd the gentleman, *carry them to him unopen'd*. The fellow fetch'd the oysters immediately, brought them to the gentleman in the kitchen, and ask'd whether they were really to be carried to his horse: For, says he, “I never saw a horse eat oysters in my life.” „No matter for that, reply'd the gentleman, “carry them to him.” Away he went with the oysters to the horse, attended by all the people in the kitchen. In the mean time the gentleman got a rare warm place in the chimney corner, which was what he wanted. He had not been there long ere the ostler, attended by the persons who had left the kitchen, came to acquaint him with a piece of intelligence he knew before. *Why Sir*, says he, “I have put the oysters into the manger, and the devil of one of them will your horse touch.” “Like enough,” reply'd the gentleman; “why then, as he is not in the humor to eat them now, do you bring the oysters to me, and give my horse half a peck of corn instead of them.”

Quin, upon his first coming to Bath, found himself very extravagantly charged for etables and drinkables as well as lodging and washing; at the end of the first week, he took Nash aside, who had invited him down, as being the cheapest place in Eng-

land for a man of taste and a *bon vivant*. The master of the ceremonies, who loved his joke, and knew that Quin relished a pun as well as himself, replied, "They have acted by you upon truly christian principles." "How so, says Quin?" "Why resumed Nash, you was a *stranger* and they took you in." — "Ay but, said Quin, they have *fleeced* me instead of *cloathing* me."

Two walking together in the fields, were at length hemmed in by a great ditch; which, when they perceived, quoth one of them, "We must go back again, for this ditch is too big for us to jump over," *Nay*, quoth the other, "I protest I'll jump over, tho' I light just in the middle."

It is related of Mr. Addison, who had some impediment in his speech, that at the time of debating the union act in the h—e of c—s, he rose up, and addressing himself to the speaker said, "Mr. Speaker, I conceive"—Here he could go no further; then rising again he said, Mr. Speaker, I conceive"—Still unable to proceed he sat down again; a third time he arose, and was still unable to say any more than "Mr. Speaker, I conceive,"—when a certain young member, who was possessed of more effrontery and volubility than Mr. Secretary, arose, and said, Mr. Speaker, I am very sorry to find that the honorable gentleman over the way has *conceived* three times, and *brought forth nothing*."

Quin went one morning to a friend of his, who had built a new house at Bath, before it was quite finished; when being affected in a certain natural way, after having enquired of the servant if his master was at home, and being answered in the negative— "Well, said he, however, shew me your
little

little house." — "Yes, Sir," replied the servant, keeping the street door in his hand, the house is *small*, but it is very compact." — "I mean, continued Quin your necessary-house." — "Yes, Sir, replied the servant, I believe my master will find it very *necessary*, when he comes down, and much better than lodgings" — "Your conveniency, I mean, said Quin." — "Very *convenient*, I can assure you," still continued the servant. — Quin, no longer able to contain himself, cried with some emphasis, "G—d d—n you, you rascal, shew me your sh—t-house, or by G—d, I shall befoul my breeches." — "O Lord, Sir, said the servant, "that is not built yet."

Nash, the late master of the ceremonies, was one night making a collection for the Bath hospital, when a certain duchess entered, who is more remarkable for her wit than her generosity; and not being able to get by him unobserved, gave him a pat with her fan, saying, "You must put down a trifle for me, Nash, for I have no money in my pocket." — "Yes, madam, said he, that I will with pleasure, if your grace will tell me when to stop;" when taking a handful of guineas out of his pocket, he began to tell them into his white hat (which he always wore) one, two, three, four, five "Hold, hold, says her grace, consider what you are about." "Consider your rank and fortune, Madam, said Nash, and went on telling, six, seven, eight, nine, ten." Here her grace called out again, with an angry tone — "I beg, madam, you would compose yourself, said Nash, and not interrupt the work of charity; eleven, twelve, thirteen, fourteen, fifteen, sixteen." — The duchess now began to rave, and laid hold of his arm. "Indeed, madam, said he, you shall have your name written in letters of gold, ay and upon the front of

of the building: — Then he went on, seventeen, eighteen, nineteen, twenty." I won't pay a farthing more, said the duchess " "Charity covers a multitude of sins, said Nash; twenty-one, twenty-two, twenty-three, twenty-four, twenty-five" — "Nash, said she, I protest you frighten me out of my wits! — Lord, I shall faint! — I shall certainly die!" "Madam, you will never die with doing good; and if you do, it will be better for you, answered Nash, and was going on; but finding her grace was really ready to faint, he entered into a composition with her for thirty guineas. But this was very far from satisfying her grace who seemed quite chagrined the greatest part of the evening; and when he came to the quadrille table where she was a playing, she bid him stand farther, and ugly devil; for she hated the sight of him. Soon after her grace had a run of good luck, which so pleased her, that she called to him, saying, "Come, you impudent devil, I will be friends with you, if you promise never to plague me again in such a manner, — and now to shew you I don't bear malice, there are ten guineas more towards the subscription." Presently fortune turned her blind side upon her grace, and being broke she was obliged to borrow twenty pieces of Nash, when she could not help expressing her anguish at having parted with her money, by saying, — "*This comes of charity, but I'll stick to the old proverb for the future, for sure enough it should begin at home.*"

Some years before Quin left the stage, he had laid a wager with Giffard, that, before the season was out, he would tell all the audience to kiss his a—e; and that, so far from being offended, they would applaud him for it. An opportunity offered one night when some of the royal family was expected,

ed, and when the curtain could not be drawn up till their arrival. Quin went upon the stage, after the repeated clamors of the galleries for the last music, when he told the audience they could not possibly begin yet; but that, if they pleased, he would, in the mean time, attempt to divert them with a West-country story. "Hear him, hear him," re-echoed from every quarter. "An honest working man in Somersetshire took for better for worse a strapping wench, whose name was Jane: she, in due time, proved, that she was neither barren, nor her husband impotent.

Their first issue was called after his father Jeremiah. A whimsical esquire in the neighborhood, who stood godfather to the second, and whom they therefore thought would make a comfortable provision for him in due time, had the liberty to name him as he pleased. He called him *Kiss-my-a—e*! When they grew up, Jere was intended for his father's profession — *Kiss-my-a—e for nothing*! However, the 'squire dying, and no provision being made for his god-son, he soon took up his father's trade, which was neither more or less than *Trencher-macker*. — *Jere made square trenchers — Kiss-my a—e all round*. Their father died some time after; and having been a sober, industrious man, had saved a small matter, which he fairly divided between his two sons. Flushed with this acquisition, they came up to London to see the world, got dressed, and came to the play — Jere was of a more prudent turn than this brother, and went into the gallery — *Kiss my-a—e in the pit*. They were so fond of what they had seen, that they returned the next night, the house was crammed, and — *Kiss-my-a—e in the boxes*. Quin had got thus far in his story, with repeated ac-

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clamations, when the regal part of the audience arrived, and prevented the sequel.

Three young sparks going into a tavern, saw an elderly gentleman sitting by himself. One of them went up to him, and said *Father Abraham, I am glad to see you.* The second entered the room, and said, *Father Isaac, I hope you are well.* The third followed them, and said, *Father Jacob, shall we drink a glass with you!* The old gentleman look'd at them a short time with an air of contempt, and then reply'd, *I am neither Abraham, Isaac, or Jacob; but Saul the son of Cis, who was sent to seek his father's asses; and having found them, left them.* So went out of the room, and shut them in it.

When the Duke's army marched towards Edinburgh, in 1745, some of the troops being quartered at an inn in the North Riding of Yorkshire, the host expressed a great veneration for the military; saying, he thought them the only bulwarks of the nation, and he particularly expressed his regard to one corporal, to whom he gave an invitation to his house, and begged, upon his return, he would come and fix his laurels for a week at his house; saying, amongst other civil things, that the soldiers were the *pillars* of the state. Some time after, the corporal having a little spare time upon his hands, and being in that part of the country, he paid a visit to his former host, when he met with a very cold reception. The corporal, who was not a little nettled at his landlord's behavior, reminded him, that he should not have troubled him upon this occasion, had he not been so urgently pressed the last time he was that way, and had not his host been so particularly civil to the military, as to say he looked upon them as the *pillars* of the nation. "*That is very true,*

true, replied the host; *but then I meant the caterpillars of the nation.*

An Irishman, being asked if he understood French? Reply'd, *Yes, joy, I understand French perfectly well, provided it's spoken in Irish.*

Quin the player, famous for his repartees, dined in the country with a certain great d—e, who made an apology for treating his guests only with port wine, because his butler had lost the key of his claret cellar. After dinner, he took them into the garden to shew them an Ostrich; and, among other strange qualities which appertained to that creature, told them it could digest iron. Then, my lord, says Quin, I suppose it was he that *swallowed the key of your grace's cellar.*

The Earl of C—d, a nobleman of too much fortitude and greatness of soul to be shaken with every breath, was in Ireland during the late rebellion in Scotland, and one morning, when it was reported that the Roman-catholicks were about to rise, a gentleman ran into his chamber very abruptly, *My Lord, my lord, we're undone*, says he, *all Ireland are expected to be up immediately. Why; what's o'clock?* says the nobleman. *Ten, my lord*, answered the gentleman. *Well then, truly*, says his lordship, very calmly, *I'll get up myself, for I think every man should be up at ten o'clock.*

A gentleman who had not seen his friend a great while complained that they never met; well, says the friend be comforted, *we shall meet in the other world: if we do*, says the gentleman, *I'll be d—d.*

A man who for many years had employed his time and money in different schemes, in hopes of making a fortune, but was greatly disappointed,
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and, in short, reduced to the misery of a jail, (the fate of many honest, ingenious projectors); and being visited one day by a good friend who relieved him and asked him how he came to be in that unhappy condition? he answered, *You must know, Sir, I have long paid my addresses to that good lady, DAME FORTUNE, and I thought she seemed to give me some distant encouragement, but, in short, she abandoned me and I unluckely am wedded to her daughter, MISS FORTUNE, who I find has been common to many beside myself.*

Miss —, whose character has been made a little free with, being at a public place, tript and fell upon her back; but recovering herself immediately, some of the company observed with what agility she sprung up, and how little confusion she was in; to which a gentleman only answered this, *Practice makes perfect.*

A gentleman, who was very morose and ill-natured at home in his family, was remarkably facetious and merry abroad, infomuch that he was more than ordinarily entertaining wherever he went; which occasioned a lady once, at a merry meeting where he was, to say to one present, who knew him well; „Surely, if that gentleman is married, his wife must be extremely happy; for he is quite the fiddle of the company. Very true, madam,” (says the person she spoke to,) “but he always hangs his fiddle up at the door when he goes home.”

Taylor the oculist, who was a great coxcomb, told a lady once, that he knew her thoughts by her eyes: Do you, says she, then I am sure you will keep them secret, “for they are no way to your advantage.”

A young fellow who fancied himself possessed of talents sufficient to cut a figure on the stage in comedy, offered himself to the master of Covent-garden theatre,

theatre, who desired him to give a specimen of his abilities before Mr. Quin, the celebrated player. After he had rehearsed a speech or two, in a wretched manner, Quin asked him, with a contemptuous sneer, whether he had ever done any part in comedy. The young fellow answered, that he had the part of Abel in the alchymist. To which Quin replied, with that sarcastical turn peculiar to himself, "You mistake, boy, it was the part of Cain you acted, for I am sure you murdered Abel."

Another time, one of equal vanity and inability offered himself at the same theatre, for tragedy; who according to custom was to speak before Mr. Quin: just as he began to rant forth a tragedy speech, a dog, that was running about the stage at the same time, set up a terrible bowl: upon which Quin asked whose dog it was, and being informed, he cried out, "He's a dog of good judgment, by G—;" and walked off without staying to hear the speech out.

A clergyman of a facetious turn of mind, who lived in Suffex, a coast on which shipwrecks have frequently happened; and where, upon such occasions, the inhabitants, instead of assisting the unfortunate in their distress, used to plunder all they could lay hands on, and treat the people ill; and were so keen at the news of a wreck, that they would leave all manner of business to plunder. A misfortune of this kind happening one Sunday, during the time of divine service, the alarm was given, *A wreck!* *A wreck!* upon which they began to scamper with great precipitation; which our parson, perceiving opened the pulpit door, and walking down the stairs, called out at the same time, with a loud voice,

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Brethren,

Brethren, let me intreat you to hear five words more. They turned about with impatient attention, to hear what the preacher had to say; who making hastily up to them, said *Let us all start fair*: which odd behavior had the desired effect; as he meant only to go with them, in order to prevent their abusing the ship's crew, which often happened.

A man paying a visit to some friends in the north of Ireland, they made him very welcome, but caused him to drink so exceeding hard, that, he wished himself at home again, saying, "he was sure that if he lived there long, he should die soon."

On Mr. Garrick's playing Romeo, and Mr. Barry's being a Covent-garden, who always play'd the part at Drury-lane before. When Juliet in the garden scene cried "oh! Romeo, Romeo, wherefore art thou Romeo?" A fellow from the upper gallery bawled out, "because Barry's gone to the other house, by G—d."

An Irish gentleman began to scold his servant, for not being within call; upon which the fellow told him, he was at the same time sent out of a message: says he, recollecting himself, 'tis very true indeed; and you could not be in *two places at once*, without you *were a bird*.

A quaker came before two judges at an assize in Ireland, as a witness, when he made frequent use of the words *also*, and *likewise*: prithee man, cried one of their lordships, why do you vary these words so often, have not they both the same signification? no truly, said the quaker, their meaning is very different: as for example, serjeant Bettsworth is a judge upon this bench, thou art one *also*, but not *likewise*.

A gentleman in Ireland, remarkable for what is called bulls, was met one day in mourning: how now, Frank, says his acquaintance, who are you in mourning
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ing for? for my poor wife, hony, answers he—God bless me, says the other! indeed it is very true, says Frank: “she would have been three weeks dead, if she had lived till last Wednesday.”

On the death of the late glorious king William, and the accession of queen Anne to the throne of these realms, a young clergyman, whose talents were purely Evangelick, asked a friend what alterations were necessary to be made in reading the prayers of the church upon that occasion? his friend answered, no other than that where he said king before, he must then say queen; and where he said lord, he must say lady: our levite went away well edified by his friend's instructions, as you shall hear; for, the next Sunday, when he was reading divine service, and came to this prayer, Almighty king of kings, and lord of lords, he, with an audible voice, began “Almighty queen of queens, and lady of ladies.”

The same hopeful parson used to be very prolix in his sermons, which many of his congregation complained of; among the rest his mother once took him to task about it; upon which he told her, that he did not know when to leave off. Well then, my dear, said she, take notice of me, and I will, when I think your sermon has been long enough, put my finger up to my nose, after which you must take the first opportunity to conclude. Accordingly, the next sermon day, his mother was in her seat at church, which stood just opposite the pulpit, from whence her son had a full view of her, and watched for the signal; this she unfortunately gave, just as he was telling his hearers, what virtues were necessary for them to practise; and that if they fail'd to do them, they would certainly be damned, which, says he, (in consequence of his mother's sign) “That you may all be, God of his infinite mercy grant.”

Some time after the h—ble Mr. T—shend had given up his commission in the guards, he went one morning to the parade, where colonel Fitz—m, who was remarkable for being a tale-bearer to his r—l h—ness the d—e, was looking over the exercise, in order that, if any thing was wrong, he might carry it. Upon seeing Mr. T—shend, What, T—shend, says he, though you have left us, I see you still come here as a spectator. Yes, says the other, and you come here as a tatler. This is one of the best puns that ever was let.

Pope, who, whatever his other good qualities might be, certainly was not much troubled with good nature; was one evening at Button's coffee-house, here he, and a set of Literati, had got poring over a manuscript of the Greek comic poet Aristophanes, in which they found a passage that none of them could comprehend: as they talked pretty loud, a young officer who stood by the fire, heard their conference, and beg'd that he might be permitted to look at the passage. Oh! says Pope, sarcastically, By all means, pray let the young gentleman look at it. Upon which the officer took up the book, and considering a while, said, that there only wanted a note of interrogation to make the whole intelligible: which was really the case; and pray, master, says Pope, (piqued perhaps at being out-done by a red-coat) What is a note of interrogation? A note of interrogation, replied the youth, with a look of the utmost contempt, *is a little crooked thing that asks questions*: 'Tis said, however, that Pope was so delighted with the wit, that he forgave the sarcasm on his person.

Mr. H—rr—n, one of the commissioners of the revenue in Ireland, being one night in the pit, at
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the play-house in Dublin, Monacca Gaul, the orange girl, famous for her wit and assurance, striding over his back, he popp'd his hand under her petticoats. *Nay, Mr. Commissioner, said she, you'll find no goods there but what have been fairly enter'd.*

In a quarrel with Mr. Powel, another player received from him a small box on the ear; a few days after, the player having lost his snuff-box, was making strict enquiry if any body had seen his box. *What, said one of the theatrical punsters, "that which George Powel gave you the other night!"*

Two very honest gentlemen, who dealt in brooms, meeting one day in the street, one ask'd the other, how the devil he could afford to undersell him every where as he did, when he stole the stuff, and made the brooms himself? *Why, you silly dog, answered the other, I steal them ready made.*

A gentleman, having lent a guinea for two or three days to a person whose promises he had not much faith in, was very much surpriz'd to find, that he very punctually kept his word with him: the same gentleman being some time after desirous of borrowing a larger sum, *No, said the other, "you have deceived me once, and I am resolved you shall not do it a second time.*

One meeting an acquaintance, says to him, with a kind of secret joy, "I'll tell you a piece of news, my friend; between you and I, my wife's with child." *Between you and I, answered the other, "you are greatly mistaken, for I have not lain with your wife this twelvemonth."*

A lady seeing the sheriff of a county, who was a very handsom young gentleman, attending the judge, who was an old man; a gentleman standing by,

ask'd her which she lik'd best, the judge or the sheriff? The lady told him, the sheriff. Why so? said the gentleman. *Because, answer'd she, tho' I love judgment well, I love execution better.*

An extravagant young fellow, who was very forward to spend his money, tho' he could but ill afford it, being one evening in company in a public house, where it was proposed to spend six-pence a piece; the young spendthrift, not contented with this reasonable expence, insisted it should be a shilling; saying, he knew no difference between a shilling and six-pence: To which a sly old œconomist replied, *But you will young gentleman, when you come to be worth eighteen-pence.*

A Welshman bragging of his family, said, his father's effigy was set up in Westminster-abbey: being asked where-about, he said, *In the same monument with Squire Thynne's; for he was his coachman.*

An Irish lawyer of the Temple, having occasion to go to dinner, left this direction in the key-hole: *Gone to the Elephant and Castle, where you shall find me; and if you can't read this, carry it to the stationer's, and he shall read it for you.*

The same gentleman had a client of his own country, who was a sailor, and having been at sea for some time, his wife was married again in his absence, so he was resolved to prosecute her; and coming to advise with the counsellor, was told by him he must have witnesses to prove that he was alive when his wife married again. Arrah, by my soul, but that shall be impossible, said the other; for my ship-mates are all gone to sea again upon a long voyage, and shan't return this twelvemonth. O! then, answered the counsellor, *there can be nothing done in it; and what a pity it is such a brave*
cause

cause should be lost now, only because you cannot prove yourself, to be alive.

A good woman quarrelling with her husband for being somewhat too familiar with the servant-maid, charged him with many other facts of the like nature; which he knowing himself innocent of, said to her, *Indeed, wife, you lie with any woman in the kingdom, that's your failing.* No, you rogue, replied the good woman, in a great rage, *it is you that will lie with any woman, and that's the reason I am in such a passion with you.*

When Sir Richard Steele was fitting up his great room in York-buildings, which he intended for publick orations, he happened at one time to be pretty much behind-hand with his workmen; and coming one day among them, to see how they went forward, he ordered one of them to get in the rostrum, and make a speech, that he might observe how it could be heard. The fellow mounting, and scratching his pate, told him, he knew not what to say, for in truth he was no orator. Oh! said the knight, no matter for that, speak any thing that comes uppermost. "Why here, Sir Richard," says the fellow, "we have been working for you these six weeks, and cannot get one penny of mony: Pray, sir, when do you intend to pay us?" Very well, very well, said Sir Richard, pray come down, I have heard enough; I cannot but own you speak very distinctly, though I don't admire your subject.

Two Irishmen having travell'd on foot from St. Albans to Barnet, were confoundedly tir'd and fatigued with their journey; and the more so, when they were told they had still about ten miles to London. "By my soul and St. Patrick," cries one of them, "it is but five miles a-piece, let's e'en walk on."

Some soldiers, quartered in a country-town, meeting a farmer on the road, a little way out of town, in a dark night, robbed him of his great coat and money. The farmer went immediately to one of the captains of the regiment to make complaint. *Honest friend*, says the captain, *when the soldiers robbed you, had you that coat on which you have now?* — *Yes, sir*, answered the poor man. *Why then*, replied the captain, *you may depend on it that they do not belong to my company or they would not have left you that, nor even your shirt.*

The famous Tom Thynne, who was very remarkable for his good house-keeping and hospitality, standing one day at his gate in the country, a beggar coming up to him, cry'd, he begged his worship would give him a mug of his small beer. *Why, how now*, said he, *what times are these, when beggars must be choosers!* I say, bring this fellow a mug of strong beer.

A certain reverend drone in the country was complaining to another, that it was a great fatigue to preach twice a day. *Ob!* said the other, *I preach twice every Sunday, and make nothing of it.*

Mrs. Pilkington observed, that by introducing her husband in her memoirs, she had made him known; and that if ever he arrived at fame, or ever went to heaven, he must remain her debtor. *For* (adds she,) *“that cuckolds go to heaven, nobody ever yet disputed. Were he one, he ought to thank me, who helped to send him thither. If I have bestowed on him fame in this world, and salvation in the next, what could a reasonable man desire more from his wife? But some folks are never satisfied.”*

Two very pertinacious men were once disputing at Bath in the presence of Mr. Quin, who desired them

them to fix upon their champions, to decide it by dint of oratory. "Why, said one, if I were to chuse, to be sure, I'd fix upon the arch-bishop of Canterbury, as he is a very learned man; or my lord chancellor, as he is so great a lawyer, and professedly so fine a speaker." — "Well, well, said the other, you may chuse whom please; but give me Jack Ding, the tinker." — What, replied the first, would you pretend to back Jack Ding against the archbishop of Canterbury, or my lord chancellor?" — 'Pshaw, 'psaw, resumed the other, "I don't care two-pence for your argumentation and reasoning; but I'm sure that Jack would make a d—n'd noise, and would never give it up."

A philosopher and a wit were crossing from Harwich to Holland, when a high swell rising, the philosopher seemed under great apprehensions lest he should go to the bottom. — Why, observed the wit, that will suit your genius to a tittle; as for my part, you know I am only for skimming the surface of things.

An Oxford scholar, who piqued himself upon being a wag, was accosted, upon the road to London, by a person who asked him which was the nearest way to Tyburn — "Why replied the Oxonian, the shortest way you can take, is to stop the first person you meet, and demand his money." — "Are you sure of that, replied the traveller; then (drawing a pistol out of his pocket), as I am for expedition, your money this instant." The wag submitted to his demand, and paid six guineas for his yoke.

A certain nobleman, who had debauched one of his tenant's daughters, and she proving pregnant, was desirous of getting rid of her in a decent manner; and told his valet de chambre, if he would

marry her, he should never want. "No, replied the valet, there is no danger of my wanting, as long as your lordship provides for me so abundantly the *horn of plenty*."

An Irishman being preferr'd from a skip to marry my lady's chambermaid, received fifty pounds in consideration of a crack'd pitcher, which he took for her honest portion: about three weeks after the bride was delivered of a child; and Donnel being at his master's house, the lady told him, she did not think he had been such an active man, to have a child so soon; "Arrah by my shoul, my dear Lawdy, said he, and why shouldst de tink me fush a fumbler, when me own modder wash brought to bed of mee two months before she wash married?"

A Munster man being on board a man of war, was desired by his mess-mate to go down to the steward's room for a can of small beer. Teague perceiving that preparations were then making for sailing immediately, refused to go, saying, "Arrah by my shoul, and so while I am after going into the cellar to fetch drink for you, the ship will be after sailing, and leave me behind."

A very harmless Irishman eating an apple-pye with some quinces in it; *Arrab now, dear bony*, said he, *if a few of these quinces give such a flavor, how would an apple pye taste made of all quinces?*

A certain political writer, on the Tory side of the question, in a former reign, being bribed over to the court interest by a pension; one of the party he had deserted, taxed him with the meanness of being a turncoat, and ask'd his reason for quitting the party for a bribe? To which the Author answered, *That he had seven very substantial reasons for it, viz. a wife and six children.*

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An English gentleman ask'd Sir Richard Steele, who was an Irishman, What was the reason that his countrymen were so remarkable for blundering, and making bulls? *Faith*, said the knight, "I believe there is something in the air of Ireland; and I dare say, if an Englishman was born there he would do the same."

A gentleman, who was a staunch Whig, disputing with a Jacobite, said, He had two good reasons for being against the interest of the Pretender. What are those? said the other. The first, replied he, is, that he is an impostor, not really king James's son. Why, that, said the Tory, would be a good reason, if it could be proved: And pray, Sir, what is your other? Why said the Whig, "that he is king James's son."

A gentleman passing over a causeway in the country, which parted two waters, and was not rail-ed on either side to secure passengers from falling, in case of their feet slipping, says to a countryman whom he overtook, "Methinks this narrow causeway must be very dangerous, honest friend: Pray are not people lost here sometimes?" *Lost!* answered the fellow, "I never knew any body lost here in my life; there have, indeed, been several drowned, but they are always found again."

A gentlewoman loved a doctor of physic; and to enjoy him, she feign'd herself sick: the doctor being sent for in haste, went up and stay'd with her an hour; and when he came down her husband asked him, how she did? "Oh, says he, she has had two such fits, that if you had but seen one of them, it would have made your heart ache." *Aye, my head too, I am afraid*, replied the husband.

Quin, having had an invitation from a certain nobleman, who was reputed to keep a very elegant table,

table, to dine with him, and having no manner of aversion to a good repast, he accordingly waited upon his Lordship: but found the regale far from answering his expectation. Upon his taking leave, the servants, who were very numerous, had ranged themselves in the hall: Quin, finding that if he gave to each of them it would amount to a pretty large sum, asked, "Which was the cook;" who readily answered, "Me, Sir." He then enquired for the butler, who was as quick in replying as the other; when he said to the first, *Here's half a crown for my eating,*" and to the other, *"Here's five shillings for my wine; but, by G—d, gentlemen, I never made so bad a dinner for the money in my life."*

Quin was, some time after, met by the same nobleman behind the scenes, who asked him, "Why he did not come and eat soup with him?" — "By G—d, my Lord, said Quin, I am ashamed to come, since I find your Lordship keeps a *cook's-shop*." His lordship asked an explanation; when he told the nobleman, "His was the dearest and worst *ordinary* in London; for a man paid for his dinner *literally*, and very exorbitantly, at his Lordship's house." Quin was told by his Lordship, that this should be rectified for the future, and that he should lay severe injunctions upon his servants to take no vails. Upon this promise Quin was prevailed upon to return; but having failed to pay for his dinner, as usual, the next time he came he had a dirty plate given him for a clean one, bread for beer, and frequently neither one nor t'other, after repeated applications. When dinner was finished, he addressed himself to the company, in pushing round a plate with half a crown upon it, I think we had better pay for our dinner now, before we begin upon the wine; for I have

have a notion they imagine we intend to bilk them to-day.

Quin having a present of a fine haunch of venison made him, and meeting with Lord C— and the Earl of B—in the Pump-room, he asked their Lordships, “If they were engaged?” saying, “that if they were not, he should be extremely happy in having the honor of their company to dine with him upon a haunch of venison, which would be just enough for three.” Their Lordships accepted of the invitation, and promised to be with Quin precisely at three. Upon Quin’s departure to make the necessary preparations for his noble guests, they consulted together how they might improve the mirth of the repast; when Lord C— recollecting that Col. M—, the greatest devorer of venison then in England, was at this very juncture at Bath, he was told of the invitation they had received, and desired to prepare himself for the occasion. He accordingly came to Quin’s a quarter before three, booted and spurred, as if just arrived from London; and knocking at the door, enquired if Mr. Quin was at home. The servant, who had received particular injunctions to admit no one but the two noblemen, answered him, “No—that his master dined out.” The colonel then enquired if Lord C— was there; which his Lordship overhearing, run out, saying, he must speak to the Colonel. This highly disconcerted Quin, who was under great apprehensions of an additional guest. His Lordship after a short conference, returned for his hat, saying, “He was extremely sorry to disappoint Mr. Quin; but that he was obliged to dine with the colonel; and that he could not possibly think of introducing him there, as he had apprized them of the smallness of the haunch.” Quin, being thus forced into a compliment, asked pardon
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of the Colonel for the servant's behavior, as he did not know him, and begged he would stay and eat a bit of venison with him; adding, he believed there would be enough for four. The colonel did not require much invitation; and the smoaking haunch being soon ushered in, Mr. Quin, after paying the respect due to their Lordships, helped the Colonel very plentifully. Quin had scarce prepared his sauce ere the colonel's plate was empty; and, without farther ceremony, he helped himself to about a pound and a half, with fat in proportion. Quin began to stare, but said nothing; very justly suspecting there was no time to lose in talking. — The Colonel presently dispatched his second cargo; and having laid in another, it vanished as speedily. Their Lordships had finished eating, whilst Quin was swearing and eating, and sweating, as well through labor, as fear that he should be completely distanced. However, he still bridled his remonstrances, till the Colonel having cleared his seventh plate, and making the eighth attack, observed, That it was fine venison — the fat was excellent — that it was in high perfection — and that there was cut and come again. Quin could now hold out no longer; but pulling the dish from him, cried out, with no small emphasis, *You may cut, but I'll be d—n'd if you come again.*

Killigrew was a man of great humor, and frequently diverted king Charles II. by his lively spirit of mirth and drollery. He was frequently, and had often access to king Charles, when it was denied the first peers of the realm. Among many other merry stories, the following is related of Killigrew. Charles the second, who hated business as he loved pleasure, would often disappoint the council, by withdrawing his royal presence when they were met, by which

• which their business was consequently delayed, and many of the council were much offended by the disrespect shewn them. It happened one day, while the council were met, and sat some time in expectation of his majesty, that the duke of L—d—ale, who was a furious ungovernable man, quitted the room in a passion, and accidentally met with Killigrew, to whom he expressed himself irreverently of the king. Killigrew bid his Grace be calm, for he would lay a wager of an hundred pounds, that he would make his majesty come to council in less than half an hour. Lauderdale, being a little heated, took him at his word. Killigrew went to the king, and without ceremony told him what had happened; adding, I know your majesty hates L—d—ale, tho' the necessity of your affairs obliges you to behave civilly to him; now, if you wou'd get rid of a man you hate, come to the council; for L—d—ale is so very avaritious, that rather than pay the hundred pounds lost in this wager, he will hang himself, and never plague you more. The king was pleased with the archness of this observation, and answered, *Then Killigrew, I'll positively go:* and accordingly he went.

A lady of the West country gave a great entertainment to most of the polite gentlemen thereabouts; and among others, Sir Walter Raleigh was one. This lady, though otherwise a stately dame, was a notable housewife; and in the morning early, she called to one of her maids, and asked her if the pigs were served? Sir Walter Raleigh's chamber joined to the lady's, so that he heard her. A little before dinner, the lady coming down, in great state, into a room full of gentlemen; as soon as Sir Walter Raleigh set eyes upon her, Madam, said he, are the pigs

pigs served? The lady answered, *You best know whether you have had your breakfast.*

A gentleman having a little study, and having some company in his chamber, which desired to see it; he told them, In faith, gentlemen, *if you all go in, it will not hold you.*

Some pleasant raillery once passed in the Court of Requests at Westminster, between the late lord Oxford and the late alderman Parsons. The earl, among other things, said, "Prithee, Mr. Alderman, let me come and take a bit of mutton with you; I hear you keep a good table, but where the devil stands your house?" — Oh! Sir, replied the alderman, very nigh Tower-hill, where thousands, as well as myself, will be heartily glad to see you."

A reverend gentleman received an invitation to dinner wrote on the ten of hearts, by a young lady of great beauty, merit, and fortune. This the gentleman thought a good opportunity to give the lady a distant hint of his hopes; he therefore wrote the following lines on the same card, and returned it by her own servant:

*Your compliments, lady, I pray now forbear,
For old English service is much more sincere:
You've sent me ten hearts, but the tythe's only mine,
So give me one heart and take back t'other nine.*

A chandler having had some candles stole, one bid him be of good cheer; *For in a short time they would all come to light.*

A certain lady standing by a fat young gentlewoman, when her stays were lacing on, took occasion to yoke her upon the largeness of her shape; to which the girl said, "She could only wish it as slender as her ladyship's reputation."

A taylor who was accustomed to steal some of his customers cloth, when he came to make himself a suit, stole half a yard of his own: his wife perceiving it, asked the reason: *Oh*, said he, *'tis to keep my hand in, lest at any time I should forget.*

A gentleman in company complaining that he was very subject to catch cold in his feet, another not overloaded with sense told him, that might easily be prevented, if he would follow his directions: I always get, says he, a thin piece of lead out of an India chest, and fit it to my shoe for that purpose. "Then, sir, says the former, you are like a rope-dancer's pole, you have *lead at both ends.*"

A dignify'd clergyman, going down to his living to spend the summer, met near his house a comical old chimney-sweeper, with whom he used to chat. So John, says the doctor, from whence come you? From your house, Sir, says, Mr. Soot; for this morning I swept all your chimnies. How many were there? says the doctor. No less than twenty, quoth John. Well, and how much a chimney have you? Only a shilling apiece, Sir. Why then, quoth the doctor, you have earned a great deal of money in a little time. Yes, yes, *sir*, says John, throwing his bag of soot over his shoulder, *We black-coats get our money easy enough.*

A woman once prosecuted a gentleman for a rape: upon the trial, the judge asked if she made any resistance? Yes, and please your reverence, *I cry'd out.* The judge again inquired when it was she did so? To which the witness replied, *nine months after.*

A lady told a simple gentleman, that his wit was pretty. Why-so, says he? Because, says she, you have so little, and all that's little is pretty.

A gentleman coming into a choir, where there was none of the best musick in the world, hearing them singing, "Have mercy upon us miserable sinners." "Ay, says he, they might very well have said, Have mercy upon us *miserable singers*."

A gentleman being under the hands of a political barber, who was shaving his head, the tonfor was entertaining him with an account of the war in Italy, and giving him a description of the place, till growing very verbose and tedious in his operation, the gentleman said, "Sir, I hope you're not drawing a map of the country upon my head with your razor."

A man complained to his wife she brought him nothing: You lie like a rogue, says she, for I bring you boys and girls *without your help*.

A certain clergyman in the west of England, being at the point of death, a neighboring brother, who had some interest with his patron, apply'd to him for the next presentation; upon which the former, who soon after recovered, upbraided him with the breach of friendship, and said, he wanted his death. "No, no, doctor, says the other, you quite mistake, "it was your living I wanted."

One was talking of a woman that always hit her husband in the teeth with his horns. Says a simpleton, who was in company, "What a fool was he to let his wife know he was a cuckold."

Soon after my lord C—ld came into the privy-council, a place of great trust happen'd to become vacant, to which his m—y and the duke of D—t recommended two very different persons. His m—y espous'd the interest of his friend with some heat, and told them, "He would be obey'd;" but not being able to succeed, he left the council-chamber in great displeasure. As soon as he retir'd, the matter

ter was debated warmly, but at length it was carried against the k—g; because if they once gave him his way, he would expect it again, and so it would rise at length to a precedent." However in the humor his m—y was then in, a question arose, who should carry the grant of the office for his m—y to sign; and the lot fell on lord Ch—ld. His lordship expecting to find his m—y in a very unfavorable mood (and accordingly it happen'd so) prudently forbore to incense him by an abrupt request, and, instead of bluntly asking him to sign the instrument, very submissively ask'd *whose name* his m—y would be pleas'd to have inserted to fill up the blanks. The k—g answer'd, in a passion, "The devil's if you will. Very well," reply'd his lordship; "but would your m—y have the instrument run in the usual style, Our trusty and well-beloved cousin and counsellor?" The k—g laugh'd, with all the good-nature in the world, set his name to the paper, tho' to promote a person not very acceptable to himself.

A templar going at Christmas into Yorkshire, to see his father, took some other templars along with him; and in one of the holidays, he would have 'em to an alehouse hard by, where the woman was deaf. So coming thither, Oh, my young master, says she, I han't seen you these seven years. Then he thinking to abuse her drank to her, saying, Here's to thee, and to all rogues, whores and bawds in England. She seeing his lips go, but hearing him not, said, Come, sir, I'll pledge you, for I know you "drink to your father, and your mother, and those good gentlewomen your sisters.

A gentleman came to a widow's house, and she presented him with a cup of small-beer. On coming a week afterwards, she salutes him with another cup

of the same beer, saying, Sir, I dare not commend the beer to you, for indeed it is dead. To which he replied, "That may very well be, for it was very weak when I was here last."

A moving sermon being preach'd in a country church, all fell a weeping but one man, who being ask'd, why *he* did not weep along with the rest? *Ob!* said he, *I belong to another parish.*

Lord C—d chanc'd one day to be at the d— of N—le's levee, when *Garnet upon Job*, a book dedicated to that nobleman, happen'd to lie in the window. Before his grace made his appearance, his lordship had time enough to amuse himself with the book; and when the duke enter'd, he found him reading in it. "Well, my lord," said his grace, "what is your opinion of that book?" "In any other place, I should not think much of it," reply'd his lordship; "but being in your grace's levee, I think it one of the best books in the world."

A fellow of a certain college, seeing Tom Brown in a tatter'd garb, said: "Tom, your gown's *grown* too *short* for you." "Ah! reply'd Tom, that's true; but it will be *long enough* before I shall get another. This repartee so diverted the fellow, that he continued laughing 'till he met with a brother of the same college, who ask'd him what he laugh'd at? "Why, says he, at an excellent joke: I just now told Tom Brown his gown was grown too short for him; and he said, it would be a long time before he should have another." Well, and pray where is the joke in that?" I don't know, reply'd he, but I am sure it was a good joke when I heard it."

Harry H—w—rd, who was a comical spark, when an apprentice, being for some misdemeanor carried before justice L—d, who was very crooked;
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the magistrate asking him, when his master had finished his complaint, whether he had any thing to say in his own vindication? *Nes*, replied the youngster, "I could offer a great deal; but it will signify nothing, for I see you are all of one side."

A gentleman seeing his footman with an old greasy hat on, which hung slouching on all sides; Who gave you (said he to him) that hat of a cuckold? *Sir*, replied the fellow, it is one of yours, and was given to me by my mistress."

The king of France taking Killegrew, the famous jester into a gallery full of pictures, among the rest, shewed him the picture of Christ upon the cross, and ask'd him if he knew who that was? But Killegrew made himself very ignorant, and answer'd, *No*. *Why*, said the king, "I'll tell you, if you don't know; this is the picture of our Saviour upon the cross, and that on the right side is the pope's, and that on the left is my own." Whereupon Killegrew reply'd, "I humbly thank your majesty for the information you have given me; for though I have often heard that our Saviour was crucified between two thieves, yet I never knew who they were before."

A loose fellow was detected in stealing a cup out of a tavern, and a gentleman sent his man to know what was the matter; who came and told him, Only a fellow "had a cup too much." *Pish*, says he, "that's my fault, and many an honest man's beside."

When Mrs. W—n first acted Harry Wildair at Drury-lane playhouse, coming off the stage into the green-room, *I believe*, said she, "that one half of the house take me to be a man:" To which said Mr. Quin, "But the other half, I believe, know to the contrary."

Counsellor Murray being obliged to ask pardon of the House of Commons upon his knees; when he got up, brushed his knees, saying, "I never was in so dirty a house in my life."

A jury having given 1500*l.* damages against Sir R — H — ly, for criminal conversation with a gentleman's wife, as the defendant was going out of court, he cried, "Damn these twelve appraisers, they have confoundedly over-valued my pastime."

A smart fellow crossing a late king in his hunting, he rides after him with his sword drawn; "Pray, sir," says he, "do not knight me before my elder brother is dead, for I am but a younger brother!" which set the king a laughing, and excused his ill behavior.

A man, complaining to his friends that his wife's drunkenness and ill conduct had almost ruined him, concluded, as the vulgar usually do, "And for goodness sake, *what's to be said for it?*" *Nothing that I know*, says his friend, *can be said for it, but much against it.*

A certain great lady passing in her chariot through Long-Acre one morning, perceived her son coming out of a borthel. The spark having a quick eye upon his mother, retreated back into the passage in great confusion: the old lady ordering her coachman to stop at the door, called out, "My son, my son, never be ashamed at coming out of a bawdy-house; but for ever be ashamed of going into one."

An elderly lady was telling her daughter, a girl of sixteen, of the abominable lewdness and wickedness of the age, and what debaucheries were daily practis'd by vicious men, who made use of violence as well as art to satisfy their brutal appetites; and how that swords and pistols had been put to women threatening them with immediate death, if they refused their

their unlawful embraces; and then asked Miss, that if it should ever happen to be her fate to meet with such a trial, how she should behave? to which the girl replied, "Life is sweet, mamma."

A punster, going along Holbourn, when a great mob of spectators was gathered to see a malefactor pass to his execution at Tyburn, ask'd a genteel person, who was standing in the croud, what was the name of the fellow going to be hanged? He answered one Vowel. *Ab!* said the querist, *Do you know which of them it is, sir; for there are several of that name?* No, return'd the other, *I do not.* *Well,* said the wag, *this however is certain, and I am very glad of it, that it is neither U nor I.*

Mr. Ammer hearing some gentlemen persuading another to go along with them into the water that could not swim: "Faith, neighbor, says he, be ruled by me, never go into the water till you have learned to swim."

One night a drunken fellow jostled against a post; but thought somebody had jostled him, and fell a beating the post till his knuckles were broke. Says one to him, "Fie, what makes you fight with a post?" "How should I know it was the post, says he, Why did not he blow his horn then?"

A country fellow being to be catechised (who was an apprentice) the parson ask'd him, What's your name? John, says the fellow. Who gave you that name? says the parson. My godfathers and godmothers, &c. says the fellow. Well said, says the parson; and what did your godfathers and godmothers then for you? Says John, Sir, they have done nothing for me yet, but they promise to do something for me when I come out of my time.

In admiral Hawke's last engagement with the French, a sailor on board one of the ships had a leg

shot off, whereupon one of his mess-mates took him down to the surgeon, and at the same time took his leg off the deck, and put it under his arm. He was no sooner brought down, but another of his mess-mates began shaking his head, and telling him, he was verry sorry he had lost his leg. "That's a d—mn'd lye, you son of a b—h, reply'd he, for see here, I have got it under my arm."

A gentleman meeting his godson, ask'd him whither he was going? To school, replies the boy. That's well, said he, there's sixpence for you, follow thy learning apace; "I may live to hear thee preach my funeral sermon."

Two men going from Shipton to Burford, and seeing a miller riding softly before 'em on his sacks, were resolved to abuse him; so they went one on each side, saying, Come tell us, miller, art thou more knave or fool! Truly, said he, I don't know which I am most; but I believe I am "between both."

A gentleman galloping furiously over plowed lands towards Tame, meeting one, says he, "Is this the way to tame?" Ay, says he, your horse, if he be as wild as the devil.

One asked, why men sued always to the women, and women never to the men? Because, said another, Women are always ready for the men, but men are not always ready for the women.

A Braggadocio, in company with Mr. Charles B—, brag'd that he had demolish'd five hundred men with his own hand. Sir, says Charles, "I have kill'd in my time, let me see—five at Madrid; ten at Lisbon; twenty at Paris; thirty at Vienna; and double the number at the Hague. But at length coming over from Calais to Dover, I had scarce disembarked, before a desperate son of a bitch of an Irish-

Irishman killed me. *Killed you?* says the officer: "damn you, what do you mean by that?" *Sir*, replies Charles, "I did not dispute your veracity, and why should you question mine?"

The celebrated Miss C—h, complaining of the ill-nature of the town, said to lord C—d, that occasion had been taken, from a late illness of her's, to spread a report that she had been brought to-bed of *two* children. His Lordship advis'd her to be easy under such circumstances; adding, that, for his part, he had long made it a rule not to believe more than *half* what the town said.

A gentleman, remarkably fond of intelligence, meeting a courtier, ask'd what news? *Why, sir*, reply'd he, "there are forty thousand men risen to day." To what end, said the first, and what do they intend! "Why, to go to bed at night," answered he.

When the duke of Ormond was young, and came first to court, he happened to stand next to my lady Dorchester one evening in the drawing-room, who being but little upon reserve on most occasions, let a fart; upon which he look'd her full in the face, and laugh'd. What's the matter, my Lord? said she. Oh! I heard it, Madam, reply'd the duke. "You'll make a fine courtier, indeed," said she, "if you mind every thing you hear in this place."

One that had weak eyes being jeer'd by a man that had clear eyes, he told him "they were not so dim but he could see a fool." It may be so," says the other, but you must look in a glass then.

A countryman sowing his ground, two smart fellows riding that way, one of them called to him with an insolent air; Well, honest fellow, 'tis your business to sow, but we reap the fruits of your labor. To which the country-man replied, "Tis very likely you may, truly; for I am sowing hemp."

A certain reverend drone in the country, as was his custom, preaching most exceedingly dull to a congregation not used to him, many of them slunk out of the church, one after another, before the sermon was near ended. "Truly," said a gentleman present, "this learned doctor has made a very moving *discourse*."

Daniel Purcell, the famous punster, and a friend of his, meeting, and having a desire to drink a glass of wine together, upon the 30th of January, king Charles's martyrdom, they went to the Salutation tavern upon Holbourn-hill, and finding the door shut, they knock'd at it, but it was not open'd to them, only one of the drawers look'd through a little wicket, and ask'd, What they would please to have? Why, open your door, said Daniel, and draw us a pint of wine. The drawer said his master would not allow of it that day, for it was a fast. D—n your master, replied he, for a precise coxcomb, is he not contented to fast himself, but must he make his doors fast too?

The same gentleman calling for some pipes in a tavern, complained they were too short. The drawer said they had no other, and those were but just come in. Ay, said Daniel, I see your master has not bought them very long.

The same gentleman, as he had the character of a great punster, was desired one night in company, by a gentleman, to make a pun extempore. Upon what subject? said Daniel. The king, answered the other. Oh, Sir, said he, the king is no subject.

When Oliver first coin'd his money, an old cavalier looking upon one of the new pieces, read this inscription on one side, *God with us*: On the other, *The common-wealth of England*. I see, said he, God and the common-wealth are on different sides.

Colonel

Colonel Bond, who had been one of king Charles the first's judges, died a day or two before Oliver, and it was strongly reported every where that Cromwell was dead. No, said a gentleman, who knew better, he has only given Bond to the devil for his farther appearance.

A certain fop was boasting in company, that he had every *Sense* in perfection: No, by G—d, said one who stood by, there is one you are entirely without, and that is common sense.

Lord C—by, coming out of the house of Lords one day, called out, "Where is my fellow?" Not in England, by G—d, said a gentleman who stood by.

A prince laughing at one of his courtiers, whom he had employed in several embassies, told him, He looked like an Owl. I know not, answered the courtier, what I look like; but this I know, that I have had the honor several times to represent your majesty's person.

A young fellow riding down a steep hill, and doubting the foot of it was boggish, called out to a clown that was ditching, and asked him if it was hard at the bottom. Ay, answered the countryman, it is hard enough at the bottom, I'll warrant you. But in half a dozen steps the horse sunk up to the saddle-skirm, which made the young gallant whip, spur, curse, and swear. Why thou whoreson rascal, said he to the ditcher, dost thou not tell me it was hard at the bottom? Ay, replied the other, but you are not half way to the bottom yet.

It was said of one who remembered every thing that he lent, but nothing that he borrowed, that he had lost half his memory.

A justice of peace seeing a parson on a very stately horse, riding between London and Hampstead, said

said to some gentlemen who were with him, Do you see what a beautiful horse that proud parson has got? I'll banter him a little. Doctor, said he, you don't follow the example of your great master, who was humbly content to ride upon an ass. Why really, Sir, replied the parson, the king has made so many asses justices, that an honest clergyman can hardly find one to ride if he had a mind to it.

One asked his friend, Why he, being so proper a man himself, had married so small a wife. Why, friend, said he, I thought you had known, that of all evils we should chuse the least.

A gentleman having received some abuse, in passing through one of the inns of Chancery, from some of the impudent clerks, was advised to complain to the principal, which he did accordingly; and coming before him, accosted him in the following manner: I have been grosly abused by some of the rascals of his house, and understanding you are the principal, I am come to acquaint you with it.

A very ignorant, but very foppish young fellow, going into a bookseller's shop with a relation, who went thither to buy something he wanted, seeing his cousin look into a book, and smile, asked him, What there was in that book that made him smile? Why, answered the other, this book is dedicated to you, cousin Jack. Is it so, said he? pray let me see it, for I never knew before that I had such an honor done to me. Upon which, taking it into his hands, he found it to be Perkin's catechism, dedicated to all ignorant persons.

An old fellow having a great itch after his neighbor's wife, employed her chambermaid in the business. At the next meeting he enquired, what answer the lady had sent him? Answer! said the girl, why she

she has sent you this as a token (giving him a smart slap on the face.) *Ay*, cry'd the old fellow, rubbing his chops, *and you have lost none of it by the way, I thank you.*

I swear, says a gentleman to his mistress, you are very handsome. Phoo, said she, so you'd say, tho' you did not think so. *And so you'd think*, answered he, *though I shou'd not say so.*

A fellow hearing one say, according to the Italian proverb, That three women make a market with their chatting; Nay, then, said he, *add my wife to them, and they will make a fair.*

One reading a witty preface before a dull book, said, He wondered how such a preface came to be match'd so preposterously to such a book, *In truth*, Sir, said another, *I see no reason why they may not be match'd, for I'm sure they are not at all a-kin.*

Two gentlemen standing together, as a young lady passed by them, said one, *There goes the handsomest woman I ever saw.* She hearing him, turned back, and seeing him very ugly, said, *I wish I could in return, say as much by you.* So you may, by G—, madam, said he, *and lie as I did.*

A parson, in the country, taking his text in St. Matthew, chap. VIII. ver. 14. And Peter's wife's mother lay sick of a fever, preached for three Sundays together on the same subject: soon after two country fellows going across the church-yard, and hearing the bell toll, one ask'd the other, who it was for? Nay, I can't tell; perhaps, replied he, it is for Peter's wifes mother, for she has been sick of a fever these three weeks.

Some persons talking of a fine lady that had many suitors; Well, says one of them, you may talk of this great man, of this lord and t'other knight; but

I know a fellow without a foot of estate, that will carry her before them all. Phoo, d—me, that's impossible, says another, unless you mean her ladyship's coachman.

An Irishman having a looking-glass in his hand, shut his eyes, and placed it before his face: another asking him why he did so? Upon my shoul, says Teague, it ish to shee how I look when I am ashleep.

When Mr. W—lt belonged to Drury-lane play-house, he used, in the summer season, to go into the country with his family, to play in Lincolnshire, where he was born. Being at Grantham, his son was taken ill, which obliged him to excuse himself to the manager for a few days, *because he was at the point of death*. The very night this letter was wrote, the son, in all appearance, expired, was stripped and washed, the bed taken away, and he laid upon a mat, with a bason of salt placed on his stomach, according to the custom of the country. The parents removed to another lodging; the coffin was sent into the deceased's chamber, and the windows were all set open. About ten at night, a person was sent with a light to watch the corpse. When she opened the door, poor Bob appeared sitting up, with his teeth chattering in his head, as well they might, with cold. The woman, in her fright, dropped the candle, and screamed out, *The devil! the devil!* Poor Bob, with much ado, made a shift to get from the bed, and taking up the candle, which lay upon the floor unextinguished, was creeping to the door, to call for assistance, which the woman, perceiving, screamed out again — *A ghost! a ghost! the devil! the devil!* The master of the house hearing this uproar, ran himself to know the reason; where poor Bob and he soon came to a right understanding.

He

He was immediately put into a warm bed, and in a few days after was in London, telling the story of his *own death*.

A sharper of the town, seeing a country gentleman sit alone at an inn, and thinking something might be made of him, went and sat near him. Having thus introduced himself, he called for a paper of tobacco, and said, *Do you smoke, Sir? Yes*, said the gentleman very gravely, *any one that has a design upon me*.

An honest Jack Tar being at a Quakers meeting, heard the friend that was holding forth speak with great emotion against the ill consequence of giving the lye in conversation, and therefore he recommended, when any story was told that seemed destitute of all probability, to cry *Twang*; which he said would not irritate people to passion, as the lye would. Afterwards he digress'd into the story of the great miracle, 5000 being fed with five loaves of bread, &c. and told them, that they were not such loaves as were used now, but were as big as mountains; at the hearing of which, the tar utter'd with a loud voice, *Twang*; "What, says the quaker, dost thou think I lye, friend?" "No says Jack, but I am thinking *how big the ovens were that bak'd 'em*."

A Welsh vicar being to read the curses (as the custom is) upon Ash-wednesday, and the people to say Amen, turning over the leaf, and finding them to be many, said, "Tearly peloved prethren, I am to read a great many curses to you, but pecause I am loth to trouple myself and your patience, I will end them all in one: *The curse of God light upon you all. Amen*."

King Charles the second having had a very fine horse presented to him by one of his courtiers, he
bid

bid Tom Killegrew see how old it was; whereupon Killegrew goes to the horse and turns up his tail, and looks there: says the king, What d'ye look there for? You can't tell his age by his tail. I hope, says Killegrew, your majesty wou'd not have me break an old proverb, *and look a gift horse in the mouth.*

One going in the dark, put forth his arms to prevent hitting of his face, and running against the door, hit his nose: Hey-day, says he, I never thought my nose was longer than my arms: *if ever I go in the dark again, I'll carry a candle in my hand.*

As a thief was going to gallows out of the town, near Norwich, many boys ran to see the execution; which he seeing, call'd to them, saying, *Boys, you need not make such haste, for there will be no sport till I come.*

A cobbler was sitting in his shop singing merrily, *Tamberlain was, and he was; and Tamberlain was, and he was;* which he continu'd singing, and nothing else, many times together. This a gentleman that passed by, took notice of, and said to the cobbler, *Prithee, friend, what was he? Why, says the cobbler, as arrant a fool as yourself, for aught I know. Sirrah, says the gentleman, you are a rascal; come out, and I'll kick you. No, Sir, says he, 'tis no matter, I thank you for your love as much as if I had it, for I don't want kicking. Sirrah, says the gentleman again, come out, and I'll give you a kick. No, Sir, says he, you need not trouble yourself, I won't come if you'll give me two.*

One sent a pair of gloves to a lady for a *New-year's gift*, and writ on the paper these lines,
*If that from glove you take the letter G.
 Then glove is love, and that I send to thee.*

Lady

Lady M—, who is not less remarkable for painting, and its usual effects upon the eyes, than the severity of her repartees, met an unexpected retort the other day from a citizen, whom she supposed quite enveloped in India stock, and incapable of saying a smart thing. “Bless me, Mr. G—, you are good for fore eyes.” I am very happy, madam, “(he replied) to hear it, as I shall be of some service to your ladyship.”

A young gentleman who had more good-will than experience, being alone with a lady who did not want for either, cried out, in a transport, “Ah! that I had you in a wood!” A wood? says the lady smiling, that might be very well; but methinks such a closet as this, with the door shut, and velvet couch, is full as convenient a place.

A certain vain, supercilious man of fashion, who comes constantly to Bath once a year, told Quin one day very seriously, “I do believe, says he, I am one or other the most facetious fellow in the world, for I never go into any company, but I set them all a laughing.” “Are you, sure, said Quin, that they don’t laugh at you, instead of your wit.” I don’t care if they do, said he, for I am pretty certain there is no man laughs at me, but I laugh at him again.” “Then, said Quin, you lead the merriest life of any man in Europe.”

A young woman, nineteen weeks after she was married, was brought to bed of a fine boy: How now, wife! says her husband, methinks this is something too early. No, husband, you mistake; we only married a little too late. O did we so, says he, then if ever we marry again, we will marry sooner, for that trick. But, husband, cried she, you are ignorant of women going with child, *for we go twenty weeks*

weeks by day, and twenty by night; and I come but fortnight too soon. Well, says her husband, then I am contented.

A certain blustering captain, being one day at the St. James's coffee-house, and using some freedoms with lord D—, he took the captain by the collar and kicked him out. The captain came in again, without any visible embarrassment, and seating himself by the door, hummed a tune till a certain gentleman, who was supposed to roll his chariot upon the four aces, made his appearance. Upon which the captain rose, and taking him by the collar, damned him for a rascal and a scoundrel, and kicked him out of the room. Which having done, he came and seated himself by lord D—, whose passion by this time was somewhat abated. Why, captain (said lord D—), your brave fit was just now upon you—how could you muster so much courage?—“Oh,” said the captain, “your lordship is sensible, it all depends upon knowing one's man.”

Sir S— G— sitting one day in a coffee-room, was much disturbed with a dog, which was gnawing a bone under the table, and bid the waiter kick him out; but the waiter, in the hurry of business omitted obeying his commands; and the dog still continuing to be very troublesome, Sir S— swore if he did not kick the dog immediately out, he would immediately kick the waiter out. Whereupon a young fellow, who sat next to him, and had more vivacity than judgment, addressed himself to the knight, saying, “Sir, I perceive you are not fond of dogs.”—“No,” replied he, “nor puppies neither,” retiring to the most distant part of the room.

Serjeant G—, some time since, told counsellor T—, who was very warm in opposing him, that he should not *shew anger*, but *shew cause*.

The

The d— of K— being told by a confidante of Miss C—, that she complained, he never turned, his face to her now— “Egad, I believe not,” said he, “without a man had a mind to be smothered.”

Quin the player one day after a pretty long walk dropt into a chop-house not far from Sommerset-house, and asking the mistress what she had ready, she replied, “that there was some nice veal *à-la-daube* quite hot.” “Well then, said he, let me have some *daubed* veal, I think you call it.” A plate was accordingly brought him, which he presently dispatched, and had another; this was gone in a trice, and he had a fourth, fifth, and sixth, which might perhaps altogether, weigh three quarters of a pound. Upon inquiring what was to pay, the mistress told him twelve shillings. “By G—d, madam, it must be a mistake; how do you sell your veal a pound?” “Sir, she replied, rather pertly, we don’t sell it by the pound” — No, said he, I find you don’t; but, by G—d, you sell it at *half a crown an ounce*.”

A man and his wife were chiding together; one advised them to agree as *Man* and *Wife* should do: “Why so we do, says he, for we are like a pack of cards, shuffle with one another all day long, but at night lie close together as friends.”

One man asked another, how such a person liv’d these hard times? To which he was answered, *by his wits, I wonder*, says the other, *how he can live upon so small a stock*.

A shrewd politician was asked by a certain patriotic nobleman, why the Germans were foremost to begin, and the last to end a continental war? — “My lord,” said the politician, “if the Germans scattered their gold, and we fought for bread, the

balance of power would soon be settled by those whom it concerns."

When F—te had gained a pretty considerable sum by giving tea, he resumed the *bouton*, from which he had been a good while sequestered; and as it was necessary to have a lady to do the honors of the table, he took one upon Harris's recommendation, and she was introduced to him at the Shakespear. He approved of her carving; and, after supper was over, ordered her home, as he had in vain endeavored to make her speak during the whole repast. A friend of his present, whilst F—te was complaining of her stupidity, complimented him upon his acquisition; saying, "that a silent woman, who was a perfect mistress of the honors of bed and board, was one of the most desirable objects upon earth."

Mr. K —, who is, perhaps, the most absent man in the three kingdoms, came one birth-night, full dressed, to White's, and had forgot his stockings, which he did not recollect till he spilt some hot coffee upon his legs. He immediately sent a waiter to buy him a pair of white silk stockings, saying, he was never guilty of such a piece of absence before; —when the waiter brought the stockings, he put them both upon one leg, and went to court.

A gentleman being once in company with lady V— at Bath, she greatly importuned him to sing; till she at last so nettled him that he could not refrain telling her ladyship, "That he absolutely was not cut out for a singer, as he would convince her ladyship whenever she pleased."

A country attorney appearing in a cause at the assizes, some years ago in very dirty linnen, before a judge not remarkable for his integrity; Mr. Justice took occasion to reprimand him for such a contempt
of

of the court; to which the attorney very briskly replied, That although his shirt was dirty, his hands were clean.

A quaker lodged at an inn; the house being full, a damning blade came up into his room, and would have hector'd him out; but he told him 'twas his room, and by Yea and Nay he should not come there. The bully then began to thunder out his oaths, and struck him; but the quaker being a stout fellow, returned his blows double and treble, and at last kick'd him down stairs. With that, the master of the house sending the waiter to know the occasion of all that noise, he told him, 'twas nothing but that *Yea and Nay* had kick'd *G--d d--me* down stairs.

A philosopher being asked, how a wise man differed from a fool? He answered, Send them both naked to a stranger, and you will see.

Some gentlemen being in a tavern, in the height of their jollity, in came a friend of theirs, whose name was Sampson. Ah, said one, we may now be securely merry, fearing neither serjeant nor bailiff, for though a thousand such Philistines should come, here is Sampson, who is able to brain them all. Sir, replied Sampson, I may boldly attack the number you speak of, provided you will lend me one of your *jam-bones*.

A great crowd being gathered about a poor cobbler, who had just died in the street, a man asked the watchman what was to be seen? Only a cobbler's end, replied he.

A carrier was asked by a landlord whether he had seen his nephew, and what trade he was apprenticed to? *A Matton-pye maker*, answered the fellow; and, when out of his time, he intends to take you in partner with him; so that you

may steal sheep upon the downs here, and he'll pye them off in London. Faith, you'll have a rare trade on it. I hope we may, says the landlord, and you shall be our carrier. *That I would with pleasure,* says the fellow, if you were both going to the Gallows.

The Earl of Rochester having supped at a friend's house in the city of London, and stayed late, called a hackny coach at Temple-bar, and bid the man drive to Berkely-Square, where he then lodged; the coachman, vexed at so long a fare so late at night, grumbled very much; and as he was mounting the box, swore that he should be glad to drive him to hell. When they arrived at the house, Rochester called the fellow into the parlor, and told him of the wicked expression he had heard from his mouth, and asked him, what he meant by it? The fellow replied, he was some-what provoked at being to go so far at that time of night, and craved his pardon. "But, says Rochester, do you consider, you silly rascal, that if it were possible for you to drive me into hell, you must go in first yourself?" "No, no, master, answered the coachman, I could have provided against that well enough." "How can that be?" says the peer. When the coachman replied, Why, to tell you the truth, I should have backed your honor in. Rochester could not forbear laughing heartily at this salvo, and calling the fellow an arch dog, gave him a crown to drink his health.

A gentleman who made no scruple to swear most prophanelly, and talk in favor of infidelity before those who were, he knew, highly offended with the utterance of oaths in common conversation, returning to his house, after having been to see the trial of Mr. Godfrey's experiment to extinguish fire, met the rector of his parish, a worthy and arch divine, who

who asked him if the experiment had been successful — “Yes, by G—d,” said his neighbor roughly, “they were powerful enough to extinguish the flames of hell.” “Why then,” replied the doctor drily, “let me advise you to order a few of Mr. Godfrey’s balls to be packed up in your coffin.”

While Mabuse, a celebrated painter, was in the service of De Veren, the emperor Charles V. was to lodge at the house of that lord, who made magnificent preparations for his reception, and ordered all his household to be dressed in white damask. Mabuse, always wanting money to waste in debauchery, when the taylor came to take his measure, desired to have the damask, under pretence of inventing a singular habit. He sold the stuff, drank out the money, and then painted a suit of paper, so like damask, that it was not distinguished, as he marched in the procession, between a philosopher and a poet, other pensioners of the marquis, who being informed of the trick, asked the emperor which of the three suits he liked best: The prince pointed to Mabuse’s, as excelling in the whiteness, and beauty of the flowers; nor did he, till convinced by the touch, doubt of the genuineness of the silk. The emperor laughed much—but, though a lover of the art, seems to have taken no other notice of Mabuse; whose excesses some time after occasioned his being flung into prison at Middleburgh.

After Mr. Dennis the author was worn out with age and poverty, he resided within the verge of the court, to prevent danger from his creditors.--- One Saturday night, he happened to saunter to a public house, which, in a short time, he discovered to be out of the verge.--- He was sitting in an open drinking-room, when a man of a suspicious appearance

rance happened to come in.--- There was something about the man which denoted to Mr. Dennis, that he was a bailiff. This struck him into a panic; he was afraid his liberty was now at an end; he sat in the utmost solicitude, but durst not offer to stir, lest he should be seized upon. --- After an hour or two passed in this painful anxiety, at last the clock struck twelve, when Mr. Dennis, in an extacy cried out, addressing himself to the suspected person, "Now, sir, bailiff or no bailiff, I don't care a farthing for you, you have no power now." — The man was astonished at his behavior, and when it was explained to him, was so much affronted with the suspicion, that had not Mr. Dennis found his protection in age, he would probably have smarted for his mistaken opinion of him. A strong instance of the effects of fear and apprehension, in a temper naturally so timorous and jealous as Mr. Dennis's, of which we shall give our readers two more whimsical instances.

Mr. Dennis, in the year 1704, was the author of a tragedy called, *Liberty Asserted*, which was acted with great success, and which he imagined contained such severe strokes upon the French nation, that they could never be forgiven, and consequently that Louis XIV. would not consent to a peace with England, unless he was delivered up a sacrifice to national resentment — Nay so far did he carry this apprehension, that when the congress for the peace of Utrecht was in agitation, he waited on the duke of Marlborough, who had formerly been his patron, to intreat his interest with the plenipotentiaries that they should not acquiesce to his being given up. — The duke, however, told him with great gravity, that he was sorry it was out of his power to serve him, as he really had no interest with any of the ministers

ministres at that time, but added, that he fancied his case not to be quite so desperate as he seemed to imagine, for that indeed he had taken no care to get *himself* excepted in the articles of peace, and yet he could not help thinking that he had done the French *almost* as much damage as Mr. Dennis himself.

Another effect of this apprehension prevailing with him is told as follows: that being invited down to a gentleman's house on the coast of Sussex, where he had been very kindly entertained for some time, as he was one day walking near the beach, he saw a ship sailing, as he imagined, towards him. — On which, taking it into his head that he was betrayed, he immediately made the best of his way to London, without even taking leave of his host, who had been so civil to him, but on the contrary, proclaiming him to every body as a traitor, who had decoyed him down to his house only in order to give notice to the French, who had fitted out a vessel on purpose to carry him off, if he had not luckily discovered their design. — So strange is the mixture of vanity and suspicion, which is sometimes to be met with in men of understanding and genius.

The borough of Hull, in the reign of king Charles the second, chose Andrew Marvell for their representative, from the opinion they had of his abilities and virtue, tho' he was then but a young gentleman, and of little or no fortune; and they maintained him in London for the service of the publick. His understanding, integrity, and spirit, were dreadful to the *then* infamous administration. Mr. Marvell was, indeed, much inclined to sedition; that is, when the ministers were wicked, he very flatly and plainly told them that they were so. However, the ministry being of opinion that he would be theirs

for properly asking, sent his old school-fellow, the lord-treasurer Danby, to renew acquaintance with him in his garret. At parting, the lord-treasurer, out of pure affection, slipped into his hand an order upon the treasury for a thousand pounds, and then stepped away to his chariot. Mr. Marvell, looking at the paper, called after the treasurer, "My Lord, I request another moment." Danby mounted again to Mr. Marvell's apartment, and Jack, the servant boy, was called. "Jack, child, what had I for dinner yesterday?" "Don't you remember, sir, you had the little shoulder of mutton you ordered me to bring from a woman in the market?" "Very right, child, what have I for dinner to-day?" "Don't you know, sir, that you bid me lay by the blade-bone to broil?" "It is so, child, very right, go away." — "My lord, added Mr. Marvell, addressing himself to the treasurer, do you hear that? Andrew's dinner is provided; there is your piece of paper, I want it not. I know the sort of kindness intended. I live here to serve my constituents; the ministry may seek men for their purpose, I am not one."

Bishop Burnet was famous for that absence of thought which constitutes the character of what the French call *L'Etourdie*. All the world knows, that in Paris, about the year 1680, several ladies of quality were imprisoned on suspicion of poisoning, and among the rest, the countess Soissons, niece of cardinal Mazarin, and mother of the famous warrior prince Eugene of Savoy. In the latter end of queen Anne's reign, when the prince came over to England, bishop Burnet, whose curiosity was as eager as that of any woman in the kingdom, begged of the duke of Marlborough, that he might have the satisfaction of being in company with a person, whose fame resounded thro' all Europe. The duke complied with

with his request, on condition that he would be upon his guard against saying any thing that might give disgust; and he was invited to dine with the prince, and other company at Marlborough-house. The bishop, mindful of the caution he had received, resolved to sit silent and incognito during the whole entertainment, and might have kept his resolution, had not prince Eugene, seeing him a dignified clergyman, taken it in his head to ask who he was. He no sooner understood that it was Dr. Burnet, of whom he had often heard, than he addressed himself to the bishop, and among other questions asked when he was last at Paris? Burnet fluttered with this unexpected address, and still more perplexed by an eager desire to give the satisfaction required answered with precipitation, that he could not recollect the year, but it was at the time the countess Soissons was imprisoned. He had scarce pronounced the words, when his eyes meeting those of the duke, he instantly recognized his blunder, and was deprived of all the discretion he had left. He redoubled his error by asking pardon of his highness: he stared widely around, and seeing the whole company embarrassed, and out of countenance, retired in the utmost confusion.

A new adept, who boasted of having found the secret of making gold, petitioned Leo X. for a reward. This Pope, a protector of the arts, seemed to acquiesce in his demand; and the alchymist was full of the hopes of a great fortune. When he returned to solicit his reward, Leo gave him a great empty purse, telling him, "That as he knew how to make gold, he only wanted a purse to hold it."

The steward of a noble Lord's estate in the country had commissioned, among other things, a peasant,
who

who was going up to London (with a design chiefly to see the fine folks there) to carry to his Lady a basket of peaches. This Lady lived in the environs of Grosvenor-square, and the peasant, by the written directions on the basket, was enabled to find her house without much difficulty. Having told his errand at the door, to the porter, he was shortly after desired to step up stairs with his basket of fruit. On the first landing place he was accosted by three large monkies. Two of them of the male sex were richly dressed in blue and gold; had bag wigs, ruffles, and swords by their sides. The other, a female, was distinguished by her brocade petticoat, crimson silk mantua, two or three pair, thick set together, of long laced ruffles, a stomacher curiously ornamented with brilliant stones, a watch hanging by her side, a tête highly finished by a French friseur, and a cap in the modern taste, with a gaudy assortment of ribbon. As they grinned and cringed to the countryman, laying hold at the same time of his basket, he let it down to them; and not knowing what animals they were, or not distinguishing them immediately from the human species, he took off his hat to them with all the politeness he was master of, and made them several rustic bows. The monkies during his obeisances had made quick work of it, unpacking and rifling the basket. Some of the peaches they had crammed into their pockets, others they had eaten, and others they threw again into the basket after biting them; so that when they had played their farce to the full, they all three scampered down stairs. The lady wondering what should detain the peasant, dispatched her waiting-woman to hasten his coming. When he had presented his basket, "What's the matter here?" said the lady in a passion; every thing quite discomposed, the peaches bruised and mangled, and

and the basket scarce half full; sure the fellow for his impudence deserves to be put in the stocks!"

"Waunds, Madam, replied the countryman, the basket was brimming full, and not a finger laid upon a peach, till the two young gentlemen, your sons, and miss, your daughter, had met me on the stairs, and left it in the condition you see it." The lady then recollecting the monkies; "Ah! said she, I can't be angry; it is a trick of the dear creatures, Jack, Tom, and Margot; but for the footman, who should have conducted you up stairs, I will discharge him this moment."

The Caliph Mahadi was exceeding fond of hunting. Having lost his way he came into a peasant's house, and asked for something to drink. The peasant brought him a pitcher of wine, of which the Caliph drank a few cups. Mahadi afterwards asked him, If he knew him? No, answered the Arab. "I am, said the Prince, one of the principal Lords of the Caliph's Court." He afterwards drank another cup, and asked again the peasant, If he knew him? He answered that he had just told him who he was; "It is not so, replied Mahadi; I am still greater than I told you." Hereupon he drank another cup, and repeated what he first had asked him. The Arab, impatient, replied, that he had already sufficiently explained himself. "No, said the Prince, I have not informed you of all: I am the Caliph before whom all the world prostrates itself." At these words, the Arab, instead of prostrating himself, snatched hastily up the pitcher, to leave it in the place he had taken it from. The Caliph, astonished, having asked him the reason why he did so: "My reason, said the Arab, for doing so is, that, if you drank another cup, I should be afraid you was the Prophet;

phet; and at length, by a last cup, you would pretend to make me believe that you are God Almighty.

John Basilides, Czar of Muscovy, a proud and cruel prince, had, as some historians relate, a nail driven into the head of an ambassador from a prince in Italy who was covered in his presence. However, when Jerom Bose, the ambassador of Elizabeth, queen of England, appeared before him, he boldly put on his hat, and withdrew without making the least motion to take it off. The Czar asked him, If he was ignorant of the treatment another ambassador had received for a like temerity? I well know it, answered the Englishman; but I am the ambassador of a queen who always keeps her head covered, and does not suffer with impunity an affront to be offered to any of her ministers. The Czar, generous enough to admire this boldness, cried out, turning to his courtiers, "There's a brave man, who dares to behave and speak nobly for the honor and interest of his sovereign! Which of you would do the same for me?"

In 1586, Philip II. king of Spain, had sent the young constable of Castile to Rome, to felicitate Sixtus V. on his exaltation. This Pope, displeased that so young an ambassador had been deputed to him, could not help saying: "And well! Sir, did your master want men, by sending to me an ambassador without a beard?" "If my sovereign had thought," replied the proud Spaniard, that merit consisted in a beard, he would have sent you a hegoat, and not a gentleman as I am."

The late Dr. Stukely one day, by appointment, visiting Sir Isaac Newton, the servant told him, he was in his study. No one was permitted to disturb him there; but as it was near dinner time, the visitor sat down to wait for him. After a time dinner was brought

brought in; a boiled chicken under a cover. An hour passed, and Sir Isaac did not appear. The doctor eat the fowl, and covering up the empty dish, bade them dress their master another. Before that was ready, the great man came down; he apologized for his delay, and added, "Give me but leave to take my short dinner, and I shall be at your service; I am fatigued and faint." Saying this, he lifted up the cover; and without any emotion, turned about to Stukely with a smile; "See, says he, what we studious people are! I forgot I had dined."

Marshal Turenne happened, one hot day, to be looking out at the window of his anti-chamber, in a white waistcoat and night-cap. A servant entering the room, deceived by his dress, mistakes him for one of the under-cooks. He comes softly behind him, and with a hand that was not one of the lightest, gives him a violent slap on the breech. The marshal instantly turns about, and the fellow frightened out of his wits, beholds the face of his master; down he drops upon his knees, — "Oh! my lord! I thought it was George." — "And suppose it had been George, (repeated the marshal, rubbing his back-side) you ought not to have struck quite so hard."

Some time after Dr. Swift's memory began to fail him, Mr. Handel, being at Dublin, and desirous to have a concert, waited on the Dean to beg the favor of him to permit one of his choiristers to sing at it. He sent up his name, and the Dean enquiring of the servant *who this Handel was*, received for answer, that he was a *very famous musician*, a *great genius*. "Go and ask him, said the Dean, *what countryman he is*:" and on the servant's bringing him back word that he was a *German*. — "*A German, and a genius!*" exclaimed the Dean with humorous admiration! "Send him up, send him up."

The

The late celebrated Mr. Handel, who was remarkably jealous of any innovations upon his compositions, being one day present at the rehearsal of one of his own oratorios, the first fiddle thought proper to introduce some flourishes of his own into one of the Adagio movements; which no sooner struck the ear of the composer, (though he could not see the author of the trespass) but starting on his feet, and, in the torrent of his rage, finding no other weapon of offence, he discharged his wig (a voluminous tye) in so just a direction, that he hit the performer full upon the tenderest part, his fiddle; which produced the most desirable effect, of totally silencing him—so admirably adapted were the oil and powder to the bow and strings.

Mr. Handel's impatience of temper was not confined to the performers of his music: a person who wrote oratorios for him, once took the liberty to suggest in the most respectful manner, that the music he had composed to some lines of his was quite contrary to the sense of the passage. Instead of taking this friendly hint as he ought to have done from one who (although not a Pindar) was at least a better judge of poetry than himself, he looked upon the advice as injurious to his talents, and cried out, with all the violence of affronted pride, "What! you teach me music? damn' your words! Here, said he (thrumming his harpsichord) are my ideas; go and make words to them."

A young Fop finding fault with the chief character in one of Dryden's Tragedies, said it was *unnatural*, and that *he himself should not act so in such circumstances*. But, Sir, answered Mr. Dryden, you should consider, *You are no Hero*.



THE



THE NUT-BROWN MAID.

A P O E M.

Be it right or wrong, these men among
 On women do complayne;
 Affyrmynge this, how that it is
 A labour spent in vaine,
 To love them wele; for never a dele
 They love a man againe.
 For lete a man do what he can,
 Ther favour to attayne;
 Yet yf a new do them pursue,
 Ther furst trew lover than
 Laboureth for nought; for from her thought
 He is a banishyd man.
 I say not nay, but all that day
 It is bothe writ and sayde,
 That woman's fayth is, as who saythe,
 All utterly decayed.
 But nevertheless right good witness
 I' this case might be layde,
 That they love trewe, and contynewe,
 Record *the Nut-brown Mayde*.
 Which from her love (whan her to prove,
 He came to make his mone)
 Wold not depart; for in her herte
 She lovyd but him alone.

Than betwene us, lettens discusse,
 What was all the maner
 Between them too: We wyll also
 Telle all the peyne and fere
 That she was in. Now I begynne,
 So that ye me answere.

U

Where

Wherefore all ye, that present be,
I pray ye give an eare.

M A N.

I am the knyght: I come by nyght,
As secret as I can;
Saying, alas! thus standeth the case,
I am a banishyd man.

W O M A N.

And I your wylle for to fulfyll
In this wyl not refuse;
Trusting to shew, in wordis fewe,
That men have an ille use,
(To ther own shame) women to blame,
And causeless them accuse.
Therefore to you I answere now,
Alle wymen to excuse:
M'yn own herte dere, with you what chere,
I pray you telle anone;
For in my mynde, of al mankynde,
I love but you alone.

M A N.

It stondeth so; a dede is do,
Wherefore moche harm shall growe;
My desteny is for to dey
A shameful deth, I trowe:
Or ellis to flee; the one must be:
None other way I knowe.
But to withdrawe, as an outlaw,
And take me to my bowe.
Wherefore adew, my own herte trewe:
None other red I can;
For I must to the grene wode goe,
Alone, a banishyd man.

W O-

W O M A N.

O Lord! what is this wordis blyffe,
 That chaungeth as the mone?
 My somers day, in lusty May,
 Is derked before the none.
 I here you saye, Farwell: nay, nay;
 We departe not soo fone:
 Why say ye so? wheder wyl ye goe?
 Alas! what have ye done?
 Alle my welfare to sorrow and care
 Shulde chaunge, if ye were gon;
 For in my mynde, of al mankynde,
 I love but you alone.

M A N.

I can beleve, it shall you greeve,
 And shomwhat you distrayne;
 But afterwarde your paynes harde,
 Within a day or tweyne,
 Shal fone aslake; and ye shal take
 Comfort to you agayne.
 Why should ye nought? for to make thought,
 Your labur were in vayne,
 And thus I do, and pray you too,
 As hertely as I can;
 For I muste to the grene wode goe,
 Alone, a banishyd man.

W O M A N.

Now syth that ye have shewed to me
 The secret of your mynde;
 I shal be plaine to you againe,
 Like as ye shal me fynde.
 Syth it is so, that ye wyll goe,
 I wol not leve behynde:
 Shal never be sayd, *the Nut brown mayde*
 Was to her love unkynd.

Make you redy; for so am I,
 Although it were anone:
 For in my mynd, of al mankynde,
 I love but you alone.

M A N.

Yet I you rede, to take good hede,
 What men wyl think and fey;
 Of yonge and olde it shall be tolde,
 That ye be gone away:
 Your wanton wylle, for to fulfyll,
 In grene wode you to play;
 And that ye myght from your delyte
 Noo lenger make delay.
 Rather than ye should thus for me,
 Be called an ylle woman;
 Yet wold I to the grene wode goe,
 Alone, a banishyd man.

W O M A N.

Though it be songe, of old and yonge,
 That I shuld be to blame;
 Theirs be the charge, that speke so large,
 In hurting of my name.
 For I wyl prove, that feythful love
 It is devoyd of shame;
 In your distres and heavyness,
 To part wyth you the same.
 And sure all thoo that doo not so,
 Trewe lovers ar they none:
 But in my mynde, of all mankynde,
 I love but you alone.

M A N.

I counsel you, remember how,
 It is noo mayden's lawe,
 Nothing to dought, but to renne out
 To wode with an outlawe.

For

For ye must there, in your hand here
 A bowe ready to drawe:
 And as a theef, thus must ye lyve,
 Ever in drede and awe.
 Whereby to you gret harme might grow;
 Yet I had lever than,
 That I had to the grene wode goe,
 Alone, a banishyd man.

W O M A N.

I think not nay; but as ye faye,
 It is noo mayden's lore;
 But love may make me for your sake,
 As I have said before,
 To come on fote, to hunte and shote,
 To get us mete in store.
 For so that I your company
 May have, I ask noo more:
 From whiche to parte, it makith myn herte
 As colde as any ston.
 For in my mynde, of al mankynde,
 I love but you alone.

M A N.

For an outlawe, this is the lawe,
 That men hym take and binde,
 Wythout pytee hanged to bee,
 And waver with the wynde.
 Yf I had neede, as God forbede,
 What refons coude ye finde?
 For sothe I trowe, ye and your bowe
 Shuld draw for fere behynde.
 And no mervayle; for lytel avayle
 Were in your council than:
 Wherefore I to the wode wil goe,
 Alone, a banishyd man.

W O M A N.

Full well knowe ye, that wymen be
 But febyl for to fyght:
 Noo Womanhede it is in deede,
 To bee bold as a knyght.
 Yet in fuche fere yf that ye were,
 With enemys day and nyght;
 I wolde withstonde, with bowe in honde,
 To greve them as I myght:
 And you to save, as wymen have
 From dethe many one:
 For in my mynde, of al mankynde,
 I love but you alone.

M A N.

Yet take good hede! for ever I drede,
 That ye coude not sustein
 The thorney weyes, the depe valeis,
 The snowe, the frost, the reyn,
 The cold, the hete. For drye or wete,
 We must lodge on the playn,
 And us above, noon other rofe,
 But a brake, bush, or twayne,
 Whiche sone shuld greve you, I beleve;
 And ye wolde gladly than,
 That I had to the green wode goe,
 Alone, a banishyd man.

W O M A N.

Syth I have here been partynere
 With you of joy and blyffe;
 I must also, parte of your woo
 Endure, as reson is.
 Yet am I sure of one plesure;
 And, shortly, it is this:
 That where ye bee, me seemeth, par-dy
 I could not fare amys.

Without

Wythout more speche, I you beseche,
 That we were soon a-gone:
 For in my mynde, of al mankynde,
 I love but you alone.

M A N.

Yf ye goo thedyr, ye must confider,
 Whan ye have lust to dyne,
 There shall no mete be for to gete,
 Nor drink, bere, ale, ne wine;
 Ne shetis clene, to lye betwene,
 Made of thred and twyne;
 Noon other house, but levys and bowes,
 To kever your head and myn.
 O myn herte fwete, this ylle dyet
 Shuld make you pale and wan.
 Wherefore I to the wode wil goe,
 Alone, a banysh'd man.

W O M A N.

Among the wyld dere, such an archier,
 As men say that ye bee,
 We may not fayle of good vitayle,
 Where is so grete plente.
 And watir cleere of the ryvere
 Shall be full fwete to me;
 With which in hele, I shall right wele
 Endure, as ye shall see.
 And er we goe, a bed or two
 I can provide anone;
 For in my mynde, of al mankynde,
 I love but you alone.

M A N.

Loo! yet before, ye must do more,
 If ye wyl go with me:
 As cutte your here, up by your ere,
 Your kurtel by the knee.

U 4

Wyth

Wyth bowe in honde, for to wythstonde
 Your enemys, yf nede be:
 And this same nyght, before day-lyght,
 To wode-ward wyl I flee.
 And yf ye wille all this fulfyllen,
 Do it shortly as ye can:
 Ellis will I to the grene wode goe,
 Alone, a banishyd man.

W O M A N.

I shall as now do more for you,
 Than longeth to womanhede,
 To short my here, a bow to bere,
 To shote in tyme of nede:
 O my sweet moder, before all other,
 For you have I most drede:
 But now adieu I must ensue,
 Where fortune duth me lede.
 All this make ye, and lete us flee:
 The day run fast upon:
 For in my mynde, of al mankynde,
 I love but you alone.

M A N.

Nay, nay, not so: ye shal not go:
 And I shal telle ye why:
 Your appetite is to be light
 Of love, I wele espie.
 For right as ye have sayde to me,
 In lykewyse hardely
 Ye wolde answere, whosoever it were,
 In way of company.
 It is sayd of olde; sone hote, sone colde;
 And so is a woman:
 Wherefore I to the wode wyl goe,
 Alone, a banishyd man.

W O-

W O M A N.

Yf ye take hede, yt is noo nede
 Such wordis to say bee me:
 For ofte ye prey'd, and longe assayed;
 Er I you lovid, par-dy.
 And though that I of auncestry
 A Baron's daughter bee;
 Yet have you proved, how I you loved,
 A squyer of low degree:
 And ever shal, what so befalle,
 To dey therefore anone;
 For in my mynde, of al mankynde,
 I love but you alone.

M A N.

A Baron's childe to be begyled,
 It were a cursed dede:
 To be felawe with an outlawe,
 Almighty God forbede!
 It better were, the pore squyer
 Alone to forest spede;
 Than ye shall saye, another daye,
 That by that wicked dede
 Ye were betrayed. Wherefore, good maide,
 The best rede that I can,
 Is that I to the grene wood go,
 Alone a banishyd man.

W O M A N.

Whatsoever befalle, I never shalle
 Of this thing you upbraid:
 But yf ye go, and leave me so,
 Then have ye me betraid.
 Remember ye wele, how that ye dele;
 For yf ye, as ye fayde,
 Be so unkynde, to leve behynde
 Your love, *the Nut-brown maid*:

Trust

Trust me truely, that I shall dey
 Sone after ye be gone;
 For in my mynde, of al mankynde,
 I love but you alone.

M A N.

Yf that ye went, ye shulde repent;
 For in the forrest now
 I have purveid me of a maide,
 Whom I love more than you.
 Another fayrer than e'er ye were;
 I dare it well avowe:
 And of you bothe, eche shulde be wrothe
 Wyth other, as I trowe.
 It were myn ese, to lyve in pefe:
 So wyl I, yf I can:
 Wherefore I to the wode wyl go,
 Alone, a banishyd man.

W O M A N.

Though in the wode, I undirstode,
 Ye had a paramour;
 All this may nought remove my thought,
 But that I will be your.
 And she shall fynde me soft and kynde,
 And curteis every hour,
 Glad to fulfyll all that she wylle
 Commaunde me to my pow'r.
 For had ye loo, an hundred moo;
 Yet wolde I be that one:
 For in my mynde, of all mankynde,
 I love but you alone.

M A N.

Myne own dere love, I see the prove,
 That ye be kynde and trewe;
 Of mayde and wyf, in al my lyf,
 The best that ever I knew.

Be

Be merry and glad; be no more fad;
 The case is chaunged newe;
 For it were ruthe, that for your trouth,
 Ye shuld have cause to rewe.
 Be not dismayed; whatsoever I sayd
 To you when I began:
 I wyl not to the grene wode go;
 I am no banishyd man.

W O M A N.

Theis tidings be more glad to me,
 Than to be made a Quene;
 Yf I were fure, they should endure:
 But it is often seen,
 When men wil breke promyse, they speke
 The wordis on the splene.
 Ye shape some wyle, me to begyle,
 And stele fro me, I wene.
 Then were the case wurs than it was;
 And I more woo begon;
 For in my mynde, of al mankynde,
 I love but you alone.

M A N.

Ye shall not nede further to drede:
 I wyl not disparage
 You. God defende; fyth you descende
 Of so grete a lynage.
 Now understande, to *Westmerlande*,
 Whiche is my herytage,
 I wil you bringe; and with a rynge,
 By wey of maryage
 I wyl you take, and Lady make,
 As shortly as I can.
 Thus have ye wone an Erle's son,
 And not a banishyd man.

A LOVER'S ANGER

By Mr. Prior.

As Cloe came into the room t'other day,
 I peevish began; where so long cou'd you stay?
 In your life-time you never regarded your hour:
 You promis'd at two; and (pray look child) tis four.
 A lady's watch needs neither figures nor wheels:
 'Tis enough, that 'tis loaded with baubles and seals.
 A temper so heedless no mortal can bear —
 Thus far I went on with a resolute air.
 Lord bless me! said she; let a body but speak:
 Here's an ugly hard rose-bud fall'n into my neck:
 It has hurt me, and vext me to such a degree —
 See here; for you never believe me; pray see,
 On the left side my breast what a mark it has made,
 So saying, her bosom she careless display'd. }
 That seat of delight I with wonder survey'd; }
 And forgot ev'ry word I design'd to have said. }

To CLOE Weeping.

See, whilst thou weep'st, fair Cloe, see
 The world in sympathy with thee.
 The chearful birds no longer sing;
 Each drops his head, and hangs his wing,
 The clouds have bent their bosom lower,
 And shed their sorrows in a show'r.
 The brooks beyond their limits flow;
 And louder murmurs speak their woe.
 The nymphs and swains adopt thy cares:
 They heave thy sighs, and weep thy tears.
 Fantastick nymph! that grief should move
 Thy heart obdurate against love.

Strange

Strange tears! whose pow'r can soften all,
But that dear breast on which they fall.

EPIGRAM.

Written in an OVID.

OVID is the surest guide,
You can name, to show the way
To any woman, maid, or bride,
Who resolves to go astray.

A TRUE MAID.

No, no; for my virginity,
When I lose that, says *Rose*, I'll die:
Behind the elmes, last night, cry'd *Dick*,
Rose, were you not extreamly sick?

ANOTHER.

Ten months after *Florimel* happen'd to wed,
And was brought in a laudable manner to bed:
She warbl'd her groans with so charming a voice,
That one half of the parish was stun'd with the noise.
But when *Florimel* design'd to lie privately in,
Ten months before she and her spouse were-akin;
She chose with such prudence her pangs to conceal,
That her nurse, nay her midwife, scarce heard her
once squeal.
Learn, husbands, from hence, for the peace of
your lives,
That maids make not half such a tumult, as wives.

A REASONABLE AFFLICTION.

On his death-bed poor *Lubin* lies;
His spouse is in despair:
With frequent sobs, and mutual cries,
They both express their care.

A diff'rent cause, says parson *Sly*,
The same effect may give:
Poor *Lubin* fears, that he shall die;
His wife, that he may live.

F I N I S.



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